

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FREEDOM OF INFORMATION/PRIVACY ACTS SECTION
COVER SHEET

SUBJECT: D. B. COOPER

NOTICE

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BUR

LV 164-80

initial sketch



revised version

UNKNOWN SUBJECT;
HIJACKING OF NORTHWEST AIRLINES FLIGHT 305
PORTLAND, OREGON
11/24/71
CAA - HIJACKING; EXTORTION

164-111-157
ENCLOSURE

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
DECEMBER 8, 1971

Attorney General John N. Mitchell announced today that a "ransom list" of the known serial-numbered bills that were given to the hijacker of Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 305 on November 24, 1971, has been prepared and is being distributed by the FBI throughout the country.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover advised that the "ransom list," 34 pages in length, contains the serial numbers of 226 Federal Reserve Notes which were paid to the hijacker for the release of 36 passengers and two crew members. The hijacker boarded the flight at Portland, Oregon, and hijacked the plane just prior to arrival in Seattle, Washington. He is believed to have parachuted from the Boeing 747 aircraft while it was in flight from Seattle to Reno, Nevada.

Mr. Hoover advised that copies of the "ransom list" are being furnished to FBI Offices and police departments throughout the United States, as well as certain financial and business establishments. He requested anyone having any information concerning this matter to immediately contact the nearest office of the FBI, the telephone number of which may be found on the first page of most telephone directories.

TBC:dmc

ENCLOSURE ATTACHED

ENCLOSURE



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Portland, Oregon

December 8, 1971

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

UNKNOWN SUBJECT, also known as
Dan Cooper, Northwest Airlines Flight #305,
Portland to Seattle, November 24, 1971

"The Daily Telegraph", a London, England, newspaper, contained an article on May 28, 1971, on Page 4, describing a plot by an unknown subject using the name "Mr. Brown". This individual hoaxed the Qantas Airline at the Sydney International Airport, apparently in Australia, into paying 235,000 pounds ransom money after a bomb threat. The aircraft involved was a Boeing 707 Airliner. "Mr. Brown" is not described in the article, but an "Identikit" picture of him bears a resemblance to an artist's sketch of an unknown subject who hijacked an airliner between Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, on November 24, 1971, and extorted \$200,000 from Northwest Orient Airlines. This individual is described as white male, 6'1" tall, 170-175 pounds, age-mid-forties, olive complexion, brown eyes, black hair, conventional cut, parted on left; slender build.

164-2111-265

—ENCLOSURE—



BUR 164-2111 11-30-71



UNKNOWN SUBJECT
NORTHWEST AIRLINES, FLIGHT 305
PORTLAND TO SEATTLE
NOVEMBER 24, 1971
CRIME ABOARD AIRCRAFT - HIJACKING;
EXTORTION

AIR LINE PILOT VIEWPOINTS...

The Robin Hood syndrome

Once upon a time there was an English archer named Robin Hood who lived in Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. He gathered unto himself a band of rebels who supported themselves by robbing the rich upperclass gentry that ventured into his domain.

Over the years, Mr. Hood has been immortalized in song and poem for his legendary deeds. Many proverbs and sayings have been handed down in English literature that give this group of rogues an undeserved aura of respectability.

Legends die hard. Mr. Hood and his gangsters still occupy an honored place in story books, cartoons and films although their greedy motivations have been sanitized for young minds.

While *Air Line Pilot* is not in the business of destroying legends, one fact is clear. Mr. Hood was a thief, pure and simple, even though those he relieved of their gold might have been able to afford the loss.

A modern-day Robin Hood has now emerged. He told Northwest Airlines his name was D. B. Cooper when he boarded Flight 305 during the Thanksgiving holidays. After takeoff, he commandeered the 727, threatened to blow it up, demanded and got \$200,000 and four parachutes and then bailed out somewhere between Portland, Ore., and Reno, Nev.

When it turned out that Mr. Cooper couldn't be promptly located, his name and dramatic deed caught the public fancy. There were some citizens who felt he had earned the \$200,000 through his act of bravery and daring. A song was written about him; a Portland vendor is reportedly doing well selling T-

shirts featuring a parachute descending with a suitcase full of greenbacks.

Dr. Otto Larsen, sociology professor at Washington University, is reported to have explained the newly aroused Robin Hood syndrome this way:

"We all like adventure stories. That hijacker took the greatest ultimate risk. He showed real heroic features—mystery, drama, romanticism, a high degree of skill and all the necessities for the perfect crime.

"This man was neither political nor neurotic. His motive was simply \$200,000 and people can understand that.

"His was an awesome feat in the battle of man against machine. One individual overcoming, for the time being anyway, technology, the corporation, the establishment, the system."

Although it may be comforting to some to be able to explain human aberrations so easily, the fact remains that Mr. Cooper, or whatever his name is, committed a serious crime and is no less a criminal because social scientists can explain why he committed it. He endangered a plane-load of passengers, intimidated the crew, blackmailed the airline out of hard-earned cash and caused damage to an aircraft.

Mr. Cooper is no hero. He is a criminal in every sense of the word. He is being sought for an act of piracy that cannot be condoned or excused.

If Mr. Cooper is dead, justice has been done. If not, we have news for him. He is the object of one of the most thorough searches ever conducted by the FBI for a wanted criminal. When found, he will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This Robin Hood will end up in jail.

The FAA On Seatbelts

It is certainly recognized that a person experiencing an inadvertent parachute opening while secured by a safety belt would suffer serious or possibly fatal injury. On the other hand, we have evidence to show that accidents have been caused by jump occupants who were not wearing their safety belts. The Southern Region recently investigated two such accidents. The pilot in each case was unable to maintain control of the jump aircraft because the parachutists on board were not wearing their safety belts. What should have been nothing more than two minor incidents resulted in serious accidents through noncompliance with Federal Aviation Regulation (FAR) 91.14.

It is our feeling that safety would suffer far more by allowing parachutists to ignore this rule than would be the case of requiring them to have their safety belts fastened during takeoff and landing. The chances of a pilot having to abort a takeoff run or make an emergency stop during landing will, I think, be greater than inadvertent parachute openings during takeoff and landing.

FAR 91.14 applies only during takeoff and landing. The rule does not prohibit unfastening safety belts after a takeoff has been completed; however, I would sincerely hope that jump aircraft pilots would request that safety belts be kept fastened until an altitude has been attained which would at least give the victim of an inadvertent parachute opening a fighting chance for survival.

Your interest in aviation safety is greatly appreciated and we will further explore this problem with the United States Parachute Association and others that we have contact with. It is hoped that you will continue to assist us in our efforts to keep the Federal Aviation Regulations realistic and effective.

James F. Rudolph
Director, Flight Standards Service
Federal Aviation Administration

A BULLETIN FROM THE F.B.I.

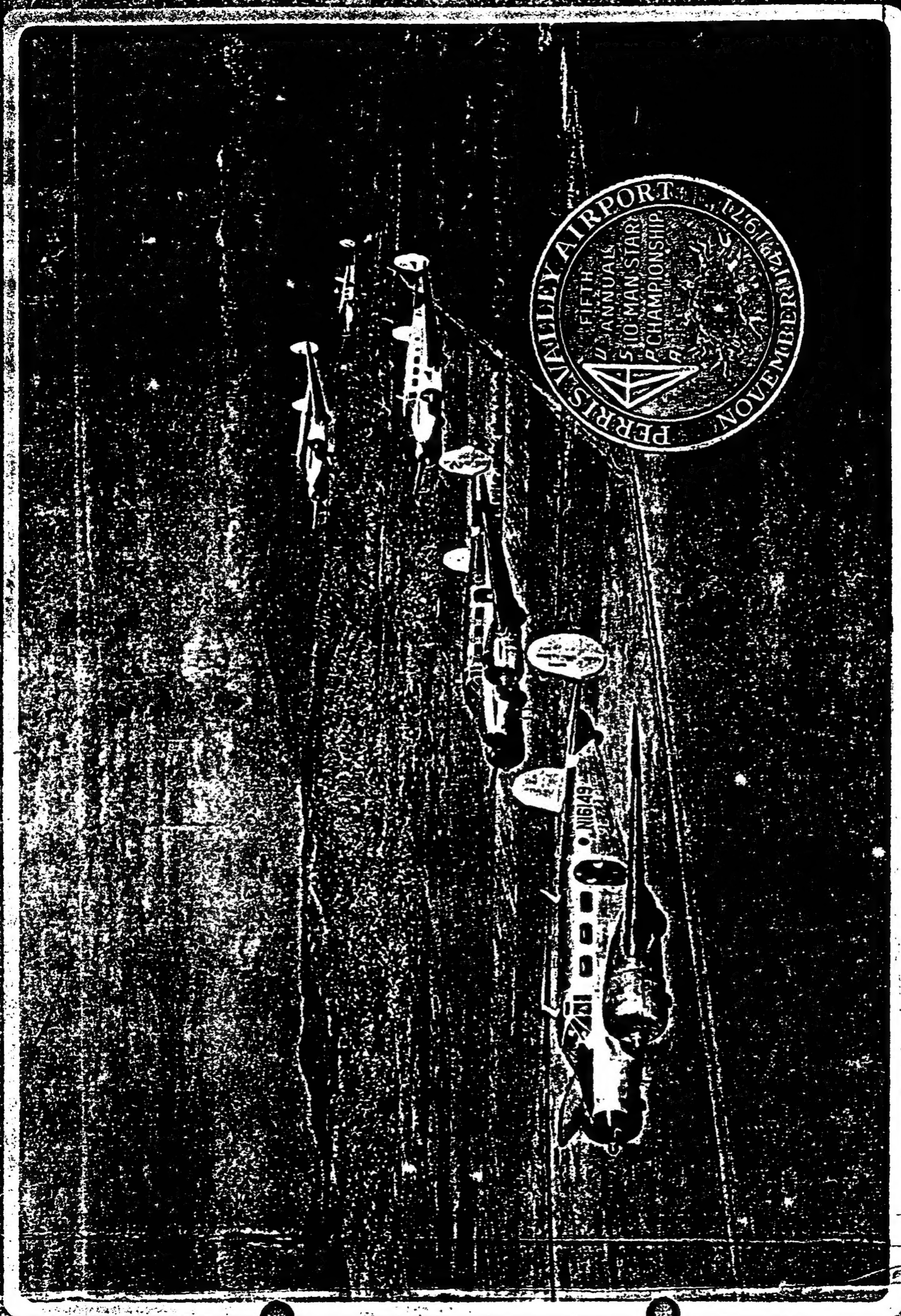
Following is an artist's conception of the hijacker who extorted \$200,000 from Northwest Airlines on November 24, 1971.



THIS MAN IS DESCRIBED AS FOLLOWS:

Race	White
Sex	Male
Age	Mid 40's
Height	5' 10" to 6'
Weight	170 to 180 pounds
Build	Average to well built
Complexion	Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth
Hair	Dark brown or black, normal style, parted on left, combed back; sideburns, low ear level
Eyes	Possibly brown. During latter part of flight put on dark, wrap-around sunglasses with dark rims
Voice	Low, spoke intelligently; no particular accent, possibly from Midwest section of U.S.
Characteristics	Heavy smoker of Raleigh filter tip cigarettes
Wearing Apparel	Black suit; white shirt; narrow black tie; black dress suit; black rain-type overcoat or dark top coat; dark briefcase or attache case; carried paper bag 4" x 12" x 14"; brown shoes.

If you have any information which might lead to the identity of this individual, please contact the nearest FBI Office which would be found in the front of your telephone directory.



164-2111-406

ALPA

PILOT BULLETIN

INFORMATION
MEMBERS ONPUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AIR LINE PILOTS ASSOCIATION,
1329 E STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004, EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEMBERS

VOL. 31, NO. 1

JANUARY 1971

ALPA EXECUTIVE
BOARD MEETS

The Executive Board of the Association resolved at its 14th meeting (Dec. 7-10) in Washington to register "total opposition" to FAA's proposal to impose responsibility for medical certification and surveillance of flight crew members upon the individual air carriers. The Board directed the Aero-medical-Flight Time/Duty Time Committee "to take any and all steps it feels are necessary to prevent the adoption" of the proposal and instructed the Association's President to "provide the necessary support and resources," and including "if necessary" recommending the Executive Board for consideration "of other appropriate courses of action."

The Board, after lengthy discussion concerning the impact of the Aloha arbitration award on ALPA's crew complement policy, reaffirmed its "full and vigorous support of the crew complement policy and of all existing

agreements and awards establishing the same." The Board said that consistent with the Nov. 23 arbitration award (which it noted "applied and interpreted the Association's policy as being founded on safety as related to the operating conditions and environment of the carrier involved") and consistent with past practice, the Boeing 737 crew complement policy is interpreted to require "with the concurrence of the Executive Committee and the President" that the MEC on each airline involved assess that airline's conditions and environmental factors "and reach a determination as to the basis of implementation" of the crew complement policy. The Board ordered the President to "cause the Association to provide full support to such determinations" and to conclude agreements that give full effect to such determinations.

Finally, the Board said the President and the Executive Committee should study and evaluate "crew coordination and operating techniques on all airline jet aircraft."

Other actions taken by the Executive Board include the following:

► Supported the Airworthiness and Performance Committee in its concern over the use of reduced-thrust takeoff procedures.

► Referred a proposal that ALPA initiate an aggressive policy with FAA to establish positive control, climb and descent corridors, "a high-

WARNING NO IMMUNITY

Pilots are warned that, effective Dec. 31, 1971, they are no longer provided with immunity when Near Mid-air Collision Reports (FAA Form 8020-3) are filed.

President John J. O'Donnell attempted to persuade FAA to retain the immunity provision, but so far without success. The ATC Committee will again seek to convince FAA that the near mid-air reporting program is useless without some protection given to the pilot and controller.

As additional information becomes available, it will be reported in future publications.

ly complicated subject," to the National ATC Committee, the national committee involved with this problem.

► Noted that "it is in the best interest of" ALPA "to present a united position to the government and industry on those subject areas which affect the entire membership" and resolved "that before any pilot group representing body of the Association takes action on subjects under the view of an ALPA national committee and not covered by ALPA policy, the proposed action be brought to the attention of the responsible national committees for their review and analysis to ensure a coordinated position."

► Directed the President "to actively pursue" ALPA policy, adopted in 1962, "to work to bring international flight duty time limits in line with domestic FAR limits."

► Directed the Association to institute a procedure of withholding dues from flight pay loss checks.

► Noted that the use of "Air Line Pilots" in the name of any organization, other than ALPA, "is confusing and misleading to the membership, the public, the government and the industry and might be harmful to the public image of the Association," and resolved "that all members so involved refrain from any activities which generate the impression that they or their organization, association or firm act in behalf of or under the jurisdiction

(Continued on page 2)

LATE NEWS ROUND-UP

● Revised ALPA merger policy has been adopted by the Executive Board (see page 2).

● The Department of Transportation is investigating the manner in which a Delta 880 was contaminated by radioactive leakage. DOT is attempting to determine whether the cause was from faulty packaging or from handling damage.

● CAB examiner is against AAL-WAL merger plan (see page 4).

● PATCO says FAA has fired four more controllers for their actions during a "sickout" in March 1970, bringing the number of dismissed controllers to 80. Thirty-eight of the 80 have won their jobs back through appeals procedures and the courts.

ing the number of dismissed controllers to 80. Thirty-eight of the 80 have won their jobs back through appeals procedures and the courts.

● ALPA opposes DOT action in AAL-WAL merger case (see page 5).

● "Cooper" is no Robin Hood (see page 7).

● NTSB and FAA officials say that a National Airlines 747, which ran afoul of turbulence, did so as the crew picked its way through thunderstorm cells using airborne radar.

● Pilots should specify payments (see page 8).

164-2111-403

COOPER IS NO 'ROBIN HOOD'

Despite some attempts to prove otherwise through opportunism and commercialism, the person who labels himself as "D. B. Cooper" is--if he is still alive--no modern-day Robin Hood. He is a thief and a criminal of the highest order. He demonstrated more than passing knowledge of the air environment, especially parachuting. It is possible that "D. B. Cooper's" path may have crossed that of airline personnel--and airline pilots--at some time under another name. He is reported to have a bitter hatred against the airlines--he may have worked for one.

For these reasons PILOT BULLETIN is printing the specifications of the criminal that extorted \$200,000 from Northwest Airlines on Nov. 24, 1971. Two artist drawings of "Cooper" are included in the hopes they may prod the memories of ALPA members who may have seen or known him in the past.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation describes the man as follows:

Race: White

Age: Mid-40s



Artists sketch of Cooper with and without glasses

Height: 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet

Weight: 170 to 180 pounds

Build: Average to well built

Complexion: Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth

Hair: Dark brown or black, normal style, parted on left, combed back, sideburns, low ear level

Eyes: Possibly brown; during latter part of flight put on dark wrap-around sunglasses with dark rims

Voice: Low, spoke intelligently, no particular accent

Characteristic: Heavy smoker, Raleigh filter-tip cigarettes

Wearing apparel: Black and white shirt, narrow black tie, dress suit, black rain-type over dark topcoat, brown shoes, carry paper bag 4 inches by 12 inches and dark briefcase or attache case

If you have any information that might lead to the identity of the individual, please contact the nearest FBI office.

ALPA PRESSES FOR ACTION ON MID-AIR COLLISIONS

Pointing to a "needless slaughter" resulting from 70 mid-air collisions of U. S. airliners in the past 25 years, ALPA urged congressional action to make collision-avoidance equipment a mandatory requirement for all aircraft operating in government-controlled airspace.

In testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Aviation on Dec. 1, the Association emphasized the increasing hazards of mid-air accidents. A study made by the Department of Transportation, ALPA said, projected that by 1980 there would be approximately 10 mid-air collisions occurring each year. In 1971, there were four such tragedies.

ALPA recommended two government actions that should be taken immediately to reduce or eliminate the mid-air collision hazard:

"The first of these requires an immediate decision on the part of the U. S. government that the use of an adequate collision avoidance system or proximity warning indicator should be made mandatory for every aircraft

operated within controlled airspace.

"The other action requires that the Federal Aviation Administration take a more realistic and sophisticated approach to inflight segregation of military and general aviation aircraft from airline and other high performance civil aircraft."

In addition to these recommendations, ALPA asked for a live evaluation of the several collision avoidance systems now available. Recognizing that installation of these systems would entail particular burdens for light plane owner, ALPA called for development of a plan to help them finance this hardware.

Although ALPA does not endorse any particular equipment now being offered as solutions to the collision problem, it supported the Senate bill under consideration (S. 2264), which would facilitate the installation of collision avoidance devices. "The establishment of definite compliance dates," ALPA said, "will also emphasize the urgency of the problem and take it out of the 'study' category."

FAA Continuing

Taxiway - Exit

Identification Light

Test At JFK And

Newark

The September 1971 PILOT BULLETIN announced the beginning testing of taxiway exit lighting at Newark runway 4L-22R. Now test is ready to be implemented at runway 31R-13L. The runway will show red threshold lights at the ends. Green flush centerline lights at runway and taxiway intersections are the main features of the test along with green curved lead-in lights at the center taxiway exit.

The airlines have probably already issued information and procedures to pilots operating into the airports. FAA will provide additional information. ALPA requests that pilots cooperate in this evaluation. Please send a copy of your comments to the ALPA Engineering and Safety Department for information.

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STAN PITKIN
United States Attorney

1012 United States Courthouse
Seattle, Washington 98104

(206) 442-7970

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,)	
)	
Plaintiff,)	COMPLAINT FOR VIOLATION
)	OF U.S.C. TITLE 18
v.)	SECTIONS 37 AND 38
)	
WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS, also known)	
as JACK LEWIS and)	
DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY)	
Defendants.)	

COUNT I

That beginning on or about the first day of February 1972, and continuing to the date of this complaint in King County and Kitsap County in the Western District of Washington, William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy, the defendants herein, did wilfully and unlawfully combine, conspire and agree to commit offenses against the United States, to wit, to violate Section 2384, Title 18, United States Code, by devising and intending to devise a scheme for obtaining money by means of false and fraudulent pretenses and representations from Karl Payne Fleming to travel in interstate commerce from Los Angeles County, California to King County, Washington in execution of the scheme to defraud said Karl Payne Fleming of forty-five thousand dollars. The form and substance of the conspiracy was as follows:

MANNER AND MEANS

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It was a part of the conspiracy that the defendant William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis, responding to an advertisement in the Seattle Times newspaper solicited a contact from the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" called Karl Payne Fleming at his home in Los Angeles, California on or about February 1, 1972 and stated that "Seth Thomas" (a fictitious name adopted by the defendant Jack Lewis for the purposes of this scheme) had been in touch with "D. B. Cooper", knew his true identity and could arrange an interview.

It was further a part of the conspiracy that the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy arranged for Donald Sylvester Murphy to pose as the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper". Jack Lewis photographed Donald Murphy wearing a wig and glasses and otherwise appearing much like the widely circulated "artist's conception" of "D. B. Cooper" and delivered a print to Karl Fleming in support of the scheme to defraud. Jack Lewis and Donald Murphy arranged to copy three twenty dollar bills with serial numbers taken from the ransom money list - superimposed - so as to appear to be copies of twenty dollar bills acquired by the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" as ransom for the release of passengers on Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 305 at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport on November 24, 1971. Jack Lewis furnished this fraudulent copy of the three twenty dollar bills (copy attached hereto as Exhibit "A") to Karl Fleming in support of the scheme to defraud.

It was further a part of the conspiracy that the defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy falsely represented Donald Murphy

1 to be the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" when they met
2 with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn in King County,
3 Washington on or about February 16, 1972 and demanded that
4 Karl Fleming produce forty-five thousand dollars in return
5 for "D. B. Cooper's" story about the hi-jacking. The
6 defendants agreed to accept thirty thousand dollars,
7 fraudulently representing that the money would be held in
8 trust by Jack Lewis for the legal defense of "D. B. Cooper"
9 should he be apprehended. Jack Lewis signed the documents
10 recording that payment, one signed as "Seth Thomas" and
11 wherein he signed his true name (copy attached hereto
12 Exhibit "B").

13 It was further a part of the conspiracy that the
14 defendants William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis
15 and Donald Sylvester Murphy prepared Donald Murphy to pose
16 as the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" by reading the
17 published information about the hi-jacking of Flight 305
18 and the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" and otherwise
19 developing a plausible theory of the hi-jacking which began
20 with a "confession" of the crime. Extraordinary steps for
21 the security of the alleged hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" such
22 requiring that the cameraman and audiotape recording the
23 interview do so from an extreme distance while wearing
24 plugs, added credibility to the fraudulent scheme.

25 OVERT ACTS

26 1. On or about February 1, 1972 the defendant
27 William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis called Karl
28 Payne Fleming in Los Angeles, California from his residence
29 at Seavue Estates, Seabeck, Washington.

30 2. On or about February 13, 1972 the defendant
31 William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis called the
32

1 Swept Wing Inn near Seattle-Tacoma International Airport
2 and made reservations for Karl Fleming for February 16,
3 1972, requesting a ground floor room.

4 3. On or about February 16, 1972 the defendant
5 William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis met with
6 Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn in King County, Washin.
7 and used the fictitious name "Seth Thomas".

8 4. On or about February 16, 1972 the defendant
9 Donald Sylvester Murphy met with Karl Fleming at the Swept
10 Wing Inn in King County, Washington and used the fictive
11 name "D. B. Cooper".

12 5. On or about February 21, 1972 the defendant
13 William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis received
14 three hundred dollars from Karl Fleming for expend. money.

15 6. On or about February 12, 1972 the defendant
16 William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis received th.
17 thousand dollars from Karl Fleming and signed two docum.
18 recording the payment, one using his true name and one u.
19 the fictitious name "Seth Thomas".

20 7. On or about February 21, 1972 the defendant
21 William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis drove Karl
22 Fleming around King County, Washington looking for a secur
23 place to film the interview with "D. B. Cooper".

24 8. On or about February 22, 1972 and February 23,
25 1972 the defendant Donald Sylvester Murphy, posing as the
26 alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" submitted
27 views with Karl Fleming, and fraudulently confessed to
28 hi-jacking Northwest Orient Airlines Flight 305 on Novem
29 1972.

30 9. On or about February 23, 1972 the defendant
31 Donald Sylvester Murphy was photographed posing as the
32 alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper" and displayed

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1 a copy of three twenty dollar bills in front of the
2 camera.

3 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. Section 371.

4 COUNT II

5 1. The defendants William John Lewis, also known
6 as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy devised the
7 and artifice to obtain money from Karl Payne Fleming by
8 fraudulently representing the defendant Donald Sylvester
9 Murphy to be the alleged aircraft hi-jacker "D. B. Cooper"
10 as more particularly alleged in Count I of this complaint
11 and all of the allegations of Count I are realleged and
12 incorporated herein as if fully set out in Count

13 2. On or about the 16th day and the 20th day of
14 February, 1972 the defendants William John Lewis, also known
15 as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy, having devised
16 and having intended to devise the aforesaid scheme and
17 artifice to defraud and to obtain money by means of false
18 and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises did
19 unlawfully and fraudulently induce Karl Payne Fleming to
20 travel in interstate commerce from Los Angeles County,
21 California to King County, Washington in execution of the
22 aforesaid scheme and artifice to defraud said Karl Payne
23 Fleming of money in an amount exceeding five thousand
24 dollars, that is, forth-five thousand dollars in cash.

25 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. Section 2314
26 and Section 2

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1 The complainant states that this complaint is based on
2 the copy of three twenty dollar bills bearing serial numbers
3 L54904730A, L33529797A, and L20168977A acquired from Karl
4 Fleming who states that the copy of the three bills Fleming
5 received (now in the custody of the F.B.I.) was delivered
6 him by Jack Lewis in support of the claim that Fleming was
7 interviewing the real "D.B. Cooper," which copy is attached
8 hereto as exhibit "A". The original copy has been examined
9 by the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington, D.C. and determined
10 to be fraudulent in that the serial numbers, which denoted
11 three numbers from the ransom paid were superimposed on
12 twenty dollar bills prior to being copied.

13 Further, Jack Lewis executed the two receipts for
14 thirty thousand dollars attached hereto as exhibit "B"
15 (original in the custody of the F.B.I.) in the presence of
16 Karl Fleming and "D.B. Cooper". Fingerprints lifted from
17 these receipts by the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington, D.C.
18 have been identified as belonging to William John Lewis.

19 Further, movie film and an audio tape of the interview
20 between Karl Fleming and Donald Murphy, posing as "D.B. Cooper,"
21 which took place on the morning of February 23, 1972 on a
22 beach fronting Puget Sound in King County, Washington, have
23 been viewed and heard by agents of the F.B.I. personally
24 familiar with the defendants William John Lewis, also known
25 as Jack Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy; Donald Murphy is
26 the person depicted on film as "D.B. Cooper." The inter-
27 view of February 23, 1972 was recorded on movie film and
28 audio tape taken by Neil Peter Reichline and William Barry
29 Kaplan, from a location remote from the point of interview
30 at the request of Karl Fleming (originals of the tape
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recordings, movie film and audio tape are in the custody of the F.B.I.). Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation familiar with William John Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy have listened to tapes, made by Karl Fleming, of interviews of "D.B. Cooper" and "Seth Thomas" and have identified the voices appearing on the tapes as William John Lewis and Donald Sylvester Murphy.

Complainant further states that Karl Fleming has been interviewed by Special Agents of the F.B.I. and has related the following:

That he, Karl Fleming, placed an advertisement in the Seattle Times newspaper, among others on the West Coast, requesting that the alleged alleged hi-jacker "D.B. Cooper" contact him. Karl Fleming was then a Contributing Editor of Newsweek magazine stationed in Los Angeles and the advertisement listed his home telephone number and indicated that he represented a national news magazine.

On or about February 1, 1972 Karl Fleming received two telephone calls from a "Seth Thomas," who in subsequent personal contacts identified himself as Jack Lewis, the caller stating that he knew the identity of "D.B. Cooper" and could arrange an interview.

In response to this information Karl Fleming flew from Los Angeles County, California to King County, Washington on or about February 10, 1972 and checked into a ground floor room at the Sweet-Mil Inn which had been reserved for him by Jack Lewis, alias "Seth Thomas."

Jack Lewis contacted him there and later introduced him to "D.B. Cooper" who entered the room through a sliding patio-type door.

The individuals identifying themselves as "Seth Thomas" and "D.B. Cooper" requested forty five thousand dollars for the story and details concerning the hi-jacking. The initial payment of fifteen thousand dollars to be paid when Karl Fleming was satisfied he was talking to the hi-jacker, a second instalment in the same amount upon completion of the interviews, and a final payment upon publication of the story.

1 "Seth Thomas" and "D.B. Cooper" agreed to let
2 "D.B. Cooper" submit to interviews which would be
3 taped and photographed after being advised by Karl
4 Fleming that Newsweek magazine would not support the
5 undertaking but that a partner of Fleming's in
6 Platypus Publications Incorporated would put up
7 thirty thousand dollars.

8 On or about February 20, 1972 Karl Fleming
9 traveled from Los Angeles County, California to
10 King County, Washington with thirty thousand dollars
11 in cash consisting of an unknown number of bills in
12 twenty, fifty, and one hundred dollar denominations.
13 He stayed at the Edgewater Inn, in Seattle, Washington,
14 through February 23, 1972 and interviewed "D.B. Cooper"
15 on February 22 and 23.

16 Karl Fleming was furnished the xeroxed copy of
17 the three twenty dollar bills, allegedly part of the
18 ransom paid to "D.B. Cooper" (Exhibit "A") and on or
19 about February 21, 1972, paid the thirty thousand
20 dollars to Jack Lewis who signed a receipt (Exhibit
21 "B"). Karl Fleming related that Jack Lewis gave him
22 the name "Seth Thomas" prior to signing the receipt
23 and that "D.B. Cooper" appeared to let Jack
24 Lewis' disclosure of his true name.

25 Karl Fleming also paid three hundred dollars to
26 Jack Lewis on or about February 21, 1972 for expense.

27 The complainant further states that he believed that
28 statements made by Karl Fleming to Special Agents of the
29 F.B.I. are accurate in that checks of motel, airline, rental
30 car, and telephone toll records corroborate his story and
31 photographs of William John Lewis, also known as Jack Lewis,
32 and Donald Sylvester Murphy have been identified by Karl
Fleming, and other persons, as the individuals who called
themselves "Seth Thomas" and "D.B. Cooper" respectively.

CHARLES E. FARRELL
Special Agent
Federal Bureau of Investigation

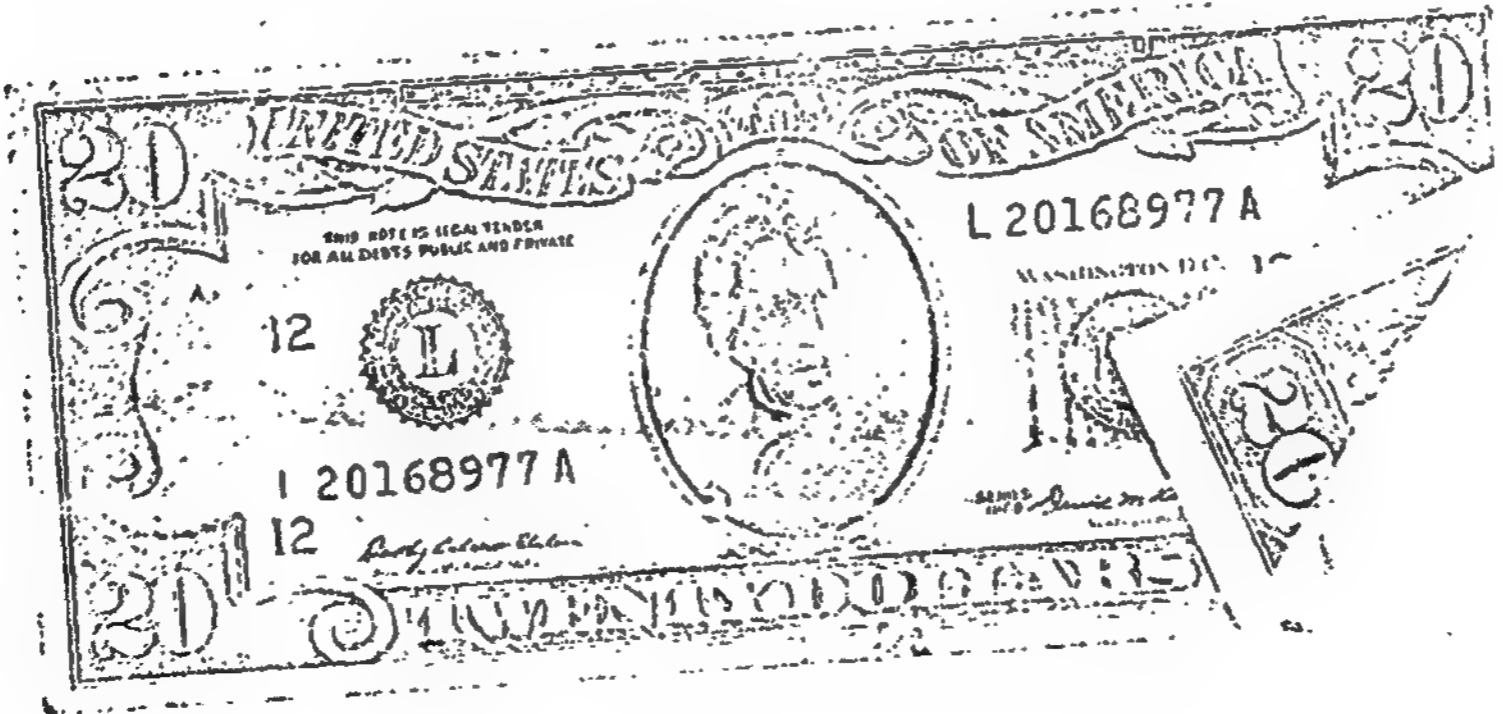
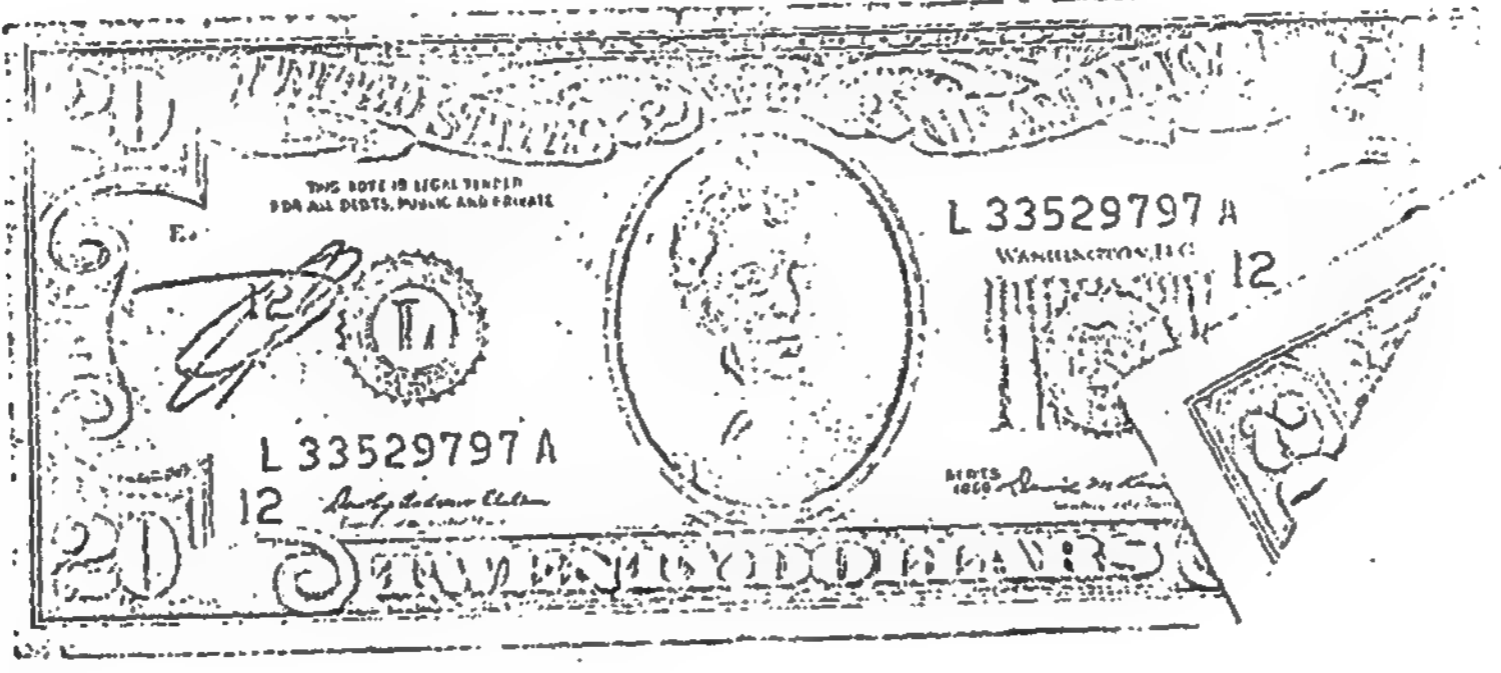
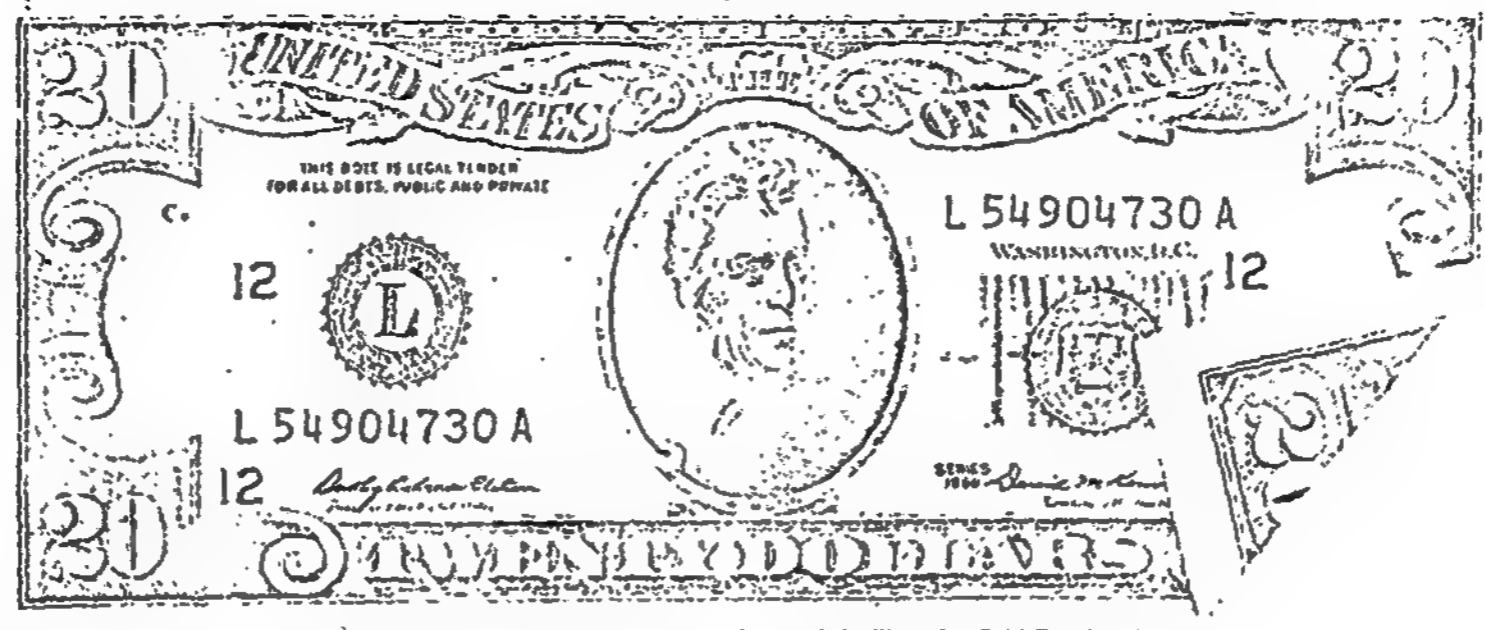
Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence

_____, 1972.

United States Magistrate

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EXHIBIT "



WASH., D.C., Dec. 22, 1942

EXHIBIT B

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that the money be conveyed in cash to the
\$50,000 (thirty thousand dollars) to
purports to be designated agent for airline hijacker
hijacked a Northwest Airlines plane on Thanksgiving
money is conveyed with the understanding and intent that
it is to be held in trust from this day forward to be used
fund if and on when Cooper is apprehended or voluntarily surrenders. The
money is conveyed with the understanding of both parties, and also of Mr.
Cooper, that the money is to be used for that purpose and not for
plane and that it is to be used for no other purpose whatsoever, and the
none of it is to be conveyed to Cooper to be used
for his legal defense.

SIGNED:

WITNESSED:

Further: Mr. Cooper who is
owner of the plane hijacked by Cooper
is to receive to his full share of
the \$50,000 robbery. He is to receive
Photos, Newspapers and magazine articles
Books, movies, television, documentaries,
interviews, serializations, both in the
United States and all foreign countries
now and future.

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KARL FLEMING do
hereby on Feb. 20, 1972,
convey to Seth Thomas,
who purports to be agent for
D.B. Cooper, \$30,000 to be
held in Trust for use
as a legal Defense Fund
for Cooper when or if
he is apprehended on Surrender,
And with the understanding
that the money is to be
used for that purpose
alone.

Seth Thomas

21 Feb 1972

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EDGEWATER INN



NO. 16-00421, 1972

GENERAL PAY (P.9)

GENERAL ALLOWANCE (P.15)

HOUSEHOLD ALLOWANCE (P.11)

TRAVEL ALLOWANCE (P.4)

UTILITY ALLOWANCE (P.5)



D.B. Cooper

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THE TALE OF

By Karl Fleming

D.B. COOPER AROSE AT 6 A.M. THAT day, leaving his wife of 25 years asleep in their ranch-style suburban Seattle home, dressed hurriedly in a dark business suit, and packed his briefcase with the tools he would need to carry him through this, the most important day of his life.

Cooper, age 49, a balding unprepossessing out-of-work Boeing engineer, had never been arrested for anything more serious than a traffic violation.

This day, Thanksgiving Eve of last year, he would hijack a Northwest Airlines Boeing 727 between Portland and Seattle, would successfully bail out with \$200,000 of the airline's money, and then would vanish as if evaporated. He still hasn't been discovered by the law.

Cooper planned the hijacking for more than a year. Every detail had been carefully researched. Every step had been painstakingly rehearsed. Every possible foul-up had been anticipated—even marked money and bad weather. Every

A LONER, D.B. COOPER TELLS HOW HE STOLE PLANE AND GOT AWAY

the hijack note. Under his suit, he wore a heavy sweatshirt. It would be cold that night when he jumped. On his feet he wore high-topped Western style boots. They could pass as dress shoes, and at the same time could protect his ankles when he hit the ground after parachuting from the plane.

Making Plans

As he drove, he listened idly to the radio and methodically reviewed his plan—the landing site, the weather, the timing, the getaway route, all the minute details he had brooded over with slide rule precision for months. He originally had wanted to bring in a confederate

in flight so that a jump could be accomplished without ripping a chute to pieces.

Also, this particular daily commuter flight was chosen because of the route it followed. Cooper chose it after patiently studying dozens of aerial maps. The route, over rural terrain where the land was hilly, but not too rough, was close enough to a freeway to make a getaway possible. It was sufficiently removed from water and high tension lines, which a parachutist always fears and was remote enough so he could land without detection.

The spot Cooper selected was just east of the tiny farming village of La Center, less than five miles from Inter-

or windy enough to make the jump overly hazardous.

The day he chose was perfect: rainy, overcast and gusty—which would discourage light planes and helicopters from following. And he had chosen this day for another reason. It was a holiday. He had wanted July 4, but hadn't been able to get his plan perfected in time. He wanted a holiday because people in airports would be in a festive mood, there would be huge crowds and a lot of confusion.

The Triangle

Cooper turned off Interstate 5 at Woodland at about 9:45 a.m., drove along the macadam rural road to Main Street in La Center and parked his car in the gravel lot beside the post office.

He applied his make-up—stuff to alter his facial coloring and white paste to obscure his gold capped teeth. Then he drove into the adjacent countryside to set his radio transmitters in place. There were three of them, pocket-sized,

Seattle, would successfully bail out with \$200,000 of the airplane money, and then would vanish as if evaporated. He still hasn't been discovered by the law.

Cooper planned the hijacking for more than a year. Every detail had been carefully researched. Every step had been painstakingly rehearsed. Every possible foul-up had been anticipated—even marked money and bad weather. Every previous hijacking had been patiently studied. They had all failed, at least by D.B. Cooper's standards. The perpetrators all had been caught, killed or set down empty-handed in some distant place like Cuba.

Cooper was no political fanatic. Nor was he a nut. He was an ordinary, God-fearing, patriotic, country club-oriented, upward-climbing WASP engineer, (salary: about \$25,000 a year) who was motivated by two things: anger, and money. He had no desire to be either hero or martyr. He simply wanted to get the money, and get away.

As he tooled down Interstate 5 that rainy morning, he carefully reviewed what he had stashed in the briefcase to pull the job off: two cheap hairpieces (cost: \$35); an altimeter, a compass, a stop-watch, a walkie-talkie, three small radio transmitters, black gloves, dark wrap-around sunglasses, a make-up kit, a foul weather jacket, a black cap. And a replica of a bomb—three red flares of the type police use to mark auto accidents, wired cleverly together and attached to what appeared to be a detonating device.

In the right-hand inside pocket of his dark business suit jacket, he carried

As he drove, he listened idly to the radio, and methodically reviewed his plan—the landing site, the weather, the timing, the getaway route, all the minute details he had brooded over with slide-rule precision for months. He originally had wanted to bring in a confederate. That would make the job easier, especially if he could get an accomplice who could fly a helicopter and scoop him up when he touched down and rush him to safe obscurity. But he finally discarded that idea. Too risky. A partner might talk. And besides, when the chips were down, could he really count on somebody else? No, he decided.

Cooper was tense, but confident. Since he had worked at Boeing for 15 years, he knew the Boeing more intimately than he knew his motorboat. He had chosen this particular flight in part for that reason: 727s were used exclusively on the Seattle-Portland run, and the 727 was the only airplane in commercial use that opened in the rear, making a parachute jump feasible. And further, the 727 could be slowed down enough

enough to a free way to make a getaway possible. It was sufficiently removed from water and high-tension lines, which a parachutist always fears, and was remote enough so he could land without detection.

The spot Cooper selected was just east of the tiny farming village of La Center, less than five miles from Interstate 5, and about 30 miles north of Portland. There was water around Lake Merwin but Cooper felt he could jump and avoid it, even at night. And there were high-tension lines, but Cooper believed he could see them at night and steer away from them.

The weather was crucial. Cooper wanted a cloudy overcast, but even at night. He reasoned that other planes would be dispatched to follow the hijacked craft (C-130s were in fact used), so he wanted cloud conditions and rain, anything that would reduce visibility and make spotting him difficult if not impossible when he bailed out. He couldn't afford to have it known exactly where he was jumping. Hence he needed inclement weather, but not rainy enough

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He applied his make-up—stuff to alter his facial coloring and white paste to obscure his gold-capped teeth. Then he drove into the adjacent countryside, set his radio transmitter in place. There were three of them, each a battery-powered device which he had stalked a friend into making for him.

This friend of mine, this was a long time prior to the execution of this, we were talking, discussing, making talkie and transmitters, and he said he could make one up for I don't know, \$10 or \$15. I said something about how it would be nice, because I was a little bit of a radar, or I would be hit. If a fellow had a little transmitter because if he were going to a fishing area somewhere and he should happen to get soaked in by fog or something, I could use the transmitter, and he was right in. So I said, sometimes if you are thinking about it now about making up a couple of these? So he did. Cooper said.

The tiny radio transmitters each had a small antenna, and each emitted a "beep" signal which could be picked up by a walkie-talkie tuned to the proper frequency. The transmitters were crucial to his plan.

Cooper drove out and placed one of the transmitters in a weed patch near a rural church; he set another one in a ditch beside the road; he left the third one in the trunk of the car. The placement of the three transmitters formed a loose triangle, so that when he received the signal from all three of them on his walkie-talkie, he would know precisely where he was. "I figured I would be able to see the highway and the lights down there, but I wanted to have that 'beep-beep' signal in case anything went wrong," Cooper said.

A Little Satire
Cooper had made practice runs on the Portland-Seattle flight, a half-dozen times, checking the terrain, checking the compass route, familiarizing himself with landmarks and on the final

Fleming clandestinely interviewed D.B. Cooper outside Seattle



Karl Fleming was associated with Newsweek magazine as correspondent, Los Angeles bureau chief and contributing editor for 11 years before resigning April 15 to found L.A. While with Newsweek, he covered virtually every significant civil rights story of the turbulent '60s, including Birmingham, Selma, Ole Miss, Little Rock and Watts. He covered the assassinations of President John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert and those of Martin Luther King and Medgar Evers. He was assigned to Richard Nixon during the last Presiden-

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A Little Satire

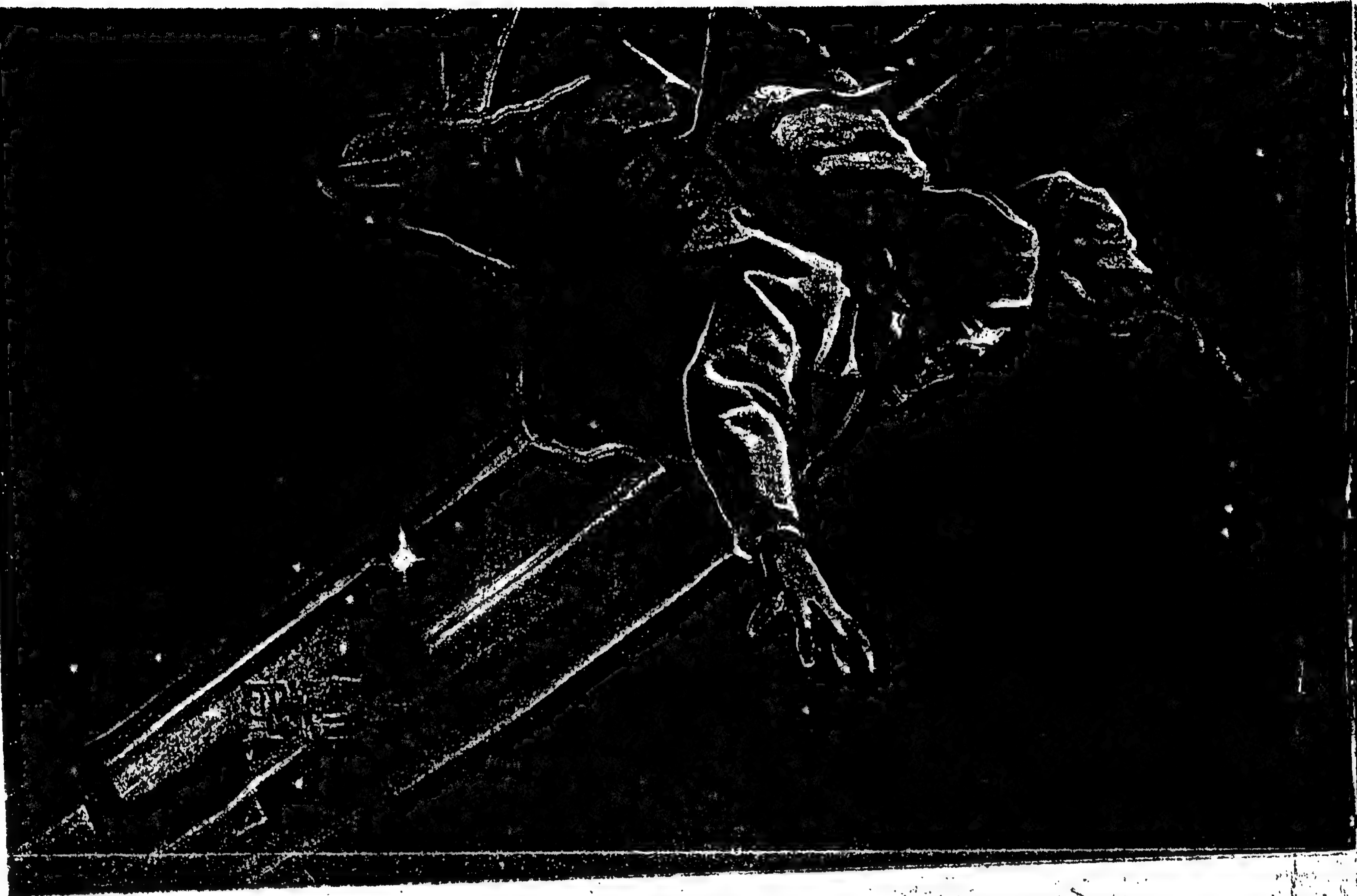
Cooper had made practice runs on the Portland-Seattle flight a half-dozen times, checking the terrain, checking the compass route, familiarizing himself with landmarks and on the final checkride he had placed his small transmitters and had taken his walkie-talkie on board with him. Approaching the planned jump spot, he concealed the walkie-talkie in a pillow and held the pillow up to his ear. Sure enough, when he was over the right place—and could see where he was—the signals began to come in, demonstrating the system would work.

After setting them out on the day of the hijacking, Cooper returned to the post office lot, parked the car, walked

A HI JACKING

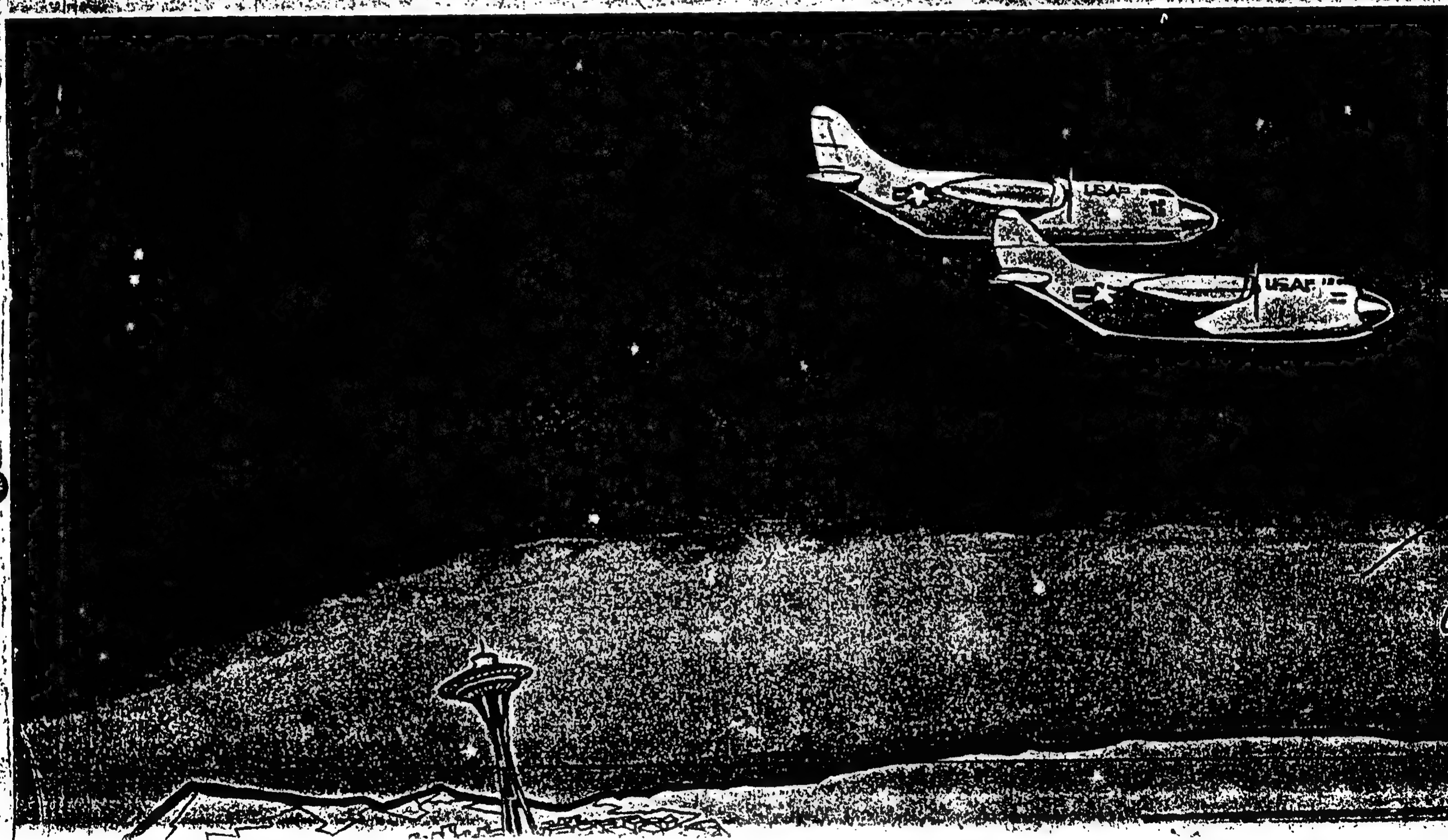


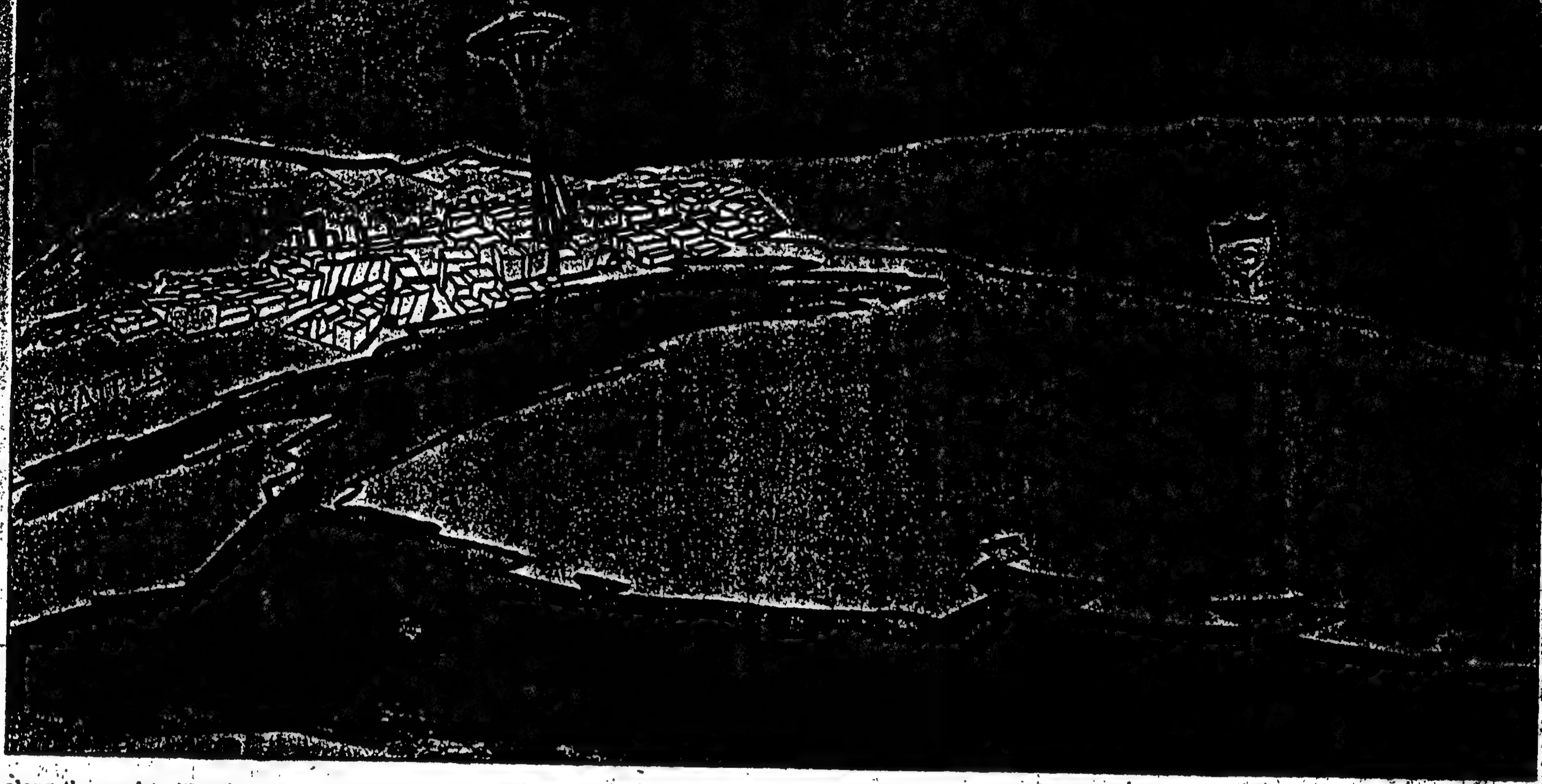




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COOPER BAILED OUT AND





along the road to Woodland, went into a restaurant and had a ham and cheese sandwich and a piece of apple pie, while he waited for the Greyhound bus. He had already purchased a ticket, to Portland, for 90 cents, and had a plane ticket from Portland to Seattle as well.

On the practice flights, he had used several aliases, including Montgomery and Wright. For the big trip, he chose the name D.B. Cooper.

It was a little satire, he said. He had worked at Boeing where noise was always a problem. So he chose the word decibels, and took the letter "D" from it. And what, he said, would make more noise than a lot of decibels in a barrel?

of the plane. Had there been air marshals on board, which was happening on some flights, he planned just to sit tight and take a normal flight to Seattle. No marshals were on board, however, so Cooper took a seat in the extreme left rear of the plane and just waited.

"I was still safe. I still had the note. I still had the option just to take a ride. But I knew this was the beginning. Right here. All the work that had gone on before, that was just an accessory. Because nobody knew what I was doing. And I wasn't doing wrong to anybody.

"Odd as it may seem, I had prepared for this so long that when it actually


might not open. But other than me, nobody was endangered at any time," Cooper said.

The crucial flight was about six minutes late leaving. When it was about 10 minutes out of Portland, the stewardess, taking orders for drinks, had worked her way back to Cooper's seat. When she asked him what he wanted to drink, Cooper reached inside his jacket and handed her the note. It was typewritten, on plain white paper, and the message was plain: "I have a bomb in this briefcase. I am hijacking this plane."

The stewardess's eyes widened. "Surprised?" Cooper said. "Just follow my

she was from Minnesota, so we talked briefly about Minnesota and how did she like flying and this sort of thing. But actually, the atmosphere wasn't too conducive to idle conversation. Because I was very keen, I had to be very alert. I didn't want to get lost in conversation."

The captain informed the passengers there was a minor mechanical problem. While the FBI was rounding up the money and parachutes, Cooper sent word that when the plane landed he wanted it parked away from the terminal, in a well-lighted area so he could see out the windows and protect himself from possible ambush. When that was



along the road to Woodland, went into restaurant and had a ham and cheese sandwich and a piece of apple pie, while he waited for the Greyhound bus. He had already purchased a ticket, to Portland, for 90 cents, and had a plane ticket from Portland to Seattle as well.

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It was a little satire, he said. He had worked at Boeing where noise was always a problem. So he chose the word decibels, and took the letter "D" from it. And what, he said, would make more noise than a lot of decibels in a barrel? Thus "B." And who makes barrels? A "cooper". Thus, D.B. Cooper, just the kind of name a methodical-minded engineer would choose.

When the bus reached Portland, at about 1:45 p.m., Cooper caught a taxi to the airport, arriving at about 2:15. The flight was scheduled to leave at 2:40 p.m. Cooper strolled around the terminal to kill time, then walked directly to the gate, carrying his briefcase. He watched as the check-in line formed, apprehensive for fear federal agents would be at the gate searching hand luggage. There were no such agents present, so Cooper tagged along at the end of the line, so he could get a seat at the back

of the plane. Had there been air marshals on board, which was happening on some flights, he planned just to sit tight and take a normal flight to Seattle. No marshals were on board, however, so Cooper took a seat in the extreme left rear of the plane and just waited.

"I was still safe. I still had the note. I still had the option just to take a ride. But I knew this was the beginning. Right here. All the work that had gone on before, that was just an accessory. Because nobody knew what I was doing. And I wasn't doing wrong to anybody.

"Odd as it may seem, I had prepared for this so long that when it actually took place, it was just like having a dress rehearsal," Cooper said.

The Crucial Flight

Cooper avoided any weapons—he said he dislikes guns—and the way his plan was to go the only person who would even see his "bomb" would be the stewardess. And she would be "scared to death, and wouldn't know a real bomb from anything at all. I could have made it out of paper and she wouldn't have known any difference."

"So, what was the worst that could happen? They could apprehend me. Or, if I got as far as putting the plan into motion, and left the plane with a chute I wasn't familiar with, then the chute

might not open. But other than me, nobody was endangered at any time," Cooper said.

The crucial flight was about six minutes late leaving. When it was about 10 minutes out of Portland, the stewardess, taking orders for drinks, had worked her way back to Cooper's seat. When she asked him what he wanted to drink, Cooper reached inside his jacket and handed her the note. It was typewritten, on plain white paper, and the message was plain: "I have a bomb in this briefcase. I am hijacking this plane."

The stewardess's eyes widened. "Surprised?" Cooper said. "Just follow my instructions. Exactly! And everything will be fine and no one will be any wiser. Just report this to your captain."

That was the substance, if not the verbatim words, of the conversation. For the next two and a half hours, Cooper and the stewardess were seatmates. He kept her beside him and used her as a courier to take instructions to the captain. When the plane reached Seattle and began circling, Cooper instructed her to go forward and tell the captain "to advise Seatac (Seattle-Tacoma Airport) and Northwest to procure \$200,000 in \$20 bills and four parachutes, and have them at the plane."

While the plane circled, Cooper and the stewardess chatted. "She told me

she was from Minnesota, so we talked briefly about Minnesota and how did she like flying and this sort of thing. But actually, the atmosphere wasn't too conducive to idle conversation. Because I was very keen. I had to be very alert. I didn't want to get lost in conversation."

The captain informed the passengers there was a minor mechanical problem. While the FBI was rounding up the money and parachutes, Cooper sent word that when the plane landed he wanted it parked away from the terminal, in a well-lighted area so he could see out the windows and protect himself from possible ambush. When that was done, and the money and parachutes were delivered to the plane by courier, a bus came out, and everyone deplaned except one stewardess. She was vital to Cooper's plan and was involved in his ordering of four parachutes.

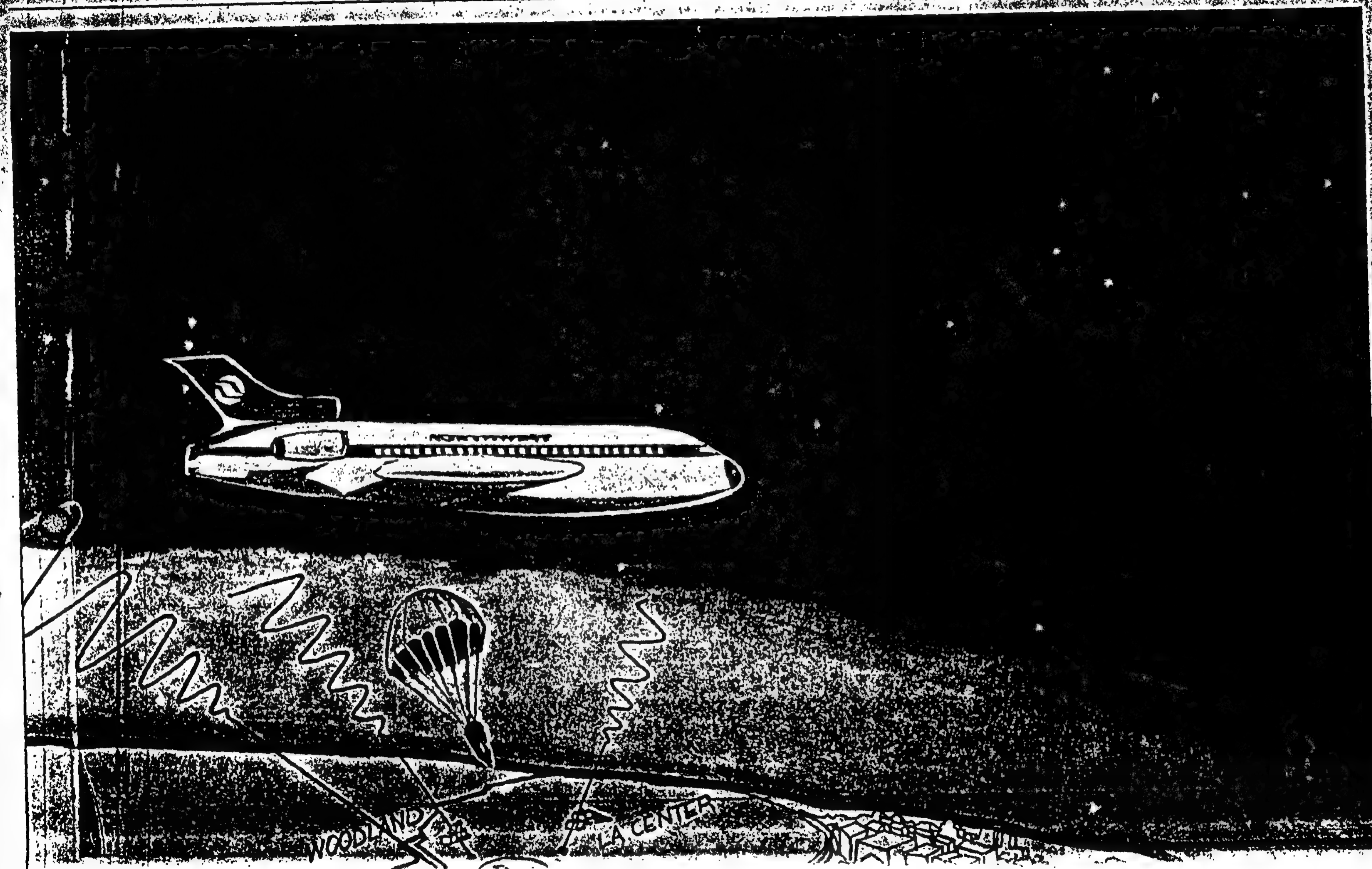
The Order for Two

No one had pulled this kind of sky-jacking before, so Cooper had had some careful planning to do. "The one thing I had to watch very carefully was the chutes. I decided to order two complete sets. Why? Because if they thought I was going out of that plane alone, I wouldn't have given you a plugged nickel for my chances. Because they wouldn't care if I dropped out and went straight

October 21, 1972

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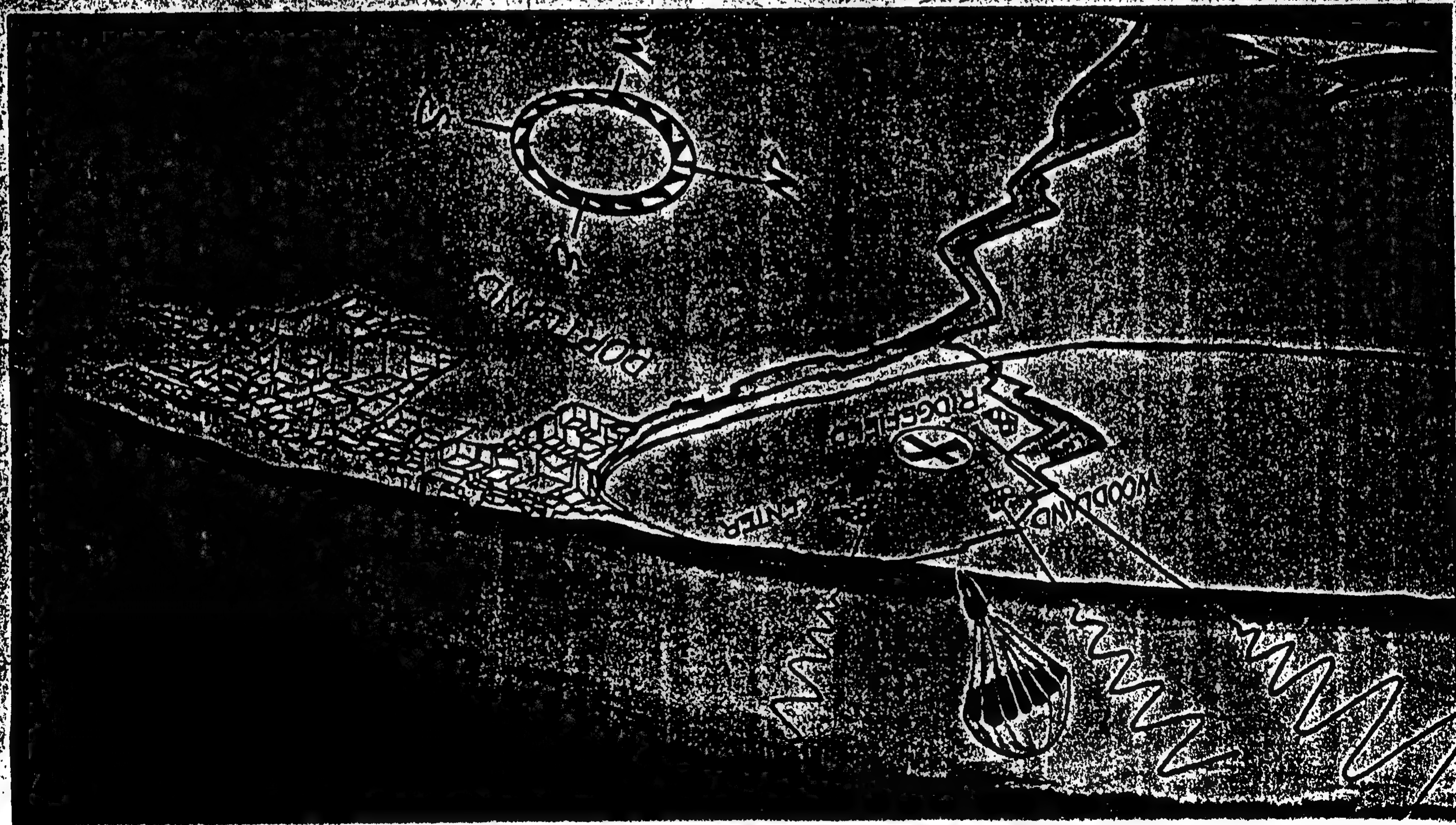
FELL FREE FOR 22 SECONDS...



downs but they wouldn't know if I was planning to take somebody down with me. So I asked them for two complete sets of chutes, two chest packs and two back packs, so they would think that if they gave me a bogus chute they would in effect be signing the death warrant of whoever went with me."

His logic was sound. The chutes were the only slip-up was over the money. Cooper demanded that it be sent out in a suitcase. He had built a special harness to be attached across his back. He planned to put his suit jacket and some other items into the suitcase, along with the money, and attach it to his special harness so he could

make the jump with his hands free. At the cavity, and strapped it onto his harness, cut some cord from the pile of canvas, and tied his briefcase to the harness. Then he strapped on a shock chute. Meanwhile, he was peering out the windows, and could see that the plane was on the correct course southward. About 30 minutes out of Seattle, he could see down between broken clouds and began to pick out familiar landmarks below the horizon. The plane jumped. He told the captain to fly at 60,000 feet. He told the stewardess to tell the captain to fly on the normal course to Reno, which he knew would carry him directly over the spot he had selected for his jump. He told the captain to fly at 60,000 feet. He told the stewardess to tell the captain to fly on the normal course to Reno, which he knew would carry him directly over the spot he had selected for his jump. He told the captain to fly at 60,000 feet. He told the stewardess to tell the captain to fly on the normal course to Reno, which he knew would carry him directly over the spot he had selected for his jump.



Robert Blue



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His logic was sound. The chutes were fine. The only slip-up was over the money. Cooper demanded that it be sent out in a suitcase. He had built a special harness to be attached across his pack. He planned to put his suit jacket and some other items into the suitcase, along with the money, and attach it to his special harness so he could

make the jump with his hands free. After all, he couldn't jump carrying the money in his hands. But instead of a suitcase, they sent the money out in a canvas bag, a problem he was brooding about as the plane refueled and took off under his instructions.

He told the stewardess to tell the captain to fly on the normal course to Reno, which he knew would carry him directly over the spot he had selected for his jump. He told the captain to fly at between 7,000 and 10,000 feet, to keep the flaps at 15 degrees (which allowed the plane to fly at a slower speed) and to fly with the rear stairwell open.

The plane took off from Seattle at about 7:30 p.m. It was dark. Cooper ordered the stewardess to go forward to the cabin and lock the door behind her.

As the plane headed southward, Cooper hurriedly got himself together. He put on his luminous stopwatch and compass, donned the black cap and gloves and hurriedly improvised a new means for taking everything he had brought into the plane out with him. Anything he left behind would certainly be evidence.

Therefore, lacking the suitcase he had ordered, he grabbed one of the four chutes, ripped the innards out of it and stuffed the money and his suit coat into

the cavity, and strapped it onto his chest. Then he strapped on his special harness, cut some cord from the discarded chute and tied his briefcase to the harness. Then he strapped on a back chute.

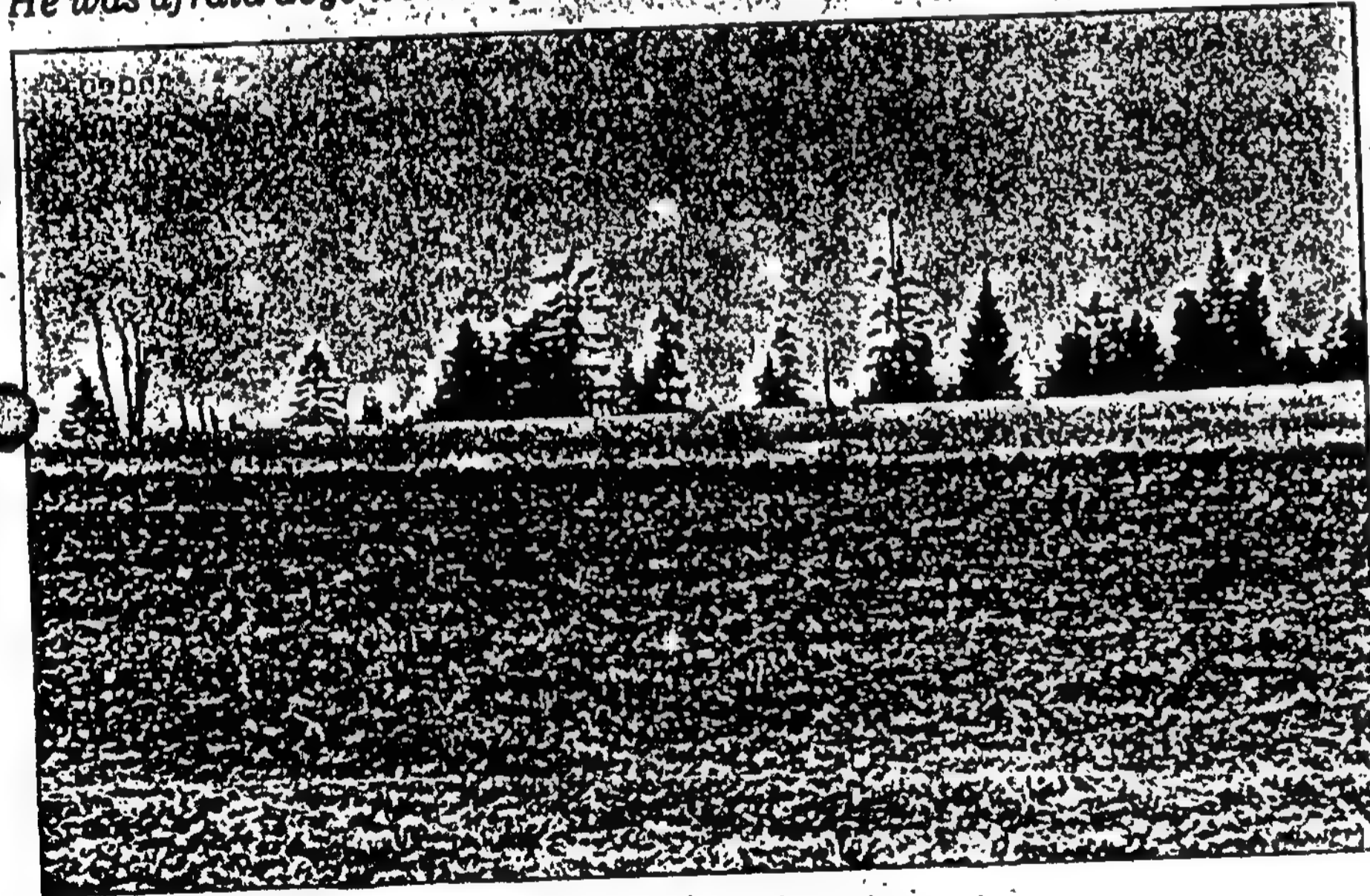
Meanwhile, he was peering out the windows, and could see that the plane was on the correct course southward. About 35 minutes out of Seattle, he could see down between broken clouds and began to pick out familiar landmarks below—the freeway, the power line, the lake. Then he began picking up the radio signals on his walkie-talkie. When he was hearing the signals from all three, he simply walked to the rear of the plane, descended the stairwell, and jumped out.

Free Fall

"I was not vacillating very much," he said. "I remembered why I had come to this point, and all the reasons for it. The long planning. All the research. And the provocation—that was what I was thinking of. It didn't take me long to reflect on this. Just a fraction of a second. Then the die was cast."

When he jumped, his altimeter showed 7,500 feet, and he executed a "free fall" without opening his chute, for precisely 22 seconds which shot him down through a thick cloud bank—thus preventing

He was afraid dogs would spot him and bark when he landed here.



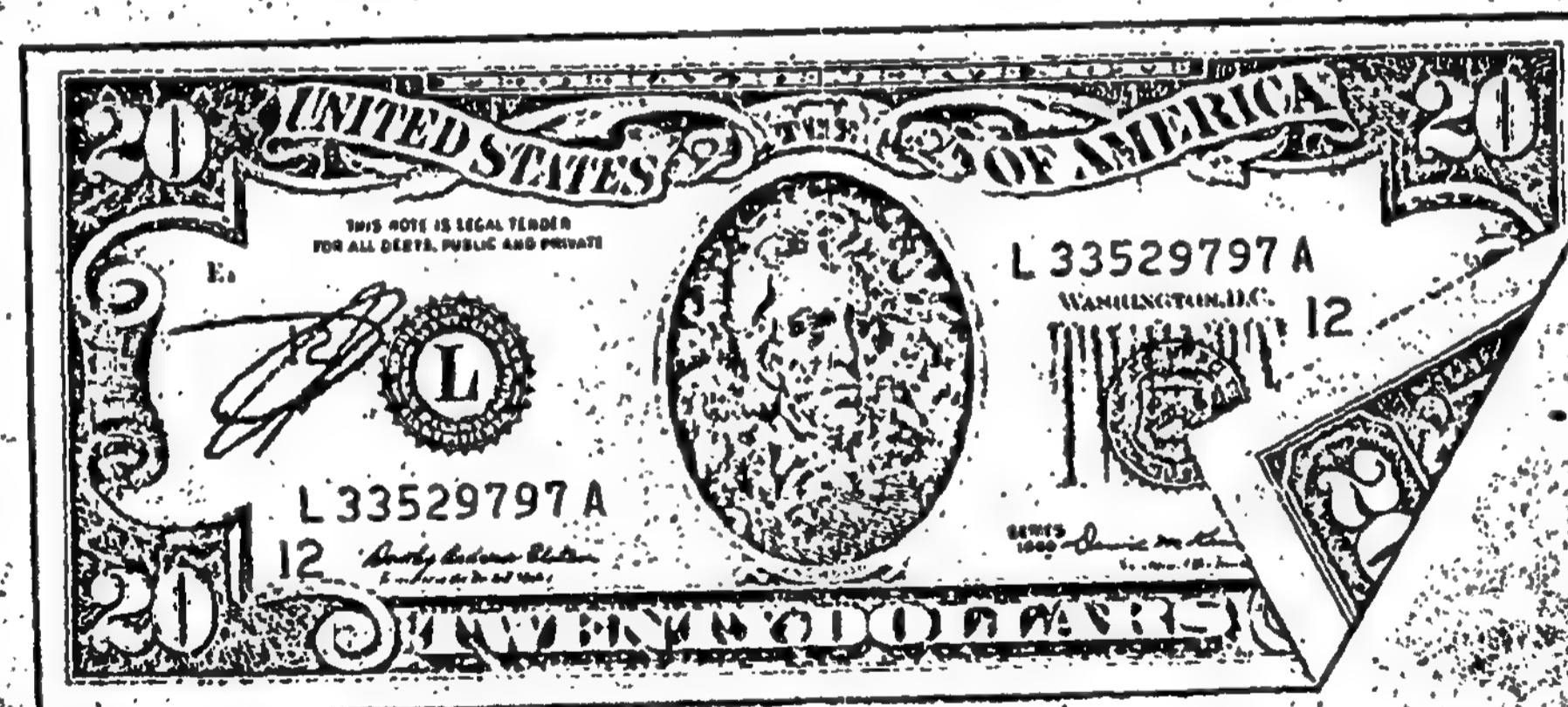
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EXHILARATION FILLED HIM

the follow-on planes from spotting him. The free fall carried him to about 4,500 feet where he opened the chute. Below, he could pick up familiar landmarks—fields, barns, roads, and the power line he needed to avoid. The wind was from the east, which was fine. He needed to drift westward, closer to the freeway and his car, anyway. He landed skillfully in a big open field (it was the first jump he had made in several years) fearing only one thing: that dogs might spot him and begin barking. They didn't. He gathered up the white parachute, walked downhill to a weedchoked gully beside a small dirt road and there stashed the money and the chutes.

Then he simply walked up the road to his car, ducking off into the weeds three times when cars passed. When he reached his car, he got in, drove back, collected the money and chute, picked up his radio transmitters, packed everything in the trunk, got on the freeway, and drove home.

Exhilaration poured over him. "I felt like I could have walked all the way to Chicago," he said. "Not only did I have the money, but I had a plan and carried the plan through under conditions that a lot of people would be reluctant to jump in. But then the reaction hit me, I became extremely nervous driving up the freeway. I became almost paranoid. Because if I were ever stopped, if I had to open the trunk, I was dead in the water. I considered stopping and getting rid of all the visible evidence. But where? So I figured the best thing I could do was keep on going. And this is what I



in a shopping bag, and returned it to the car trunk.

Next morning, he drove to a remote spot, burned part of his gear and buried the rest, along with the money, "in a spot where nobody will ever, ever find it."

Several days later, Cooper inadvertently discovered that although the money was not marked, authorities had the serial numbers of every \$20 bill he possessed. So though he had the money, he couldn't spend it. What to do? He thought of taking it to Mexico, or Europe, and "fencing" it. But he was an engineer, not a criminal. Therefore, operating on alien turf, he figured to lose not only the money, but his life as well. He was furious. He felt he had been double-crossed. Here he had a fortune, and couldn't spend a dime of it.

That is roughly where I came into the picture. The foregoing narrative was related to me by the man I believed to be Cooper in a series of taped interviews in a Seattle motel that ran for some eight hours over a period of three days last February. He also guided me by car over the route of his crime.

It had started when a man calling himself "Seth Thomas" contacted me by phone on the night of Jan. 31, saying he was acting as intermediary for Cooper. He said Cooper was interested in telling his story, but wanted to be paid, because he couldn't spend the money he had stolen. He said he and Cooper realized that the recent Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes hoax would devalue the Cooper story in the minds of potential publishers, but that they had thought and thought and finally agreed on what

the amount of the fee—\$15,000.

NEXT WEEK:

Why
D.B.
Cooper
Did It,
And
Why He



and drove home.

Exhilaration poured over him. "I felt like I could have walked all the way to Chicago," he said. "Not only did I have the money, but I had a plan and carried the plan through under conditions that a lot of people would be reluctant to jump in. But then the reaction hit me, I became extremely nervous driving up the freeway. I became almost paranoid. Because if I were ever stopped, if I had to open the trunk, I was dead in the water. I considered stopping and getting rid of all the visible evidence. But where? So I figured the best thing I could do was keep on going. And this is what I did," he said.

How Did It Go?

What he feared was a roadblock. There was none. In his planning, he had figured that law enforcement wouldn't really begin to react until the next day. It takes a while for a bureaucracy to crank up. So he didn't spot a single lawman all the way home.

He got there at about midnight. His wife awoke long enough to say "How did it go?"

He had told her he was going on a business trip. "The same," he said. "Same old story."

She went back to sleep. Cooper went to the kitchen, turned on the radio and listened to news bulletins about the skyjacking while he had coffee. Then he went out and brought in the money and examined it with a "black" light to see if he could detect whether it had been marked by the law with special paint. It hadn't. He stowed the money



Photostats of three \$20 bills, given to LA editor Karl Fleming as proof of D. B. Cooper's identity, matched serial numbers on the list of stolen bills distributed by the FBI below. Cooper showed Fleming the actual bills, but said the rest of the money was buried in a remote hiding place.

L33 524 933A 69	L54 899 276A 69	L20 150 975A 69
L33 526 898A 69	L54 904 730A 69	L20 153 074A 69
L33 528 092A 69	L54 907 155A 69	L20 154 044A 69
L33 528 279A 69	L54 929 823A 69	L20 163 957A 69
L33 529 797A 69	L54 984 623A 69	L20 168 977A 69
L33 530 471A 69	L54 986 729A 69	L20 175 785A 69
L33 532 853A 69		L20 177 073A 69

After Cooper hit the ground, he stashed the money and parachutes in this marsh, walked to his car, returned to collect everything, and drove home.

eight hours over a period of three days last February. He also guided me by car over the route of his crime.

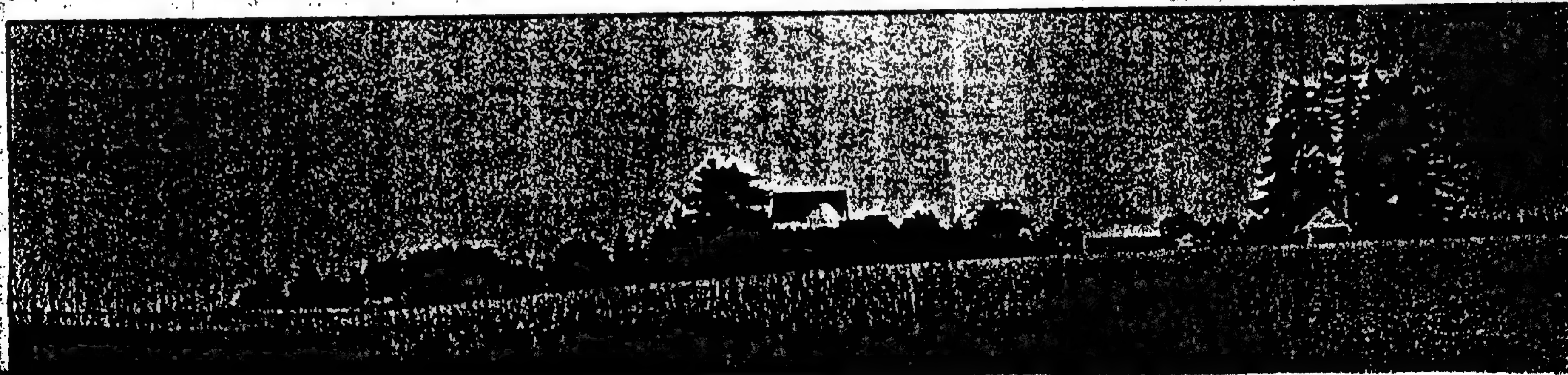
It had started when a man calling himself "Seth Thomas" contacted me by phone on the night of Jan. 31, saying he was acting as intermediary for Cooper. He said Cooper was interested in telling his story, but wanted to be paid, because he couldn't spend the money he had stolen. He said he and Cooper realized that the recent Clifford Irving-Howard Hughes hoax would devalue the Cooper story in the minds of potential publishers, but that they had thought and thought and finally agreed on what they considered to be a fair price: \$45,000.

In subsequent negotiations, "Seth Thomas" he soon revealed to me as Jack Lewis, a Bremerton, Wash., real estate promoter, and Cooper showed me three of the \$20 bills they said were part of the \$200,000. I checked the serial numbers against the list distributed by the FBI. They matched. Doubts about whether I had the right man would arise later, but at that moment, I believed he was Cooper. I saw the money, and the incredibly detailed account of the skyjacking which he spun was too logical to be fiction.

Therefore, I paid Cooper \$30,000 for his story. I handed it over in cash, \$20 and \$50 bills, to his intermediary, Seth Thomas, on condition the money be set aside and used for Cooper's legal defense if and when he was captured.

Next week:

Why Cooper hijacked the plane, how he contemplated suicide, and why he asked for precisely \$200,000.





BUR 154-2111 SE 154-81



BUR 154-2111 SE 154-81

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1972

PLEASE HELP

The family of Richard Floyd McCoy, Jr., who is a native of Craven County in the Cove City area, are asking friends who would like to contribute to his legal defense, to send funds to Russell E. McCoy, Box 7, Cove City, N. C.

He has served his country in the army nine years and has three different missions to Vietnam. He was in the Special Forces, a helicopter pilot and suffered head wounds in action and underwent head surgery. He was awarded the Purple Heart and many other decorations.

He was attending Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, as a law enforcement officer, and was to graduate in August 1972. His only funds for support was the G.I. bill. He has two minor children, ages 2 and 4, and his wife is in the hospital.

Your help will be greatly appreciated.

FEBRUARY

AIR LINE PILOT

THE MAGAZINE OF PROFESSIONAL FLIGHT CREW

AROUND THE WORLD — THE LONG WAY

MLSE: A STATUS REPORT

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING

747'S FUTURE BRIGHTENS



the briefing

Air Safety Forum to ask 'What Price Safety?'

"What Price Safety?" will be theme of the 1972 ALPA Air Safety Forum to be held May 23-25 at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Captain Richard Heller, Region Three safety chairman, has been named general chairman of the 19th annual Pilot Division safety conference. Margie Slagle (PAI) will be chairman of the 10th S&S Division Forum.

Tentative agenda for the pilots' forum calls for a closed luncheon meeting Tuesday, May 23, followed by closed sessions in the afternoon and meetings of the five regional safety committees in the evening.

Open sessions begin Wednesday morning, May 24, with a welcome by ALPA President John J. O'Donnell. Wednesday morning programs will discuss hijacking. There will be a formal luncheon. The afternoon will be devoted to disaster planning, two-segment approaches and noise-abatement procedures.

Thursday morning sessions will be devoted to airport safety, status of the airport certification program and ALPA's plan to accelerate installation of airport facilities. Thursday afternoon will schedule workshop action groups on air traffic control, collision avoidance systems, airworthiness and performance and accident prevention. Honors night reception and banquet is set for Thursday evening.

Buses will leave the Mayflower Hotel at 10 a.m. Friday morning for a special VIP preview of Transpo '72 at Dulles International Airport.

NAS Planning Review Conference set for May

The Fourth Annual National Aviation System Planning Review Conference will be held May 1-3 at the Twin Bridges Marriott Hotel in Washington according to FAA.

Papers have been invited on following tentative list of subjects: Human Factors and Biomedical Factors in Aviation; National Airspace System of the Future; Airport Development Assistance Program; Aviation Trust Fund; Balanced Transportation; New Technology, and Environmental Factors Affecting Aviation.

Registration is open to anyone interested. Registration fee of \$5 is required of those who wish to receive



Have you seen 'D. B. Cooper'?

The man calling himself "D. B. Cooper" who hijacked a Northwest 727 and extorted \$200,000 in the process last November is the subject of a widespread manhunt. During the episode, "Cooper" demonstrated more than a passing knowledge of the air environment, especially parachuting. He also showed a fair familiarity with airline aircraft operation.

It is possible that "D. B. Cooper's" path may have crossed that of airline personnel at some time under another name. He expressed a bitter hatred for the airlines and may have worked for one.

From descriptions furnished by those involved, the FBI has provided the following description and artist drawings of "Cooper" in the hope that ALPA members and other readers may be able to furnish some lead as to his whereabouts, dead or alive:

Race: White
Age: Mid-40s

Height: 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet
Weight: 170 to 180 pounds
Build: Average to well built
Complexion: Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth
Hair: Dark brown or black, normal style, parted on left, combed back sideburns, low ear level
Eyes: Possibly brown; during latter part of flight put on dark wrap-around sunglasses with dark rims
Voice: Low, spoke intelligently, no particular accent
Characteristic: Heavy smoker of Raleigh filter-tip cigarettes
Wearing apparel: Black suit, white shirt, narrow black tie, black dress suit, black rain-type overcoat or dark topcoat, brown shoes; carried paper bag 4 inches by 12 inches by 14 inches and dark briefcase or attaché case

If you have any information that might lead to the identity of this individual, please contact the nearest FBI office.

all conference papers and the 1972 editions of the NAS Policy Summary and the 10-year plan. Register by writing to FAA, Attention: HQ-200, 800 Independence Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20591.

U.S. limits housing near noisy airports

The federal government is discouraging community development around airports by withholding funds for housing loans where it thinks noise complaints are likely to occur.

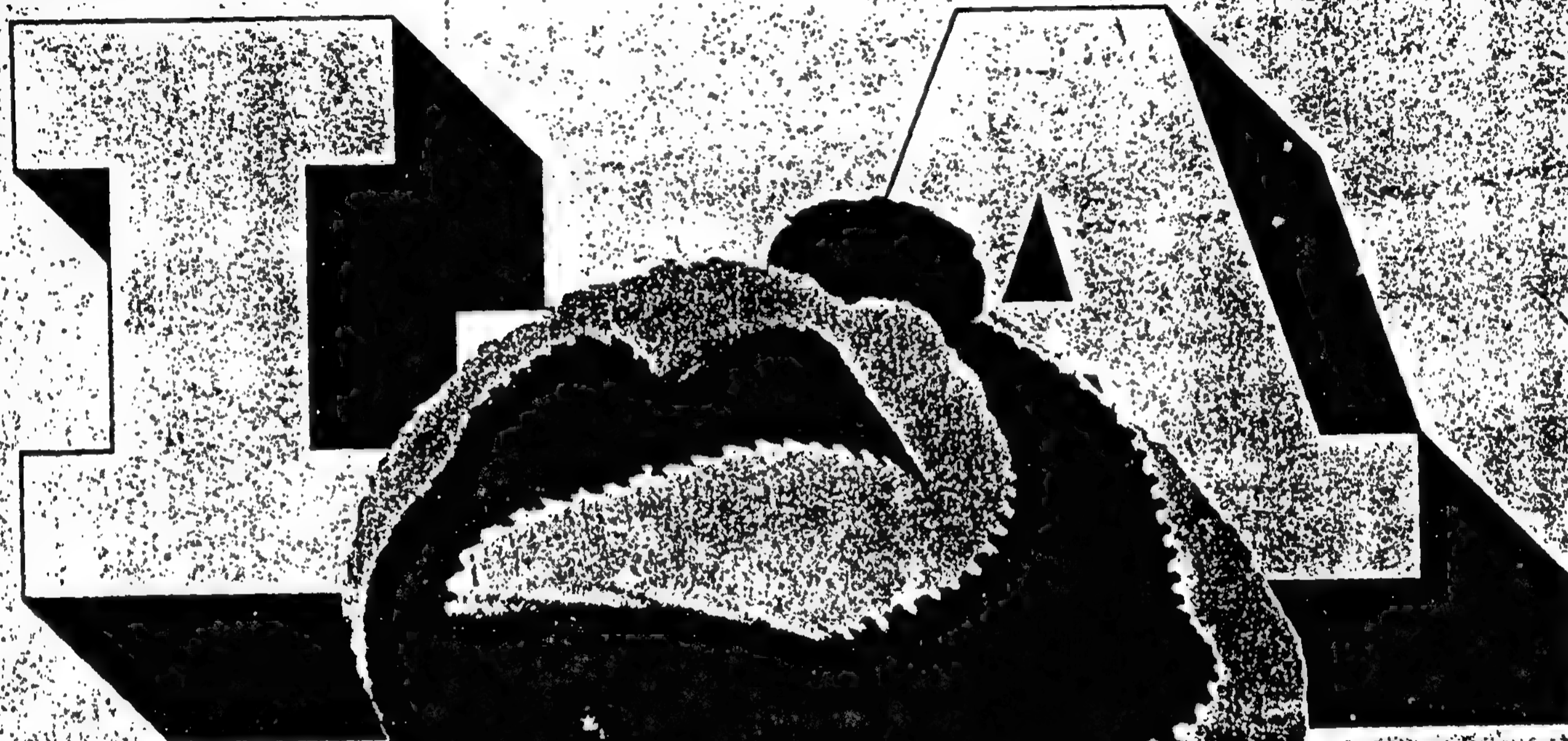
The Department of Housing and

Urban Development is working closely with FAA to develop guidelines called "noise exposure forecasts," which are based on FAA's composite noise rating calculations. New construction is "unacceptable" to HUD in an area where noise exceeds 80 db for one hour out of every 24, or 75 db for eight hours of every 24. Locations are normally acceptable if noise does not exceed 65-75 db more than eight hours a day.

In FAA's composite noise rating calculations, takeoffs and landings under 100 db and run-ups under 80 db are rated acceptable by HUD.

The D.B. Cooper Story

THE SKYJACKER WHO GOT AWAY WITH IT (P. 20)



No. 16: Oct. 21, 1972

25c

SUGAR RAY (P. 9)

SOUNDER SOUNDED (P. 15)

ROSEECAL ROSEECAL (P. 11)

THE D.A. TUNG (P. 4)

✓ 886-111C-421



And Why He Demanded Only \$200,000.

TEA

1518 Westwood Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90024

THE D.B. COOPER SKYJACKING

Part III: Doublecross Leads to the FBI

Election Predictions ★ Another ITT Scandal

p. 5

Brwindale Blackmail Capers ★ A Child of War

p. 15

p. 14

p. 5

IN A

No. 18: Nov. 4, 1972: 25¢

PLANET

64-111-797

IS D.B. COOPER THE

LEGAL TROUBLES, MORAL PROBLEMS

STOP PUBLICATION OF THE STORY

By Karl Fleming

In the previous two segments of this series, the man who called himself D. B. Cooper described how he singlehandedly hijacked a Northwest Airlines plane last Thanksgiving Eve and parachuted to safety with \$200,000, and why he did it—mainly to prove he wasn't "over the hill," the implied message he got when he was fired by Boeing where he had worked for 15 years as an engineer. He showed author Fleming three of the stolen bills, and told part of the story, whereupon Fleming paid him \$30,000, and then got the rest of the story in vivid detail on tape and film. In this concluding installment, Fleming tells what happened after that.

my classified ad in the *Seattle Times*, and decided to make contact with me — purely to sell Cooper's story for money. Having sold it, they expressed a desire to keep in touch. Before leaving Seattle after my interviews, I asked Lewis, who said he was an engineer, to send me

aerial maps showing the area where Cooper claimed he landed, 30 miles north of Portland. When the maps arrived, they came in a package containing a worn brass and wood hat rack — that being the antique "Gift" Lewis mentioned in his letter.

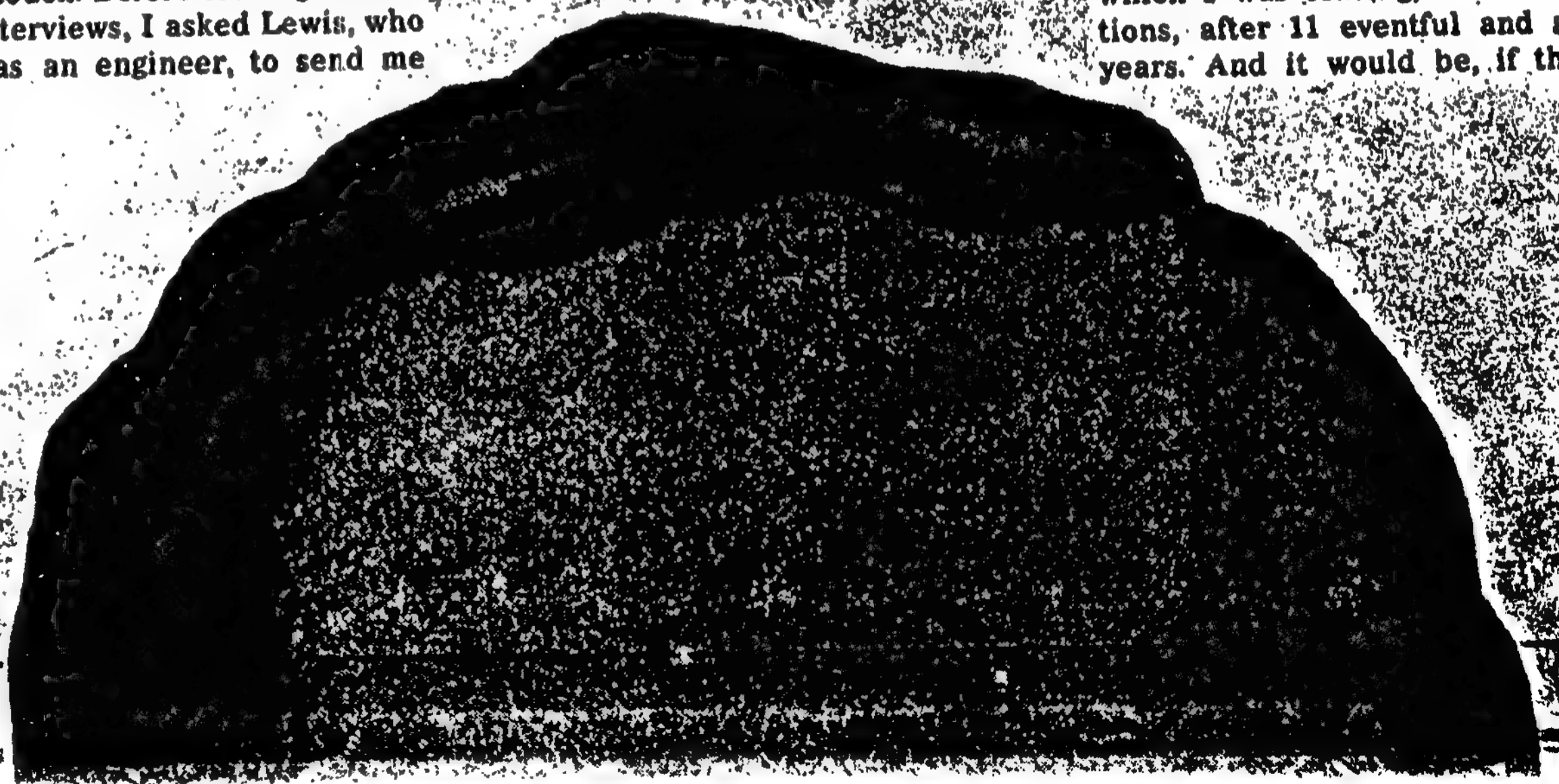
By the time he wrote, I had resigned from *Newsweek*, had been married, and had completed the backbreaking job of transcribing the eight-odd hours of taped conversations with Cooper. Ordinarily, a reporter doesn't do that. He

takes notes, and if he uses a tape recorder, he merely selects nuggets from the tapes as he plays them back.

But this was important stuff. I had, in fact, recorded my clandestine conversations with Cooper with two tape machines. I also had a 30-minute filmed interview with him, as well as several rolls of film, and photostats of some of the stolen money.

Curtain Act

Originally, I saw the Cooper story as but a fitting curtain act at *Newsweek*, which I was leaving, with mixed emotions, after 11 eventful and satisfying years. And it would be, if the timing



for 15 years ago, and he showed author Fleming three of the stolen bills and told part of the story, whereupon Fleming paid him \$30,000, and then got the rest of the story in vivid detail on tape and film. In this concluding installment, Fleming tells what happened after that.

THE NOON MAIL OF MARCH 24 brought a convivial note from D. B. Cooper's intermediary, "Seth Thomas," whose real name is William John (Jack) Lewis. "Best wishes on the marriage," he wrote. "Hope you have received the gift. That hat rack came around The Horn to Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound in 1853. I'll keep you posted of any newsworthy stuff."

Lewis was a candid Babbitt who said he had aligned himself with Cooper just for the money. "I'm strictly a percentage man," he said. He was negotiating and acting as planner and arranger for Cooper, who professed to want to lie low rather than risk capture. Lewis said he went to Cooper's suburban home one night just before Christmas—about three weeks after the skyjacking—and while he and Cooper were sitting in the den discussing an investment plan, he looked up and noticed two skydiving trophies on Cooper's mantel.

The skyjacker was obviously an experienced parachutist. The news reports had all said so. Suddenly it hit him.

"Say, you wouldn't happen to have about \$200,000 in \$20 bills that you can't spend," Lewis said to Cooper.

Cooper blinked once, then replied calmly, "Well, what if I did. What could a fella do with that money?"

The FBI had, and was circulating, the numbers of all the stolen bills.

Some days later, both of them saw

KARL FLEMING was associated with Newsweek magazine as correspondent, Los Angeles bureau chief and contributing editor for 11 years before resigning April 15 to found L.A. While with Newsweek, he covered virtually every significant civil rights story of the turbulent 60s, including

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a person's face, heavily shadowed and grainy. The image is characterized by extreme contrast, with deep blacks and bright whites, giving it a stark, almost abstract quality. The face is the central focus, though details are obscured by the high contrast and heavy grain. The background is dark and textured, with some vertical lines visible on the right side. The overall effect is one of mystery and intensity.

Some days later, both of them saw

The FBI's D.B. Cooper

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November 4, 1972

REAL D.B. COOPER?

happened to be right, a fitting curtain-raiser for LA. It soon became apparent, however, that the newspaper would not be launched in time to have the story.

Another possibility arose. The best man at my wedding was a trusted old friend from the South, Charles Morgan Jr., a brilliant and courageous civil rights lawyer who had been a classmate of George Wallace at Alabama and later infuriated Wallace and other such prehensile hatemongers by legally representing blacks trying to get into white Alabama schools.

When Morgan arrived, I explained the story to him. He had agreed to legally advise me. He said I should try to get the story into print as soon as possible, in order to prevent even the appearance that I was overstepping my Constitutional rights as a reporter by withholding information about a wanted criminal. As he saw it, I didn't have a legal obligation to turn Cooper in, only to print my story as quickly as possible, and then possibly turn over my information to the authorities.

Morgan said, and I agreed, that the story seemed a natural for a book. Mor-

gan had recently represented Col. Anthony Herbert, the officer who spoke out on military scandal cover ups, had done a book with him. He suggested I contact Col. Herbert's agent, Gerard McCauley, in New York.

There were enormous problems ahead, complicating either publication of a magazine article or a book. There was a possibility, of course, that the whole story was a fraud, a la Clifford Irving. Cooper had readily and thoroughly answered every question I asked him, and I asked him some pretty tough ones over three days of intense interviewing, ques-

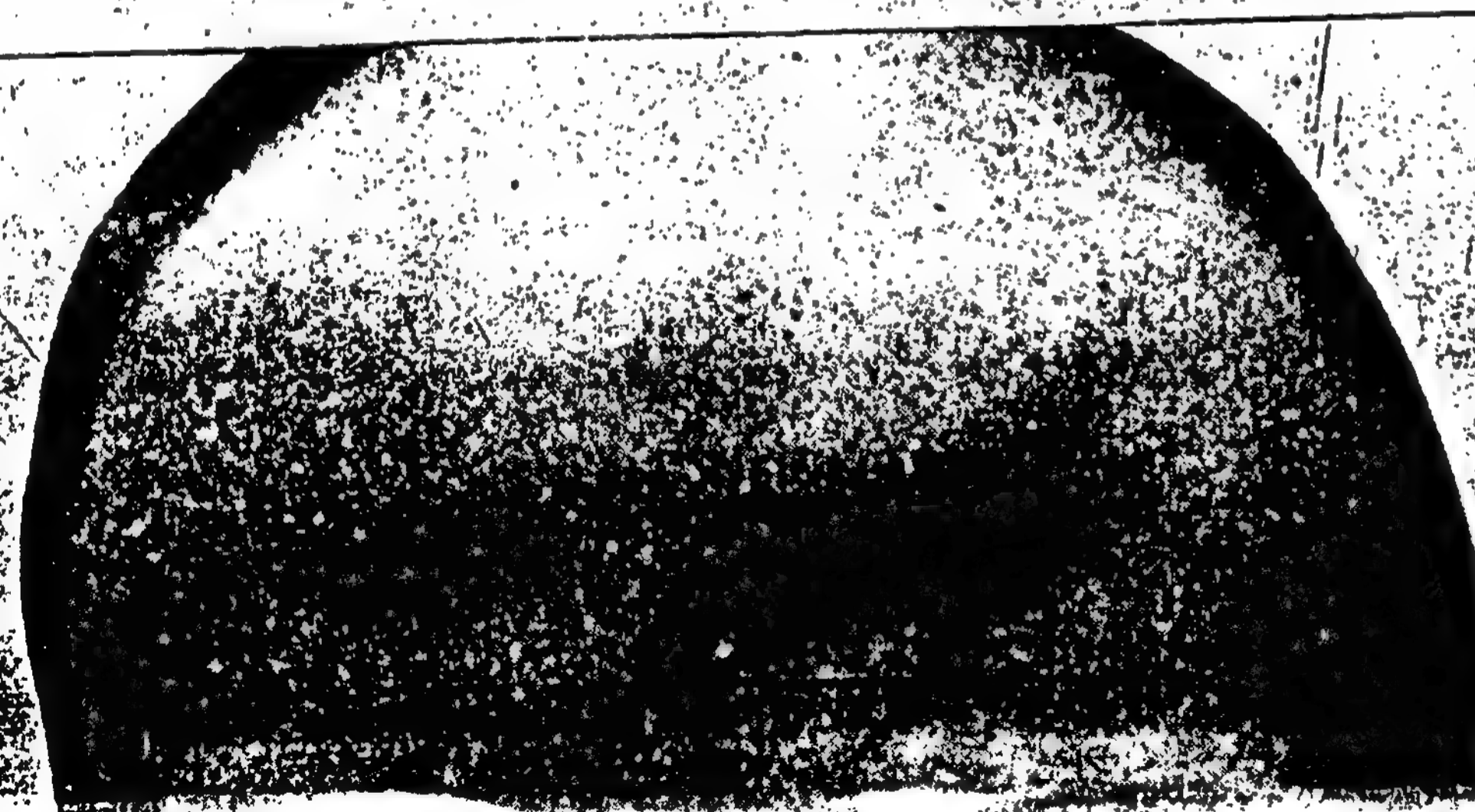
tions I didn't believe anyone—say, a con man—could have predicted. The details he spun on the performance of the crisis, and his motives for doing it, were endless.

He yielded up so much information, in fact, that I soon felt I knew a lot more than I wanted to know—details I believed, that would result in his being captured if they were published. I urged him to turn himself in and take his chances with 12 fair-minded jurors who might be impressed with the story of why he said he did it—out of rage and out of a desire to prove he wasn't the used up old man Boeing implied he was when the company summarily fired him at age 49.

He said he'd think about it. He said, meantime, he wasn't worried that any details he'd given me would endanger him. He just said he didn't want to talk to me anymore until after the story was published.

Criminal At Large

Contemplating publication, I was in a dilemma. To print it would lead most certainly to Cooper's capture. For the law to catch Cooper would be fine, but for him to be caught on the basis of information I had gathered as a reporter? I didn't like it. Nonsense, Morgan urged, the man was criminal; he knew what he was doing, so print the story and quit worrying about it. I couldn't. At one time, I strongly considered destroying all the





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In any case, it seemed important to publish the story. If it was true, Cooper's account of how he robbed the airline, and the eloquent explanation of why he did it—striking back at the Establishment for selling him an American Dream that turned out to be a nightmare—seemed an important if perhaps cliched commentary on the problems of mass production capitalism. And Madison Avenue huckstering.

As I discussed a possible book with McCauley, it occurred to me Cooper might be induced to turn in the money, by giving him a share, say 20 per cent, of the book proceeds, or arranging with a publisher a plan by which royalties would be put into a legal defense fund.

The return of the \$200,000 in \$20s would, naturally, be proof that we had the right man.

I had stored the tapes and other documents in a friend's safety deposit box and was reading stories in the press that posess of 500 military hands were searching the woods around Lake Merwin for Cooper's body. In New York, McCauley made a quiet inquiry about a book with a friend at Harpers Magazine Press. Any negotiations he could make would have to be extremely discreet because of a chance the story would get out. Harper & Row was eager to do it, especially after McCauley told them any contract was contingent on Cooper returning.



Our D. B. Cooper

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A Possible Book

Still, a book began to look like a reality. McCauley called to say he was arriv-

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

D.B. COOPER:

ing with four Harpers executives. It was a touchy book. Still, they were coming, with contracts, the conditions being that Cooper would have to be induced to turn in the \$200,000 before they paid out any money—except for \$5,000 they would put up as security against their leaking the story to someone else.

The Harpers executives were ensconced in one of those pleasantly airy cottages at the Beverly Hills Hotel, having coffee when I arrived. After awhile in California, the memory dims of what a hard core Eastern Establishmentarian looks like: tweeds, and pin stripes, rep ties, paunches, and gray, pasty faces. Among them was Brooks Thomas, the firm's chief legal counsel, a careful gentleman who later would distinguish himself by turning over a book which Harper & Row commissioned on the CIA involvement in Southeast Asian drug traffic to the selfsame CIA for pre-publication approval.

Not knowing Thomas at that time, I assumed his role would be to keep Harpers' position in *l'affaire Cooper* delicately committed—but ignorant and thus not legally culpable. But no. After some dallying around, Thomas said, without blinking an eye, that there were new terms: before Harpers would commit itself, Cooper would not only have to turn in the money, he would have to surrender, and would have to be convicted or plead guilty. That I told them, obviously was impossible. I concluded that Harpers had become increasingly nervous about the whole affair, and was trying to get off the hook by establishing impossible conditions. Finally, in fact, Thomas said they were not interested

to New York and get the story into print. *Newsweek* was naturally excited about the story. An elaborate cover article was planned, but a mood of caution prevailed. My old colleagues in the top editorial positions—"The Flying Wallendas," they were called by subaltern writers—trusted me. We had gone through a lot of important stories together. They had printed a story on no evidence but my say-so before, but this was a bigger thing. One had to weigh the risks. The possible benefit of such a story was great. If it were a phony, it could wreck the magazine, one editor said. If only some of the facts could be checked.

The FBI began checking some of them upon receipt of the material Morgan had turned over. Sitting in New York, I expected word of Cooper's arrest to come at any minute. The week passed, and nothing happened. The tension was incredible.

Then word came through a pipeline at the Justice Department that the FBI thought the bills which Cooper had shown me and given me photostats of were not for real. How that deduction was made from examining the photostats, without seeing the real bills, I did not and have not learned. But the FBI said "Cooper" had superimposed

fake numbers over the actual serial numbers on the three \$20 bills—making them appear to be part of the skyjack loot.

That was enough warning to hold up publication of the story. Within weeks, on June 3, the FBI arrested William John (Jack) Lewis, 32, alias Seth Thomas, and Donald Sylvester Murphy, 49, who said he was Cooper, and charged them with four counts of federal fraud. Lewis later complained that the FBI dug up his lawn looking for money and other evidence, but didn't find anything.

Murphy, it developed, was divorced, the father of three children, and lived not in a suburban home but at the modest Higgs House Hotel at 540 4th St. in Bremerton, Wash., a shipbuilding town of about 35,000, near Seattle. He was said to do business as a realty investment promoter out of the Renard Development Company at 6608 Kitsap Way.

Practically next door, Lewis, married, father of three, assistant city manager of Bremerton for a time (until he couldn't pass the civil service exam) was operating as a land investment broker and as a representative of World Wide Engineering and Product Development.

When they were arrested, I naturally

itched to hurry to Seattle and investigate. Morgan dissuaded me, saying that if Lewis and Murphy were in fact con men, their best "made up" defense would be to suggest that I was implicated with them in a scheme to bilk a publishing company and therefore since we were all conspirators, then how could they be guilty of defrauding me. Morgan cautioned, therefore, against any contact.

Afterwards, still seeking information I sent a private investigator to Bremerton to check on Lewis and Murphy. Both he learned, had financial troubles in the past that got them involved with the law. Lewis had been part owner of a dance tavern, an automobile speedway, and once had been arrested for stealing a raft of 15 logs.

Murphy had been divorced by his wife Jacqueline Rose Murphy, in 1970. They had three children. He had been arrested for drunken driving, and in her several divorce proceeding documents, his wife had complained of his being drunk and verbally abusive. He once was a heavy equipment operator.

He and Lewis often were seen together at the Melody Lane Bar and Restaurant at 527 Fourth St. in Bremerton, near their offices. Murphy, people told my investigator, had been on the wagon for a year and only drank coffee when he hung around the Melody Lane Bar. He was paying alimony and child support, and had little visible means of income.

Nevertheless, a private investigator in Bremerton who has known Murphy for five years would not rule out the possibility Murphy in fact skyjacked the plane. "He is smart enough to do it," he said. Not only that, Murphy was noticeably absent from Bremerton and the Melody Lane during the period of the

Nicholas von Hoffman

Is It Fat City or Rat City?

Washington
HEY PUT A PICTURE IN THE papers the other day of a fine
sio, a large Nixon campaign contributor
and a business associate of C. Arnholt

HARPER'S involvement in Southeast Asian drug traffic to the selfsame CIA for pre-publication approval.

Not knowing Thomas at that time, I assumed his role would be to keep Harpers' position in l'affaire Cooper delicately committed—but ignorant and thus not legally culpable. But no. After some dallying around, Thomas said, without blinking an eye, that there were new terms, before Harpers would commit itself, Cooper would not only have to turn in the money, he would have to surrender, and would have to be convicted or plead guilty. That I told them, obviously was impossible. I concluded that Harpers had become increasingly nervous about the whole affair, and was trying to get off the hook by establishing impossible conditions. Finally, in fact, Thomas said they were not interested under any conditions.

Aside from the obvious, this presented another problem: McCauley had approached the Harpers; people confidentially; Harpers said it was interested; McCauley delivered a manuscript; Harpers read it and made an offer, but now was saying it wasn't interested. At least four, and possibly more, Harpers executives now knew the whole story. I asked Thomas for a collective promise of absolute secrecy. He said he didn't know if that was possible. He was uncertain, he said whether he had a duty as a citizen to call the FBI. It was not one of the better days.

McCauley later wrote me that Thomas is "the kind of person we all remember in grade school—the type who trudges into the cloakroom, hangs up his mackinaw, and then all the other kids rush in and stuff snowballs into his mackinaw hood and pockets."

One of the nagging problems about the story was the difficulty and near-impossibility of verifying any of Cooper's statements. To go to anyone, the airline, to Boeing, and certainly to the FBI to verify the story would not be intelligent. That would be blowing my story, and causing Cooper's arrest even before anything could be published.

If there was now a chance Thomas or someone else there might talk as seemed appropriate, then I would have to do something.

thought, the bill which I was shown me and given me photostats of were not for real. How that deduction was made from examining the photostats, without seeing the real bills, I did not and have not learned. But the FBI said "Cooper" had superimposed

of Bremerton (or a similar name) as the civil service exam was operated as a land investment broker and as a representative of World Wide Engineering and Product Development. When they were arrested, I naturally

heavy equipment operator. He and Lewis often were seen together at the Melody Lane Bar and Restaurant at 527 Fourth St. in Bremerton, near their offices. Murphy, people told me, had been on the wagon for a year and only drank coffee when he hung around the Melody Lane Bar. He was paying alimony and child support and had little visible means of income. Nevertheless, a private investigator in Bremerton who has known Murphy for five years would not rule out the possibility Murphy in fact skyjacked the plane. "He is smart enough to do it," he said. Not only that, Murphy was noticeably absent from Bremerton and the Melody Lane during the period of the skyjacking. His erstwhile drinking cronies didn't see him around the Melody Lane for two weeks.

Washington
THEY PUT A PICTURE IN THE papers the other day of a fine, sleek-coated, long-tailed rat taking in the sun near two old ladies in a park a few blocks from the White House. The sound of scratchings and scrabbings are audible in this capital of the world. Claws and fingernails on cement. The news media mice on tiling sheets of glassy no comments...and Washington's rats.

In the first days of the Nixon Administration the rats were like those of any other city, visible only by night, and then just in the alleys. About the time of the Cambodian invasion they grew more populous and emboldened enough to appear by day scuttling under cars and running across the streets. Now at the end of the term, with John Connally heading up the Democrats for Republicans Committee, they're in parks, not running but standing still contesting with the pigeons for dry bread crumbs.

In this city of predators the rats have no natural enemies. Yes, there's a rat abatement program, but like so much under the Nixon Administration it doesn't work. People don't realize that. They think these Republicans are efficient because they don't make big, dreamy, Democratic promises and then fail to carry them out.

You can break modest promises too, but that hasn't sunk in any more than the Watergate Scandal or the Milk Scandal or the Wheat Scandal or the You-Will-Be-Blame-Scandal. Nor does

also, a large Nixon campaign contributor, and a business associate of C. Arnholt Smith, a San Diego buddy-buddy of the President.

Last year John and Angelo, his brother, pleaded guilty to income tax evasion and were sentenced to the Federal slam at Lompoc, Calif. Unlike the crooks in Rat City they didn't need to escape, because the "New Republic" (October 21st) reports, "...the Alessios had things much their own way at Lompoc. Fine food, liquor and women were enjoyed by them behind bars...they made regular unauthorized trips from the institution, often staying overnight. Meanwhile, the prison officials who made all this possible were being entertained royally and treated favorably in business deals by members of the Alessio family not in prison..."

Do they have a rodent problem at Lompoc too? The media mice might like to ask that question also, but they're kept on a starvation diet by Ron Ziegler, the humanoid-keeper press secretary the President has set over them to feed them occasional pellets of information and grains of news. With presidential press conferences abolished for all practical purposes, the mice must live off Ziegler briefings, and they only have half enough of them because he has the cut the daily briefings from two to one.

With their rations reduced to the level of pernicious anemia last week, they squeaked at their keeper as he stood in front of the blue curtain in the White House.

Lewis and Murphy are out on bond awaiting trial Nov. 27. Larry Finegold, the U.S. district attorney who will prosecute for the government was a passenger on the plane which D.B. Cooper hijacked. Like the other passengers, he didn't see much, but he doesn't think William Sylvester Murphy is D. B. Cooper. Nor does the FBI. Last week, military troops were dispatched again, to search for Cooper's body. There was also a rumor that the brother of Cooper had been located, and he said Cooper did it because he was dying of an incurable disease.

The fraud case was yet to be tried but strong evidence seemed to be accumulating that Donald Sylvester Murphy's Cooper is not the real Cooper.

A private investigator checked again last week and says that Murphy had been employed at Boeing, and had military record of as a jumper. Neither fact, of course, is proof that Murphy did or did not hijack the airplane. In the case of anybody smart enough to pull it off would be smart enough to concoct an elaborately fictitious background for himself. Or, anybody smart enough to do it would be smart enough to do it and tell the story for money, but tell it in such a way that it appeared to be a hoax.

But in the end, or to this point, it seems appropriate to conclude that Murphy is not Cooper, which means I jumped

the war possible. He was uncertain he said whether he had a duty as a citizen to call the FBI. It was not one of the better days.

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If there was now a chance Thomas or someone else there might talk as seemed likely, then I would have to do something, quick. I telephoned Morgan in Atlanta, and he rapidly devised a plan.

He left instantly for Washington, went to the Justice Department, and reported that he had a client, unnamed, who had knowledge of a serious federal crime, that the client planned to publish a story about it, and that the client would turn over the information he would print - 10 days before publication - providing the client could get a promise of immunity. Here was the legal danger: were I to publish the story and Cooper take flight, then I might be liable for aiding and abetting a criminal to take flight to avoid prosecution, and other things. But if the FBI got the information 10 days ahead of publication, they'd have a fair shot at doing their jobs, and for that matter, possibly establishing whether Cooper's story was true. The promise of immunity was made.

Meantime, Morgan urged me to hurry

other city visible only by night. How many in the alley? About the time of the Cambodian invasion, they grew more populous and emboldened enough to appear by day scuttling under cars and running across the streets. Now at the end of the term, with John Connally heading up the Democrats for Republicans Committee, they're in parks, not running but standing still contesting with the pigeons for dry bread crumbs.

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You can break modest promises too, but that hasn't sunk in any more than the Watergate Scandal or the Milk Scandal or the Wheat Scandal or the You-Fill-in-the-Blank Scandal. Nor does the country, over which this capital presides know about another scandal: the almost nightly escape from Washington's jails. Since January they have averaged one escape every four days. They make good their get-aways not only singularly, but in groups.

Fat City, Rat City, who's to blame? One test of an administration is how it runs Washington. Do we blame the low caliber of Nixon's appointees or are the crooks bribing their way out? That accusation has been made but not answered. No questions get answered in the rat kingdom where the rodents come out of their holes, and a faceless President slips down and out of sight broadcasting modest radio messages in the Television Age from impenetrable places.

Many, many questions. There are questions to be asked about John Ales-

by the FBI. He was on an unauthorized trip from the institution, often staying overnight. Meanwhile, the prison officials, who made all this possible were being entertained royally and treated favorably in business deals by members of the Alessio family not in prison.

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With their rations reduced to the level of pernicious anemia last week, they squeaked at their keeper as he stood in front of the blue curtain in the White House briefing room, but Ziegler squelched the weakened things, telling them that, "We're not going to have this type of chaos in future briefings... (and) as far as this briefing is concerned, I'm ending it, it's ended."

The questions pile up. Instead of answers there are diversions, such as Marina Whitman, the most-presentable member of the Council of Economic Advisors, who makes those monthly admissions that prices have gone up again. "Dahlings," the ZsaZsa Gabor of economics says in effect, "we have our good months and we have our bad months, and this was a bad one again, but not so bad if you know how to read the numbers like us experts. Sure, bread's up, rent's up, milk's up, but we've got GM to hold the line on Cadillac, and diamond prices are stable."

Fat city, Rat city, who's to blame?

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But in the end, or to this point, it seems appropriate to conclude that Murphy not Cooper, which means I jumped high I fell hard.

Long ago I played in a poker game with a bristly-browed, old curmudgeon who had run whiskey for Capone in Philadelphia. He was one tough old man. I would try to goad me into calling his bets, when my cards didn't indicate should. "Go on. Take a chance," he taunted. "Columbus took a chance."

Yes. Columbus took a chance and discovered America. Now I had taken chance, everything on the line, and had discovered, what? A more than likely impostor, an actor, a pretender herculean deeds.

Still there lingers a small gut feeling maybe self-serving, maybe not, that had the right man all along. And if didn't, well, so be it. It was a breathtaking story that didn't check out. And that is what a reporter is for.

THE D.B. COOPER SKYJACKING STORY

Part II: 'Sex Is Better on Payday' (Page 18)

IN A

**Von Hoffman Lance Rentzel Politics
Reporter Faces Jail Encounter Groups**

D.B. COOPER

WHY HE HIJACKED

PLANE FOR \$200,000

By Karl Fleming

In last week's first installment, the man claiming to be D.B. Cooper told how he planned the hijacking for more than a year, how he did it alone, how he decided where to do it, how after he parachuted to earth with \$200,000 he walked to his car and drove home, how he

there that he would surface and expose himself to capture? If Cooper was smart enough to essay such a slickly pulled-off crime, he doubtless would be smart enough to know with what appetite agents of the law were seeking his capture. His getting away with it, after all, would only encourage others to mimic his deed, at God knows what cost to the airlines in hard dollars, and possibly in human life.

Advertise!

ground revolutionary bomber group to tell his story, advertising.

Accordingly, I placed a classified advertisement in several Pacific Northwest newspapers, addressed to Cooper, inviting him to contact me, and assuring him we could talk without exposing him to capture. An imprudent and wasted effort, probably. I had not been one to shy away from risks. No only was there but a tiny chance Cooper would respond, but a minefield of booby-traps and pitfalls lay in wait. I would be

secret? Or would I be obligated, as a citizen with knowledge of a crime, to turn Cooper in?

Moreover, suppose in fact someone came forward representing himself as Cooper. How could I know he was the right man? After all, the Clifford Irving hoax was much in the press. How could I be sure someone wouldn't try the same scheme on me? There was one way, it seemed, to prove his identity: If Cooper responded to my ad, I could demand that he produce the money from the

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THREE WEEKS AFTER D.B. COOPER skyjacked a Northwest Airline plane and got away with \$200,000, the following letter appeared in a Reno newspaper: "I didn't rob Northwest Orient (sic) because I thought it would be romantic, heroic or any of the other euphemisms that seem to attach themselves to situations of high risk. I am no modern-day Robin Hood. Unfortunately, I do have only 14 months to live. My life has been one of hate, turmoil, frustration and more hate. This seemed like the fastest and most profitable way to gain a few laurels of peace of mind. I am not holed up in some obscure backwoods town. Neither am I a psychopathic killer. As a matter of fact, I've never even received a speeding ticket."

Here, the long-trained reporter's instinct suggested, was a man who wanted to talk, to justify, to rationalize and to do verbal penance for his deed.

What he had done was to execute the most daring and ingenious airline hold-up in history—doing it all alone and diving out of the plane with \$200,000 booty—and to all appearances, getting away with it. Half the FBI agents in the country were looking for him. Hundreds of military troops fanned out on foot to search the countryside around Lake Merwin, Wash., where it was believed he landed after parachuting Northwest

there that he would surface and expose himself to capture? If Cooper was smart enough to essay such a slickly pulled-off crime, he doubtless would be smart enough to know with what appetite agents of the law were seeking his capture. His getting away with it, after all, would only encourage others to mimic his deed, at God knows what cost to the airlines in hard dollars, and possibly in human life.

Advertise!

Still, there remained the fact of the letter. After several days of pondering, I decided to try a scheme I had successfully used once before to lure from hiding a member of a secret under-

The man who says he is D.B. Cooper.



ground revolutionary bomber group to tell his story: advertising.

Accordingly, I placed a classified advertisement in several Pacific Northwest newspapers, addressed to Cooper, inviting him to contact me, and assuring him we could talk without exposing him to capture. An imprudent and wasted effort, probably. I had not been one to shy away from risks. No only was there but a tiny chance Cooper would respond, but a minefield of booby-traps and pitfalls lay in wait. I would be working alone and underground, outside the law, treading a delicate constitutional line. If I found Cooper, would I have constitutional privilege as a reporter to keep my source of information

secret? Or would I be obligated, as a citizen with knowledge of a crime, to turn Cooper in?

Moreover, suppose in fact someone came forward representing himself as Cooper. How could I know he was the right man? After all, the Clifford Irving hoax was much in the press. How could I be sure someone wouldn't try the same scheme on me? There was one way, it seemed, to prove his identity: if Cooper responded to my ad, I could demand that he produce the money from the skyjacking. That would be strong proof. Preparing for such an eventuality, I obtained the 34-page FBI booklet containing the numbers of every one of the stolen bills. The FBI was circulating it to banks and other money institutions.

Midnight Phone Call

Then an entire month passed. The few respondents to the ad were cranks. Nothing more. Then on the night of Jan. 31, precisely at midnight, my phone rang and when I answered a voice said: "This call is from the Pacific Northwest."

I was fully awake in an instant and said "Don't say a word more. Call me tomorrow night at 9 o'clock and I will have made arrangements for us to talk on a safe telephone."

As is many a reporter who has been involved in hairy, dangerous stories (I had covered Birmingham, Selma, Jackson, Watts, and four assassinations) I was careful almost to the point of paranoia about telephone tapping. Once down South, a reporter friend was dictating his integration story to his office by long-distance call when a voice, obviously white, probably cop, broke in and said "You goddamned nigger-loving son-of-a-bitch."

One learned to be careful about phones. By next morning, I had arranged an elaborate system involving four phones; my answering service was in-

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 country were looking for him. Hundreds
 of military troops fanned out on foot
 to search the countryside around Lake
 Merwin, Wash., where it was believed
 he landed after parachuting. Northwest
 posted a \$25,000 reward. So no matter
 how urgently Cooper might have wanted
 to talk, he would be laying extremely
 low.

Nevertheless, I brooded, if a reporter
 could somehow get to Cooper, what a
 story there was to be had. Not only was
 the crime daringly unique, but Cooper's
 letter suggested an extremely uncommon
 and thus potentially fascinating mo-
 tive. If a reporter was good at his craft,
 he looked for this extra dimension in a
 story — a situation or an occurrence of
 an extraordinary nature that instantly
 crystalized some aspect of the human
 spectacle.

Given the intensity of the search for
 Cooper, however, what real hope was

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KARL FLEMING was associated with
 Newsweek magazine as correspondent,
 Los Angeles bureau chief and contributing
 editor for 11 years before resigning April
 15 to found LA. While with Newsweek, he
 covered virtually every significant civil
 rights story of the turbulent '60s, including
 Birmingham, Selma, Ole Miss, Little Rock
 and Watts. He covered the assassinations
 of President John F. Kennedy and his bro-
 ther Robert and those of Martin Luther
 King and Medgar Evers. He was assigned
 to Richard Nixon during the last Presi-
 dential campaign and has covered Lyndon
 Johnson, George Wallace, Hubert Hum-
 phrey, Barry Goldwater and Ronald Rea-
 gan. He also reported on the Charles Man-
 son and Jack Ruby trials for Newsweek
 and the trial of Pueblo spy ship captain
 Lloyd M. Bucher.

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October 28, 1972



COOPER THOUGHT ABOUT SUICIDE BUT IN THE CHURCH IT'S A SIN

structed to take the call and refer it to another number, where a friend was standing by with instructions to take the call, refer the caller to yet another number—where I was waiting—and then get out of the house. In case the call was traced to that number, the friend would be absent if anyone came knocking.

At 9 p.m., I was waiting, and at 9:10, the phone rang. The caller identified himself as "Mr. Thomas" and said he was acting as an intermediary for Cooper. He said Cooper was interested in explaining to the American people the reason for the skyjacking, but Cooper was having a hard time financially. He wasn't able to spend the \$200,000, for the money was hot. The FBI had the numbers of the bills, therefore, he wanted to sell his story for \$45,000, to be paid in three segments: \$15,000 when I was sure I had the right man; \$15,000 when my interviews were completed (he suggested a filmed interview, with masks); and \$15,000 upon publication of the story.

Seth Thomas Shows Up

Next week, the intermediary came to Los Angeles, and we met at the Airport Marina Hotel, where I had taken a room. "Seth Thomas" was a plodding, black-haired, spade-bearded, real estate broker and investment counselor—or, so he described himself—and he brought with him several Polaroid photographs of his client, pictures that looked

felt guilty even when stealing cookies from a jar when he was a child.

He had been married to the same woman for 25 years, had never cheated on her once, belonged to the country club, the PTA and had been so faithful an upward-aspiring engineer at Boeing that he carried two cheese sandwiches to lunch every day, and often toiled into the night at his job. He was a perfect Free enterprise specimen.

Feathers His Neck

Item: "You don't laugh at motherhood. You don't laugh at tradition, at religion, at everything possible that a man could hold dear," he said.

Item: "When you're at the football game and somebody gets up and sings the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' it still makes the feathers come up on my neck when I hear it."

Item: "When I had my first sexual experience with a girl, I was 17 years old. This was an older woman. I was so dumb. I was drinking beer with her. I was away from home and it was Christmas Eve. We went to her apartment. She asked me if I wanted to play cards. So I said 'sure.' So we're playing strip poker. For real. So, the next thing, I had to go to the bathroom and when I came back, she was in bed. So I said 'Well, I guess I'll be going, Irene.' And she said 'Oh, it's cold in here. If you'd just come over and warm me up a bit.' Well, I'm a pretty

phase out everybody in their 40s because it would be cheaper, and better economics to keep the young blood coming in. If you can suck the last drop of gray matter from the ones you're going to dump and put it into the brains of the younger ones, then see how much more money you're ahead!"

The first shock passed, and Cooper realized that his situation—though he had a \$300 a month mortgage on a suburban home, two cars, a boat, a camper and two children to support—wasn't too bad. After all, this executive at Northwest, upon whom occasionally Cooper paid service calls, had "made a standing offer that any time I wanted to change companies...it would be great to have me on the Northwest team." The Northwest man had been buttering him up, courting him even.

So Cooper telephoned him. The secretary said he was on another line and would call back. When he didn't, Cooper phoned again. He was not in the office, the secretary said, but she would have him call. He didn't. Cooper telephoned again. He was in conference, the secretary said. Finally, another bolt of truth, his old pal at Northwest, his occasional golf partner, was avoiding him. There would be no job.

As the out-of-work days passed, Cooper began dipping into his savings, and thinking of what he would do with the rest of his life. His pride had been hurt. "Any man who gets up and goes to work

He said, Cooper was interested in explaining to the American people the reason for the skyjacking, but Cooper was having a hard time financially. He wasn't able to spend the \$200,000, for the money was hot. The FBI had the numbers of the bills, therefore, he wanted to sell his story for \$45,000, to be paid in three segments: \$15,000 when I was sure I had the right man; \$15,000 when my interviews were completed (he suggested a filmed interview, with masks); and \$15,000 upon publication of the story.

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That, I told him, was hardly real proof, for nearly anyone could obtain the list and copy numbers out of it. How about the real bills?

As we dickered over the interview fee, he promised the real bills would be produced. We agreed on a price, \$30,000, and on Feb. 15, I nervously boarded a Western flight to Seattle, carrying cameras, two tape recorders, and \$30,000 in \$20 and \$50 bills, concealed in several envelopes and buried in my tennis equipment case.

Shortly after checking into The Swept Wing Motel near the Seattle airport Thomas arrived, and minutes later, Cooper himself appeared, entering my room furtively from the parking lot. He was a nervous, slightly-built, balding middle-aged man who wore a black raincoat, black shoes and black gloves. He kept the gloves on while he chain-smoked filter cigarettes. He spoke in a raspy voice that reminded me instantly of the Pueblo spy ship commander Pete Bucher. Cooper was anxious to have the money

Item: "You don't laugh at motherhood. You don't laugh at tradition, at religion, at everything possible that a man could hold dear," he said.

Item: "When you're at the football game and somebody gets up and sings the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' it still makes the feathers come up on my neck when I hear it."

Item: "When I had my first sexual experience with a girl, I was 17 years old. This was an older woman. I was so dumb. I was drinking beer with her. I was away from home and it was Christmas Eve. We went to her apartment. She asked me if I wanted to play cards. So I said 'sure.' So we're playing strip poker. For real. So, the next thing, I had to go to the bathroom and when I came back, she was in bed. So I said 'Well, I guess I'll be going, Irene.' And she said 'Oh, it's cold in here. If you'd just come over and warm me up a bit.' Well, I'm a pretty sharp fellow. I just got in, clothes and all. I took my shoes off. That's all. I'll tell you what: she gave me an education before I was much older."

Item: "A woman is different from a man. A woman comes from some other place. She comes from the land of Nod or something... If a man doesn't take the dominant role in the bedroom, there's something wrong with him. A man can go out into an alley or the back of a car or something. But a woman has to have some feeling of security in her lovemaking."

Item: "A man's feeling of manhood, his masculinity, is directly associated with his ability to provide for himself and to earn a good living. When all of sudden he is unable to do this, if he has been a red-blooded man who stood on his feet and worked all his life and asked no quarter from anyone, asked for nothing, then you in effect have emasculated this man. It means cut the balls off him."

Item: "I guess you would have to say that sex is better on payday."

Item: "You work hard for Dear Old Ironworks and do a good job and put in your years there and do the best you can and make money for them and get along well with everyone and you will be rewarded. Because besides your pay check and your annual leave and your

After all, this executive at Northwest, upon whom occasionally Cooper had service calls, had made a standing offer that any time I wanted to change companies... it would be great to have me on the Northwest team." The Northwest man had been buttering him up, courting him even.

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As the out-of-work days passed, Cooper began dipping into his savings, and thinking of what he would do with the rest of his life. His pride had been hurt. "Any man who gets up and goes to work in the morning is a proud man," he said. He had been fired, so he suffered constant embarrassment.

"People look at you with a sympathetic eye, and this is the thing that kills you. Sympathy is the one thing I could never stand all my life."

Abortive Business Attempts

He tried to get a construction company going, but couldn't raise the capital. He made an abortive attempt to go into the house trailer business, but he had no money.

Finally, he gritted his teeth and did something inimical to everything he stood for: he went to the unemployment office. A typically crisp, impersonal, juiceless woman bureaucrat, he said, coolly interrogated him about his qualifications, then suggested he take a job as an "aide." He left in a boiling rage. The humiliation of that experience, the anger at being fired and tossed on the junkheap, the betrayal of his friend, they all came together at once and washed over him in tear-scalding anger.

He couldn't get work. His pride was deteriorating. He began to contemplate suicide. Pills, he finally decided, would be the way. He tried, but he couldn't do it. The Catholic Church had instilled

Karl Fleming and D. B. Cooper

eras, two tape recorders, and \$30,000 in \$20 and \$50 bills, concealed in several envelopes and buried in my tennis equipment case.

Shortly after checking into The Sweet Wing Motel near the Seattle airport, Thomas arrived, and minutes later Cooper himself appeared, entering my room furtively from the parking lot. He was a nervous, slightly-built, balding, middle-aged man who wore a black rain coat, black shoes and black gloves. He kept the gloves on while he chain-smoked filter cigarettes. He spoke in a raspy voice that reminded me instantly of the Pueblo spy ship commander Pete Bucher. Cooper was anxious to have the money handed over. But I insisted on seeing the real money, whereupon Thomas extracted a wallet and produced three crisp \$20 bills. I checked their serial numbers against the FBI list. They matched.

Cooper asked if I would like to have the three \$20 bills. "And I have \$199,940 more of them buried in the ground that I will be happy to give you in exchange for other bills," he said. I told him I didn't think I wanted to have any stolen bills in my possession.

I continued to hesitate, prodding Cooper to yield up details of the hijacking—few of which had appeared in the press. He began hesitantly, but soon convinced me I had the right man. Subsequently I handed over the money, with the stipulation that it be held for Cooper's legal defense were he caught. What helped convinced me was what Cooper said was his motive.

He was raised in an authoritarian Catholic household, Cooper said, and

his masculinity (and directly associated with his ability to provide for himself and to earn a good living. When all of sudden he is unable to do this, if he has been a red-blooded man who stood on his feet and worked all his life and asked no quarter from anyone, asked for nothing, then you in effect have emasculated this man. It means cut the balls off him."

Item: "I guess you would have to say that sex is better on payday."

Item: "You work hard for Dear Old Ironworks and do a good job and put in your years there and do the best you can and make money for them and get along well with everyone and you will be rewarded. Because besides your pay check and your annual leave and your vacation, if you get a little higher up, you can look forward to a bonus and the pension and be well-fed and, of course, you'll get the gold watch or whatever."

That was D.B. Cooper, and that was the way he had lived his life, patiently hoeing out the row, obeying the rules, and waiting to cash in on the American Dream, as advertised.

Bitter Payoff

His payoff, he related bitterly, came one day when he went to his Boeing desk and found a pink slip of dismissal. He was crushed.

"It made me feel just like the first time I jumped out of an airplane... just bereft of everything that's inside you, that's all," he said.

He was being replaced, he discovered, by a man 15 years his junior, a junior man he had carefully trained. He had been a believer, an unquestioning cog, but now a jolt of hard truth hit him: "You're dead wood. If they could, they'd

Finally, he gritted his teeth and did something inimical to everything he stood for: he went to the unemployment office. A typically crisp, impersonal, juiceless woman bureaucrat, he said, coolly interrogated him about his qualifications, then suggested he take a job as an "aide." He left in a boiling rage. The humiliation of that experience, the anger at being fired and tossed on the junkheap, the betrayal of his friend, they all came together at once and washed over him in tear-scalding anger.

He couldn't get work. His pride was deteriorating. He began to contemplate suicide. Pills, he finally decided, would be the way. He tried, but he couldn't do it. The Catholic Church had instilled too strongly in him that suicide, like marital infidelity, is a sin.

At home every day, he read a lot of newspapers. They were full of hijacking stories, which he read after vainly searching the classified job section.

"So then, I started thinking about it," he said. "The more I thought about it, the more I thought how easy it would be. Because the security is very weak, very lax, almost non-existent. So I started to organize, mentally, to do this. I would go on with everyday living. But I would begin to think about this in earnest."

Then followed a period of moral wrestling. "There's the code: you can't take what's not yours. But wait a minute. Who says it's not mine? Where would this money come from? Either the stockholders or the company that insures them. Now, wait a minute. Insurance. Who has a strangle hold on the American economy? Insurance companies. And



Karl Fleming and D. B. Cooper

the insurance companies, they're trying to hide the money. They're buying land. They're loaning money. They're building skyscrapers. They're into everything. And then you get thoughts like: how many millionaires made \$1 last year and didn't pay taxes. And look at the oil companies. I could put the money I would steal down as a depletion allowance," Cooper said.

So he planned. "I didn't want to give anything I had up, and in order to even maintain what I had, I had to do something. And then I was, if you'll pardon the expression, very much pissed off right then. So more and more, I planned, for over a year, and still I was not sure I would go through with it. But my bitterness was changing to hard cynicism."

If he did it, how much money would he ask? Had he worked at Boeing to retirement, his annual income, with company





benefits and his few investments, would be about \$12,000. He went to "Seth Thomas," investment counselor, who had approached him several times previous about putting his money into land.

even all of it. I had more coming than that, I didn't do anything wrong," he said.

Wax in Ears

When we finished some eight hours

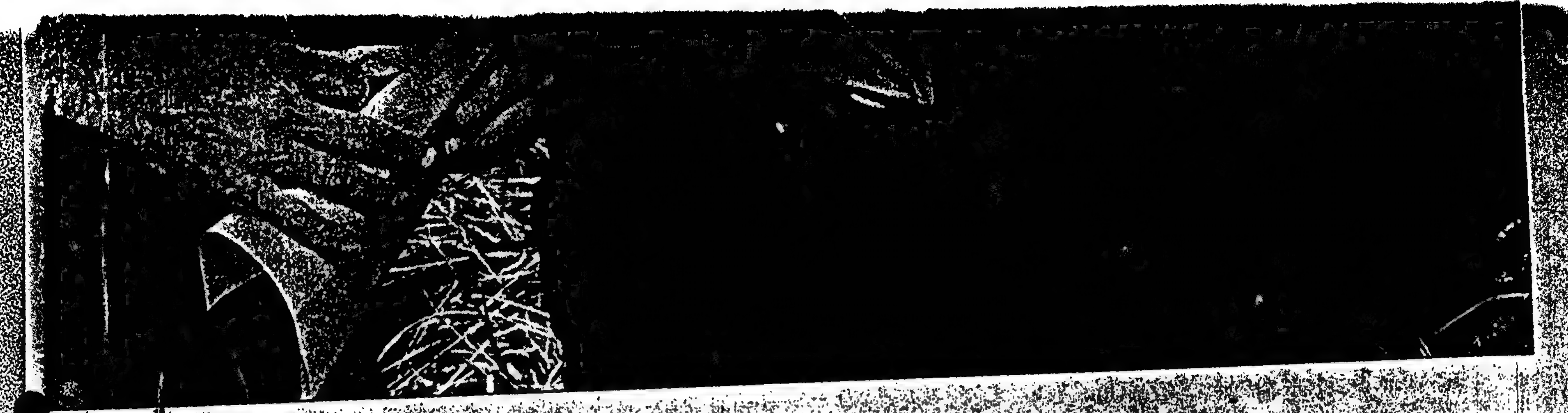
the rat race again? Or would be fulfill his fantasy and travel?

"If anything, I've done the people a favor," he said. "I've shown them that it can be done. You don't have to be the

stagnant individual that hijacks

and their escape through drugs. Well, I showed them. I'm not over the hill. I can make another jump tomorrow. I can make one 10 years from now, God willing. You bet."

And: "I proved to the Establishment



benefits and his few investments, would be about \$12,000. He went to "Seth Thomas," investment counselor, who had approached him several times previous about putting his money into land. How much of a capital sum, Cooper asked, would a man have to invest to yield an annual income of about \$12,000? Thomas took his pencil and worked it out: \$250,000. Cooper thought about it, but then decided his needs were modest, so he scaled down the figure to \$200,000. And that was how he decided to hijack the plane for \$200,000.

After relating how he hijacked the plane and drove home in his car with the money, he insisted he didn't feel guilty over the crime, or over the possibility that he might encourage others to stage hijackings, until someone got killed.

"I took what I figured was mine, not

even all of it. I had more coming than that, I didn't do anything wrong," he said.

Wax in Ears

When we finished some eight hours of taped interviews, he put on make-up and a wool cap and allowed himself to be filmed by a freelance cameraman and soundman I had brought up after instructing them to hear nothing, see nothing, ask no questions. I made them stick wads of wax into their ears while I interviewed Cooper, and made them turn their backs from the camera when he raised the photostats of the stolen bills to be filmed.

That afternoon, we rode along with Seth Thomas, whose name I now knew to be Jack Lewis—down Interstate 5, and he showed me all the key spots in the hijacking. As we drove, he talked about his future. Would he get back in

the rat race again? Or would he fulfill his fantasy and travel?

"If anything, I've done the people a favor," he said. "I've shown them that it can be done. You don't have to be the stereotyped individual that hijacks planes. You don't have to even raise your voice. You don't have to use any violence. You don't have to use any threats, and you can still tell that plane where to go and not jeopardize all those people. I showed them their screening system doesn't work."

He "never dreamed I would be saying anything against the Establishment" but here he had hijacked this plane in a cold vengeful rage. Now he had a message "to the younger generation that wants to shoot everybody over 30. They've botched every single one they've ever done, with all their bombings and all their riots and cold-blooded murders

and their escape through drugs. Well, I showed them. I'm not over the hill. I can make another jump tomorrow. I can make one 10 years from now, God willing. You bet."

And: "I proved to the Establishment that I'm not just a faceless number. I'm a person. I'm a human being. I proved that Old Dad can still do it."

Jubilantly, I packed my film, my tapes, my copies of the bills and headed home.

I was still euphoric when the plane reached Los Angeles. I felt that if I never wrote another story, I had justified my existence, by creating something worthwhile, something that would stand—I presumed to imagine—as a classic commentary on American society.

NEXT WEEK: a gift, a book publisher's betrayal of trust, some indictments, and the growing suspicion that it was all a hoax.





Will This Happen to the Man Who Says He Is
D.B. Cooper? **NEXT WEEK: THE AFTERMATH**



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

D. B. COOPER' GOT \$30,000

Weekly's Hijacking Story Turns Into Tall Tale--Later

BY ALEXANDER AUERBACH
Times Staff Writer

What happens to people is news. What happens to reporters isn't. A Boston city editor shout at reporters who in first-person accounts of they had witnessed.

What happens if the reporter the sleuth who solved one of the publicized crimes in recent or (B) the victim of the clever hoax since Clifford Irving's autobiography of Howard or (C) both?

a new weekly newspaper in the Los Angeles area, just added a three-installment series ending the "solution" of the \$200,000 hijacking of a Northwest Orient Airlines jet last

Only at the end of the series did it tell its readers that the whole act was an apparent hoax that the paper's backers \$30,000.

Karl Fleming, LA's editor, says he to tell the story in a way that the readers found misleading in order to let them vicariously undergo the same experience he did. Without realizing it, they were reading a story about Fleming, not simply by him.

The first installment told of D. B. Cooper ("an ordinary, God-fearing, patriotic, country club-oriented, upward-climbing WASP engineer") leaving his suburban Seattle home with a briefcase stuffed with two wigs, an altimeter and compass, a makeup kit, gloves and three red flares wired to look like a dynamite bomb.

Fleming, a respected veteran newsman (formerly bureau chief

and contributing editor with Newsweek for 11 years) went on to describe every detail of Cooper's hijacking, in an article that ran some 4,000 words and took five pages of the tabloid, not counting a cover photo and a last-page teaser for the next installment.

One illustration showed Xerox copies of three \$20 bills given to Fleming as proof of Cooper's identity; their serial numbers matched those on the FBI's list of bills that made up the ransom paid by the airline.

The second piece described how Fleming got the story. While still on Newsweek's staff, he put a classified

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-10 Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 11/8/72
Edition: Wednesday
Author: Alexander Auerbach
Editor: William F. Thomas
Title: Norjak

Character:
or
Classification: 161-2973
Submitting Office: Los Angeles
☐ Being Investigated

164-2111-804

Continued from 10th Page
ad in newspapers around
Oregon and Washington,
asking Cooper to contact
him.

Later, while Fleming and
millionaire Max Palevsky
were organizing LA, an in-
termediary offered to put
the news man in contact
with Cooper—for \$30,000.
Palevsky put up the money
and Fleming flew up to
meet Cooper, dragging
along two tape recorders, a
motion picture camera,
two cameramen and \$30,-
000 in cash.

The headline on the
third and final instalment
read: "Is D. B. Cooper the
real D. B. Cooper?" There
is considerable reason for
doubt, since the men who
police say talked to Flem-
ing — and who allegedly
took his \$30,000 — have
been arrested by the FBI
on charges of defrauding
Fleming of his money.

Arrested Before Story

The arrest took place on
May 2, long before Flem-
ing wrote his story for LA.

Why did Fleming pub-
lish the story in a manner
that led some readers, un-
aware of the fraud arrest,
to believe that the early
installments were the real
thing?

Fleming doesn't feel that
the initial installment was
deceptive, noting that
"there were disclaimers in
it," referring to two lines
near the end: "The fore-
going narrative was relat-
ed to me by the man I be-
lieved to be Cooper . . ."
and, "Doubts about wheth-
er I had the right man
would arise later. . ."

"I wanted the reader to
experience it just exactly

as I did," Fleming says.

"It's an adventure story,
as much about me as
about D. B. Cooper, and I
wanted to put the reader
in my shoes. If the reader
was reasonably alert, he
would have seen in the
press that these guys had
been busted by the FBI."

If the man Fleming in-
terviewed was not D. B.
Cooper — and Fleming
isn't totally sure he was
not the hijacker—then he
was a masterful con man,
to hear Fleming tell it.

Paid at First Meeting

"I gave him the whole
\$30,000 at our first meet-
ing, after I was convinced
that this was D. B. Coop-
er," Fleming says. "At that
point a con man would
have taken the money and
run like hell, but this guy,
Cooper, came back and
submitted himself to eight
hours of taped interviews,
30 minutes of filmed inter-
views and still photo-
graphs. His intermediary
signed a contract (saying
the \$30,000 would be used
for Cooper's legal defense)
with his real name and left
his fingerprints all over
the contract."

The story was to have
been in the opening issue
of LA. To avoid charges of
aiding a fugitive from jus-
tice, Fleming turned his
material over to the FBI
10 days before publication
(he had told Cooper not to
tell him anything he
didn't want the police to
know.) Included were Xe-
rox copies of the \$20 bills
Fleming had been shown
as proof of Cooper's identi-
ty. The serial numbers
matched those on the list
of ransom bills but FBI
documents experts said
that the photocopies indi-
cated that the bills were
counterfeit.

With all the information
Fleming's subjects had
supplied, the FBI had no

trouble rounding them up.

With their trial scheduled to begin Nov. 27, Fleming says he still finds it "difficult to accept" the possibility that he was duped. "I asked that guy questions no con man could have prepared for," he says. "I went over him like a vacuum cleaner."

Fleming notes that "Cooper" went into detail on matters of air navigation and parachute procedure—unaware that Fleming is a licensed private pilot with some 700 hours in the air.

Because of the magnitude of the story and because of its intended role as the kickoff piece for his new newspaper, Fleming says, he was extremely careful in his questioning. "At the risk of sounding immodest," he adds, "I wouldn't want to do anything to damage my own very good reputation as a reporter."

He has an ingenious, mirror-within-a-mirror theory of his own.

"I'm not saying that the FBI was wrong, and I would never suggest that they would deliberately distort the facts—though if I, one lonely reporter, could get the story when 8,000 FBI agents couldn't, then that's not the kind of publicity that J. Edgar Hoover, then alive, would want for the FBI."

Noting that "Cooper" was aware the information would be published and get to the police, Fleming says, "It is very, very difficult for me to accept the fact that a mind brilliant enough to concoct a story

as sophisticated as the one this guy told me, would be stupid enough to turn around and expose himself to capture this way.

"I don't exclude the possibility that he was both smart enough to pull off the hijacking, sell me the story and spread enough false clues in the story so it would not look right and the FBI would say he isn't the hijacker. So, if he does do any time, it's for fraud, not for hijacking. And when he comes out, the \$200,000 is still there."

In that case, of course, Fleming's series would be a true account of the hijacking, as readers of Part One might have thought, not the account of how a reporter got duped, as Part Three indicates, or perhaps it would be both.

In any event, Fleming has no regrets about the adventure. "I've always been a reporter who takes risks. You don't get the plums at the top of the tree unless you jump high."

Fleming may have some lingering doubts about the man he interviewed, but Platypus Publications, publisher of LA, appears to have none. It has filed a \$30,000 civil suit against the men arrested by the FBI, claiming it was defrauded because the men were not the people they claimed to be.

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NEXT WEEK:

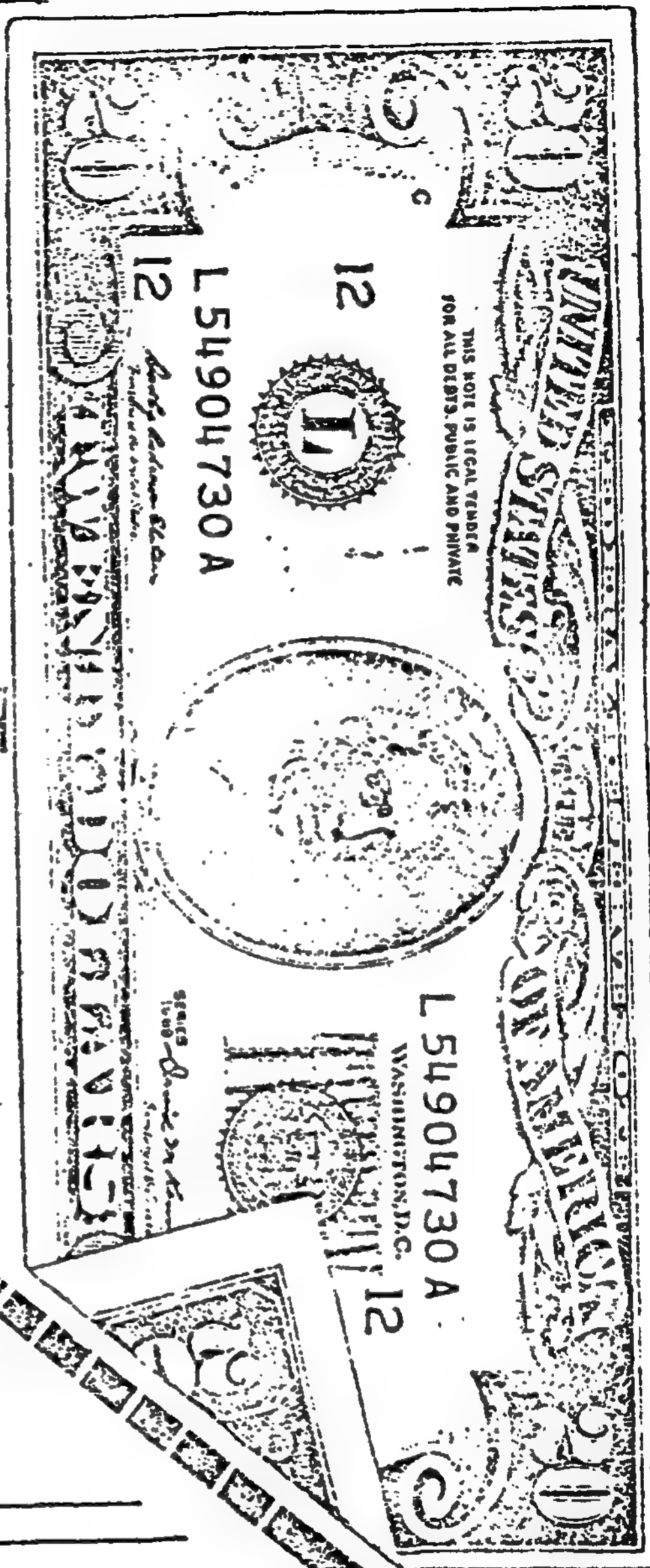
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And
Why He
Demanded
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LA

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A NON-STORY—When L.A. began this series it knew—but didn't tell its readers—that its "D. B. Cooper" was not an airplane hijacker but, according to FBI charges, only a con man.



BUR 164-2111 SE 164-81
164-2111-805 NOV 10 1972

1 STAN PITKIN
2 United States Attorney
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6 1012 United States Courthouse
7 Seattle, Washington 98104
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UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

v.

WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS, a/k/a,
JACK LEWIS, and DONALD SYLVESTER
MURPHY,

Defendants.

168-720

NO.

INFORMATION

The United States Attorney Charges that:

COUNT I

1. Beginning on or about February 1, 1972 and continuing thereafter through or about May 2, 1972, within the Western District of Washington, defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS (also known as Jack Lewis) and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY devised and intended to devise a scheme and artifice to defraud Karl Payne Fleming, Newsweek Magazine, Platypus Publications, and other persons, businesses and corporations, by means of the following false and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises, well knowing the same would be and were false when made, for the purpose of obtaining money in excess of \$5,000 by means thereof.

164-2111-833

1 2. was a part of said scheme and artifice to
2 defraud that on or about February 1, 1972, WILLIAM JOHN
3 LEWIS phoned Karl Fleming in Los Angeles, California; that
4 defendant LEWIS identified himself as "Seth Thomas" and
5 told Fleming that he could arrange an interview between
6 Fleming and "D. B. Cooper."

7 3. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice
8 to defraud that on or about February 13, 1972, defendant
9 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS made a reservation for Karl Fleming at
10 the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington.

11 4. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice
12 to defraud that on or about February 16, 1972, defendant
13 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS met with Fleming at the Swept Wing Inn,
14 Seattle, Washington, and informed Fleming that an interview
15 with "D. B. Cooper" would be arranged by WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS
16 for the sum of \$45,000, payable in three installments; and
17 that defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS knew said representation
18 and promise would be and was false when made.

19 5. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice
20 to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendants
21 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY met with Karl
22 Fleming at the Edgewater Inn, Seattle, Washington, and
23 represented that defendant MURPHY was "D. B. Cooper," well
24 knowing said representation would be and was false when
25 made.

26 6. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice
27 to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendants
28 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY took the sum
29 of \$30,000 from Karl Fleming as payment for an interview
30 with "D. B. Cooper."

1 7. It was further a part of said scheme and artifice
2 to defraud that on or about February 23, 1972, defendant
3 DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY represented himself to be the person
4 known as "D. B. Cooper" for the purpose of being interviewed
5 by Karl Fleming, well knowing said representation would be
6 and was false when made.

7 8. On or about February 16, 1972, defendants WILLIAM
8 JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, having devised and
9 intended to devise the aforesaid scheme and artifice to
10 defraud, and for obtaining money by means of false and
11 fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises, did
12 induce Karl Fleming to travel in, and be transported in
13 interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to Seattle,
14 Washington, within the Western District of Washington, in
15 the execution of the aforesaid scheme and artifice to
16 defraud Karl Fleming, Newsweek Magazine, and Platypus
17 Publications of money in excess of \$5,000.

18 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §2314 and §2.

19 COUNT II

20 1. The United States Attorney realleges all of the
21 allegations contained in Count I, paragraphs 1 through 7,
22 of this Information.

23 2. On or about February 20, 1972, defendants WILLIAM
24 JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, having devised and
25 intended to devise the aforesaid scheme and artifice to
26 defraud, and for obtaining money by means of false and
27 fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises, did
28 induce Karl Fleming to travel in, and be transported in
29 interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to
30 Seattle, Washington, within the Western District of

1 Washington, in the execution of the afore said scheme and
2 artifice to defraud Karl Fleming, Newsweek Magazine, and
3 Platypus Publications of money in excess of \$5,000.

4 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §2314 and §2.

5 COUNT III

6 1. Beginning on or about February 1, 1972, and
7 continuing thereafter through or about May 2, 1972, within
8 the Western District of Washington, defendants WILLIAM JOHN
9 LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, did willfully and unlaw-
10 fully combine, conspire and agree together and with other
11 unknown persons, to commit offenses against the United
12 States, to wit, to violate Section 2314, Title 18 U.S.C.,
13 by devising a scheme and artifice to defraud Karl Fleming,
14 Newsweek Magazine, and Platypus Publications of money in
15 excess of \$5,000, by means of false and fraudulent pretenses,
16 representations and promises and in execution thereof to
17 induce Karl Fleming to travel in and be transported in
18 interstate commerce from Los Angeles, California to
19 Seattle, Washington.

20 2. It was part of said conspiracy that defendant
21 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS would contact Karl Fleming and convince
22 him that defendant LEWIS knew the true identity of an
23 alleged aircraft hijacker known as "D. B. Cooper" and that
24 defendant LEWIS could arrange an exclusive interview between
25 Fleming and "D. B. Cooper."

26 3. It was further a part of said conspiracy that
27 defendant WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS demanded \$45,000 for the
28 interview.

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1 4. It was further a part of said conspiracy that
2 defendants WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DON. D SYLVESTER MURPHY
3 would represent defendant MURPHY as "D. B. Cooper" and he
4 would be interviewed by Karl Fleming.

5 5. In furtherance of the said conspiracy the
6 defendants performed the following overt acts:

7 (1) On or about February 1, 1972, defendant
8 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS telephoned Karl Fleming at Los Angeles,
9 California.

10 (2) On or about February 13, 1972, defendant
11 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS made a reservation for Karl Fleming at
12 the Swept Wing Inn, Seattle, Washington.

13 (3) On or about February 16, 1972, defendant
14 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS met with Karl Fleming at the Swept Wing
15 Inn, Seattle, Washington.

16 (4) On or about February 23, 1972, defendants
17 WILLIAM JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY met with
18 Karl Fleming.

19 (5) On or about February 23, 1972, defendant
20 DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY, posing as "D. B. Cooper" partici-
21 pated in an interview with Karl Fleming.

22 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §371.

23 COUNT IV

24 1. The United States Attorney realleges all of the
25 allegations contained in Count I, paragraphs 1 through 7,
26 of this Information.

27 2. On or about February 1, 1972, defendants WILLIAM
28 JOHN LEWIS and DONALD SYLVESTER MURPHY transmitted and
29 caused to be transmitted, certain messages by means of wire
30

1 Seattle, Washington, and Los Angeles, California, for the
2 purpose of executing the aforesaid scheme and artifice to
3 defraud.

4 All in violation of Title 18 U.S.C. §1343 and §2.

5 DATED this 13th day of July, 1972.

6
7 /s/ Stan Pitkin

8 STAN PITKIN
9 United States Attorney
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BUR 164-2111 SE 164-81



BUR 164-2111 SE 164-81

164-2111-872



Cooper Still At Large

These are official FBI sketches of a man who gave his name as Dan Cooper and hijacked a Northwest Airlines jet en route from Portland to Seattle last Thanksgiving Eve. The hijacker parachuted from the plane with \$200,000 in ransom money and signaled the era of the parachuting hijacker. He is still at large and authorities say they have no firm clues to his whereabouts. (AP Wirephoto)

ENCLOSURE

834

Team Policing—Four Years Later, Loun Phelps, Chief of Police, and Sgt. Lorne Harmon, Police Department, Richmond, Calif., December 1972, vol. 41, No. 12, p. 2.

POLICE ORGANIZATION

Centralization of State Law Enforcement Agencies, by Hon. James J. Hegarty, Director, Arizona Department of Public Safety, Phoenix, Ariz., May 1972, vol. 41, No. 5, p. 6.

Radio Communications Department Serves Law Enforcement in North Dakota, by Alfred G. Brose, Director, North Dakota Radio Communications Department, Bismarck, N. Dak., April 1972, vol. 41, No. 4, p. 25.

POLICE TRAINING

Consolidating Efforts To Control Drug Abuse, by Ronald D. Kuest, Chief Investigator, Drug Control Assistance Unit, Washington State Patrol, Olympia, Wash., January 1972, vol. 41, No. 1, p. 10.

FBI Law Enforcement Training Advisory Committee Convenes, November 1972, vol. 41, No. 11, p. 14.

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Mock Disaster Training Program, by William C. Sampson, Training Officer, Dade County Public Safety Department, Miami, Fla., January 1972, vol. 41, No. 1, p. 16.

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A Return to Neighborhood Police, by Edward C. McArdle, Chief of Police, and William N. Betjemann, Coordinator, Office of Crime Control, Albany, N.Y., July 1972, vol. 41, No. 7, p. 8.

The Special Operations Group, by Capt. William R. Mooney, Police Department, Chicago, Ill., April 1972, vol. 41, No. 4, p. 11.

The Stark County MEG Unit—A Response to Fragmented Law Enforcement, by David D. Dowd, Jr., Stark County Prosecuting Attorney, Canton, Ohio, September 1972, vol. 41, No. 9, p. 13.

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Attorney General Mitchell Dedicates Los Angeles Police Memorial, March 1972, vol. 41, No. 3, p. 16.

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My Uniformed Parish, by Rev. R. Joseph Dooley, Chaplain, Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D.C., October 1972, vol. 41, No. 10, p. 3.

Operation Respect, March 1972, vol. 41, No. 3, p. 18.

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"Side-by-Side," by Insp. Claude W. Dove, Director, Community Relations Division, Police Department, Washington, D.C., May 1972, vol. 41, No. 5, p. 16.

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Policing the Waterfront, by Louis H. Deutschmann, Superintendent, Harbor Police Department, New Orleans, La., October 1972, vol. 41, No. 10, p. 18.

A Program for Hit-and-Run Violations, by Edward L. Wright, Jr., Chief of Police, Montgomery, Ala., September 1972, vol. 41, No. 9, p. 16.

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Televised Banking: Deterrent to Crime, by Lonnie L. Blanchard, Vice President and Cashier, International City Bank and Trust Company, New Orleans, La., November 1972, vol. 41, No. 11, p. 16.

Trailers Are Tempting Targets for Thieves, August 1972, vol. 41, No. 8, p. 10.

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The Police Role in Alcohol-Related Traffic Offenses, by Gerald W. Garner, Public Safety Technician, Police Department, Victoria, Tex., February 1972, vol. 41, No. 2, p. 9.

A Program for Hit-and-Run Violations, by Edward L. Wright, Jr., Chief of Police, Montgomery, Ala., September 1972, vol. 41, No. 9, p. 16.

Can You Identify This Hijacker?



The Crime

A lone white male using the name Dan Cooper boarded Northwest Orient Airlines Flight No. 305 at Portland, Oreg., on November 24, 1971. At approximately 3:22 p.m., while the flight was en route to Seattle, Wash., he indicated to a stewardess that his briefcase contained a bomb which would blow up the plane unless his demands were met.

The hijacker demanded \$200,000 and four parachutes in exchange for the safety of the 36 passengers aboard the plane. When the aircraft landed at Seattle, Northwest Orient Airlines complied with his instructions. After he received the parachutes and money, the hijacker allowed all passengers and two of the airline stewardesses to deplane.

He then ordered the remaining crew members into the first-class section of the aircraft and informed them he desired to fly to Mexico City. The hijacker instructed that the plane proceed in a southerly direction and fly at a low altitude and slow speed which enabled the rear door of the plane to be opened during the flight.

The hijacker apparently bailed out somewhere between Seattle and Reno, Nev., where, when the plane landed, it was determined that "Cooper," two parachutes, and the ransom money had disappeared.

The Criminal

Artist conception drawings of the aircraft hijacker were prepared by the FBI Exhibits Section and are considered an excellent likeness. He is described as follows:

Race.....	White.
Sex.....	Male.
Age.....	Middle 40's.
Height.....	5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet.
Weight.....	170 to 180 pounds.
Complexion.....	Olive, Latin appearance, medium smooth.
Hair.....	Dark brown or black, parted on left, combed back.
Eyes.....	Possibly brown. During latter part of flight he put on dark, wrap around sunglasses with dark rims.
Voice.....	Low, spoke intelligently, no particular

lar accent, possibly from the Midwest section of the United States.

Characteristics..... Heavy smoker of Raleigh filter-tip cigarettes.

Wearing apparel..... Black or brown suit, narrow black tie, black dress suit, black rain-type overcoat or dark topcoat; dark briefcase or attache case; carried paper bag—4 by 12 by 14 inches; brown shoes.

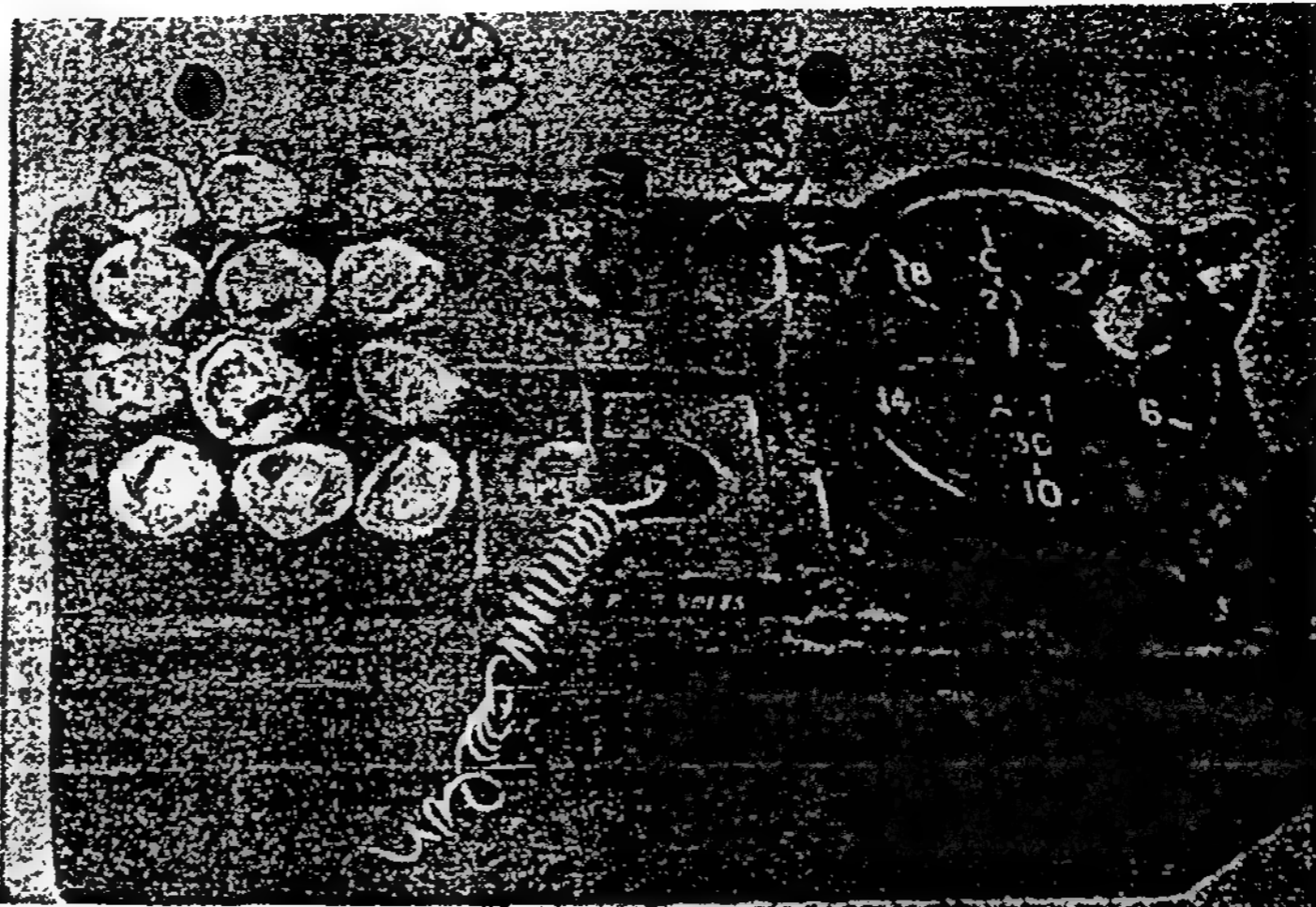
Remarks..... Very polite at all times.

Notification

Anyone having any information or knowledge believed to refer to this individual, please notify the Acting Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D.C. 20535, or the Special Agent in Charge of the nearest FBI field office, the telephone number of which appears on the first page of most local telephone directories.

"FINDER" BEGINS OPERATION

A prototype automatic fingerprint reader system, known as "FINDER," which utilizes advanced optical scanning techniques and a computer to automatically classify, search, and compare fingerprints, is now in operation in the Identification Division of the FBI. The equipment will permit the FBI to test, evaluate, and perfect on the job its theories of automatic fingerprint identification which, when fully operational, will insure greatly increased operating efficiency and resultant economies to the Government.



The gelignite bomb whose discovery in a locker at Sydney International Airport triggered off the train of events in Wednesday's £235,000 hoax involving a Qantas Boeing 707 airliner.

GLUES TO QANTAS HOAXER

By J. D. HOLDSWORTH
in Sydney

AUSTRALIAN police are hopeful that they will soon be able to trace Mr. Brown and his accomplice who hoaxed Qantas Airline into paying £235,000 ransom money after a bomb threat on Wednesday.

Close scrutiny of a bomb and bag found in a locker at Sydney Airport has yielded valuable information, they say. Examination of tape recordings of Mr. Brown's voice on the telephone has also given a lead to his nationality.

Information from other sources has given useful leads and police hope the £23,500 reward offered will bring a tip from the underworld.

The ransom money was paid out in the form of 10 or 20 dollar notes after phone calls threatened that a



An Identikit picture of Mr. Brown, who is believed to be the man who hoaxed the Qantas Boeing 707 with 116 passengers aboard.

The serial numbers of the notes are known and lists are being published.

All international police agencies have been given a full description of the accomplice and an Identikit picture has been distributed.

The airline defended their handling of the expensive hoax—they were not insured against such a loss and the money must be written off. Their critics were told by an airline spokesman yesterday: "Go to hell."

FOUND!



**THE MAN,
THE PLANE,
THE MONEY,
THE INTERVIEW.**

**THE MAN,
THE PLANE,
THE MONEY,
THE INTERVIEW.**



May 5/5/72

"I Earn My Money..."



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On the storm-blown Thanksgiving Eve of November 24, 1971, a man calling himself "D.B. Cooper" parachuted out of the belly of a Northwest Orient Airlines jetliner somewhere between Seattle and Reno. Strapped to his waist was a packet stuffed with 10,000 twenty-dollar bills, the ransom he had received

part, it came completely by accident. The Flag has spent considerable effort verifying the interview--we have yet to find a flaw. With the missing 20 dollar bill which the interviewer supplied, we must conclude that what you are about to read is the only authentic interview with D.B. Cooper in existence.

Oh yes, and I also put the torch to an annual report from Northwest Airlines with an adorable picture of Donald W. Nyrop in it. He's their president.

ANON: Didn't your family get suspicious?

COOPER: I don't have a family.

ANON: What about your friends?

COOPER: I don't have friends.

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On the storm-blown Thanksgiving Eve of November 24, 1971, a man calling himself "D.B. Cooper" parachuted out of the belly of a Northwest Orient Airlines 727 jetliner somewhere between Seattle and Reno. Strapped to his waist was a packet stuffed with 10,000 twenty-dollar bills, the ransom he had received while holding the plane's crew hostage at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport.

Since then the FBI, assisted by state and county men and by battalions of GIs from Fort Lewis have spent countless hours and many thousands of taxpayers' dollars trying to find Cooper.

But Cooper—the name the hijacker used at Portland when boarding Flight No. 305, Northwest's transcontinental "milk run" which emanated at National Airport in Washington, D.C.—has evaded his would-be captors with the same style and elan he exhibited in pulling the most bizarre caper in the history of aerial piracy.

Goaded by public adoration of the skyjacker, and rankled almost to tears by such Coopermaniacal items as ballads ("D.B. Cooper, Where Are You Now"), D.B. Cooper sweatshirts, and even memorial bikini panties, the Seattle office of the FBI has sworn to scour every inch of terrain between Sea-Tac and Reno to track down their man. At this writing it looks very much as if Mr. Hoover's minions may have to do exactly that.

The media has been just as eager for clues to Cooper's whereabouts, his true identity, his motives. Locally, the P-I offered a \$5,000 reward under their Secret Witness crime fighter series. The Seattle Times, while gently rebiding editorially those who would adulate Cooper, has pretty much kept its button-down cool about the whole thing.

Now, into this lacuna-filled tangle of pop heroism, electronic legend and FBI fumbling, steps the Seattle Flag with an authentic, first-person, totally exclusive interview with D.B. Cooper himself.

Elsewhere in this issue we have explained something about how that worldwide scoop was obtained, and the lengths to which the Flag is prepared to go to protect the anonymity of "D.B. Cooper". In no way do we either condone or condemn Cooper's crime; our task is to simply report the news, from any viable source.

All we promised, in return for this interview, was that we would under no circumstances— including grand jury

part, it came completely by accident. The Flag has spent considerable effort verifying the interview—we have yet to find a flaw. With the missing 20 dollar bill which the interviewer supplied, we must conclude that what you are about to read is the only authentic interview with D.B. Cooper in existence.

Let us begin.

ANONYMOUS INTERVIEWER: The pictures in the paper don't do you justice.

COOPER: My sentiments exactly. It's funny what eyewitnesses don't see. They were fifteen pounds and two inches off. And that artist's picture stunk. If I were a vain man, I'd sue him for libel. But I've got no reason to complain...

ANON: Why are you here, of all places?

COOPER: Why not?

ANON: Well, the papers say you're in Mexico, or South America.

COOPER: And that's where the authorities are looking, right? You don't escape just by crossing borders; look at James Earl Ray. The trick is not to be where they think you'll be. For instance, they didn't expect anyone to hijack a plane in the Northwest, and they didn't expect a parachutist, and... well, I'm sure you catch my drift. I'm not in Mexico or South America yet, so don't believe everything you read in the papers.

ANON: How long did it take you to plan the skyjacking?

COOPER: A year, six months. I had the notion for a long time, but I didn't start the ground work until June. Something happened which made me think it was time to do it.

ANON: What was that?

COOPER: Skip it. It would take too long to explain.

ANON: Tell us how you got the idea.

COOPER: It came to me while I was watching TV. Hijackers before me had always been first class fools. Can you imagine anything more stupid than risking the death penalty because you want to go to Cuba right now. Hell, you want to go to Cuba, charter a boat, or go to Mexico. Their airline isn't so bad.

These guys who get so worked up about politics are sick.

Me. I wanted money. Doing it for money is some

Oh yes, and I also put the torch to an annual report from Northwest Airlines with an adorable picture of Donald W. Nyrop in it. He's their president.

ANON: Didn't your family get suspicious?

COOPER: I don't have a family.

ANON: What about your friends?

COOPER: I don't have friends.

ANON: What I've been dying to ask you is what it felt like to step off the back stairs of a monstrous 727 going 200 MPH?

COOPER: Scarey.

ANON: Just Scarey?

COOPER: No, VERY scarey. Also cold, dark, loud and windy.

ANON: Can you give us some more details?

COOPER: I just did.

ANON: I mean, uh, more step by step description.

COOPER: Well, as you know, once I activated the stairs and the back door it was fucking cold. Below zero, I think I read. I had prepared myself as much as you can with gloves and long johns, but there's a limit to how much protection you can bring along on a business flight from Portland to Seattle. (laughing) It would have been a bit suspicious if I had come aboard in heavy boots, with Eddie Bauer sub-arctic gear and a sports chute. I would have had quite a time fitting into 15D.

ANON: I guess so, but did you, back on the subject, jump immediately after you opened the door.

COOPER: Hell, no. That would have been a very dead giveaway. I had to wait until I was over my touchdown area. This is where the FBI screwed up.

At the "appropriate" time I went back past all those empty seats to the stairs, Christ, it was noisy. Next time I'll have something better than kleenex for ear plugs. I tried to walk down all the stairs. About the tenth step, I think it was, I stepped off. It was all wind and gravity after that.

ANON: Were you aware that planes were following the Northwest 727?

COOPER: Yes, I couldn't see them in the plane or during my fall, but there is NO way I could miss hearing them once I bailed out. Knowing how close McChord is to Sea-Tac, I would have had to be awfully stupid not to figure on having company as we flew south down Vector 23. It was a calculated risk. That is why I jumped in bad weather and at night. And I suppose I waited just a little

COOPER: I don't want to disappoint you or your local
Efrem Zimbalist, but they are wrong. If they had as
much in the brains department as they do in the money
department, I'd be in jail right now instead of talking
to you. While we're on the subject, I wish somebody
would ask that Milnes character just how much money
he's spending to chase my ass. I bet it's a pretty penny
over \$200,000.

ANON: How do you know his name?

COOPER: I read the papers just like everyone else.
Afterall, I'M in them.

ANON: Can you tell us what the first thing you did
depending?

COOPER: Sure. I buried my chute.

ANON: Were you in wooded terrain?

COOPER: Yep, an evergreen jungle.

ANON: How far were you from where you wanted to
be?

COOPER: In the neighborhood of five miles. Not too
shabby for a first try.

ANON: How did you get so close?

COOPER: Only two of my projected calculations
were off. They weren't important as it turned out.
Second, I have a very good Japanese watch.

ANON: So?

COOPER: Multiply time by speed and you come up
with distance. I knew how fast we were going—afterall I
told the pilot what speed to go—what vector we were
traveling on, and, at least approximately, what the winds
were. A man doesn't necessarily need a computer.

ANON: How did you get from your landing spot to
here? Isn't the terrain between Seattle and Reno pretty
inaccessible?

COOPER: Some is. Some isn't.

ANON: You don't want to tell us any more.

COOPER: Right.

ANON: Can I ask you whether you had an
accomplice on the ground?

COOPER: Sure, you can ask.

ANON: But you won't say?

COOPER: Right. I don't intend to give you any
information that might incriminate me.

ANON: I understand.

COOPER: You're getting warmer and let's, at my
request, skip the subject.

COOPER: No, nothing that big. I was a badger, but I did work on the 727. I worked on the
first Boeing 727-100 standard transport that was first
flown by Eastern Airlines way back in 1964.

ANON: A nice ironic touch.

COOPER: Yeah, one of many.

ANON: ...So you got to know the 727 from the inside
out. What attracted you to the plane as being ideal for a
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Pratt & Whitney engines—two on the sides of the rear
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hold a stewie hostage. As it turned out, I was right. I can
even tell you the number of passenger seats, right down
to the last piece of lint.

ANON: Go ahead.

COOPER: Ninety-four. 28 first-class seats, four
abreast. Sixty-six tourist seats, six abreast.

ANON: What about your exit?

COOPER: I was getting to that. The ventral door on

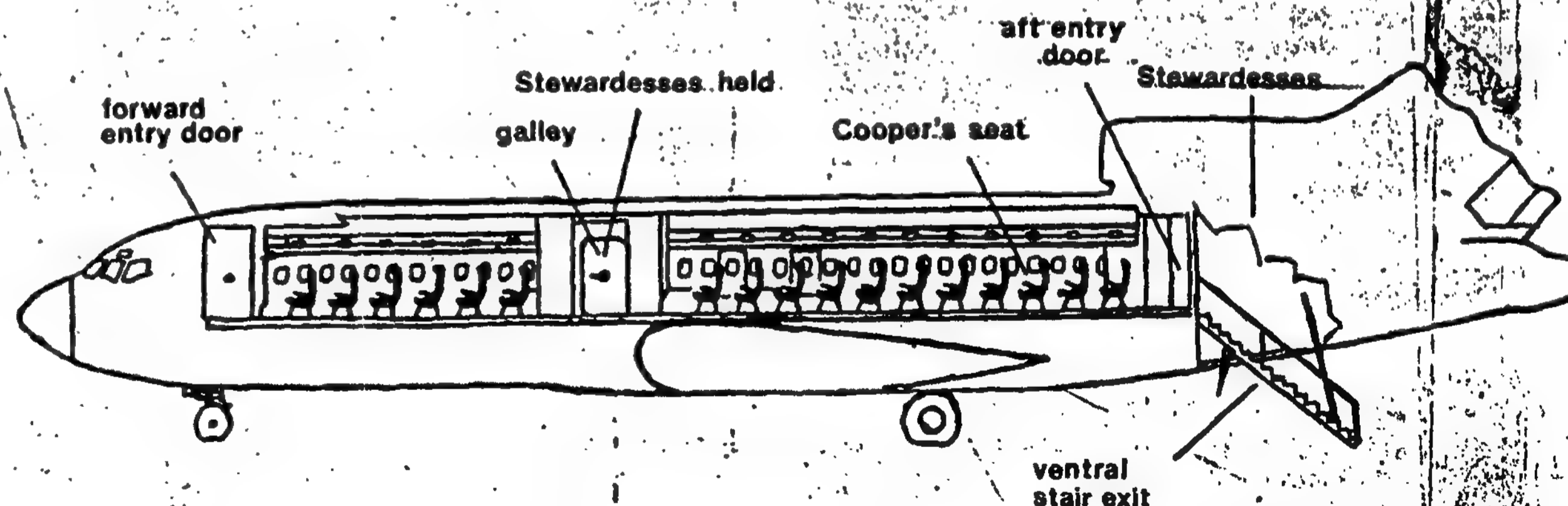
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and talk about motivation. Why did you do it? Of course,
there was the \$200,000, but what else impelled you?

COOPER: I've read the papers, watched television, all
of that. I've read that I'm a non-hero, a pop hero, an
anti-hero, and a plain old hero hero. The Ordinary Guy
who beat the system and became the instant idol of
every stiff on unemployment from Vancouver to
Tijuana. I've been called a jet-age Jesse James and the
Robin Hood of the air. Some of that drivel makes me
laugh—and some of it makes me sick, to be frank with
you. I want to tell you right now, and put it in capital
letters. I did it for the money, true, BUT I ALSO DID IT
BECAUSE IT WAS FUN. There is a thrill in being the
first to do the impossible. Ask Armstrong.

ANON: How do you feel about the backlash of your
hijack, the lives that were lost when people tried to copy
your modus operandi?

COOPER: Well, for one thing, I was personally
responsible for the stiffening of airline security. I say



...in Washington, D.C. has read his would-be captor with the same skill and class he exhibited in pulling the last bit of rope in the history of aerial piracy.

Goaded by public adoration of the skyjacker and rankled almost to tears by such Coopermaniacal items as ballads ("D.B. Cooper: Where Are You Now?"), D.B. Cooper sweatshirts and even memorial bikini panties, the Seattle office of the FBI has sworn to scour every inch of terrain between Sea-Tac and Reno to track down their man. At this writing it looks very much as if Mr. Hoover's minions may have to do exactly that.

The media has been just as eager for clues to Cooper's whereabouts, his true identity, his motives. Locally, the P-I offered a \$5,000 reward under their Secret Witness crime fighter series. The Seattle Times, while gently chiding editorially those who would adulate Cooper, has pretty much kept its button-down cool about the whole thing.

Now, into this lacuna-filled tangle of pop heroism, electronic legend and FBI fumbling, steps the Seattle Flag with an authentic, first-person, totally exclusive interview with D.B. Cooper himself.

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All we promised, in return for this interview, was that we would under no circumstances--including grand jury investigation--divulge our source of information; and that we would tell D.B.'s adventure exactly as he related it to us, and respect at all times his inalienable rights under the Constitution.

Namely: life, liberty--and the happiness of pursuit.

Editor's Note: For reasons that are obvious, we are not able to give the full story of how this interview was obtained and who was the Flag's source. We can say that the interview occurred in the metropolitan area of Seattle sometime in the month of March. It was not the result of any supersleuthing or investigation on our

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ANON: Why are you here, of all places?

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ANON: Well, the papers say you're in Mexico, or South America.

COOPER: And that's where the authorities are looking, right? You don't escape just by crossing borders; look at James Earl Ray. The trick is not to be where they think you'll be. For instance, they didn't expect anyone to hijack a plane in the Northwest, and they didn't expect a parachutist, and... well, I'm sure you catch my drift. I'm not in Mexico or South America yet, so don't believe everything you read in the papers.

ANON: How long did it take you to plan the skyjacking?

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These guys who get so worked up about politics are sick.

Me, I wanted money. Doing it for money, as some girls know, is a lot smarter. The trick I turned was not how to get the money--others had done that--but HOW to get AWAY with the money.

ANON: How did you prepare yourself?

COOPER: Like anything else, successful skyjacking takes training and hard work. My preparations were as extensive as any astronauts. The guy you're looking at is probable the world's greatest authority on skyjacking. Before I left home on the 22nd, I had a big fire. I burned graphs, airplane floorplans, timetables, weather reports, maps, over a hundred pages of notes...I earned my money.

And windy.

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ANON: How long was your free fall?

COOPER: About 5,000 of the 7,000 feet. Kind of hairy when you can't see the ground or the horizon.

ANON: How was the landing?

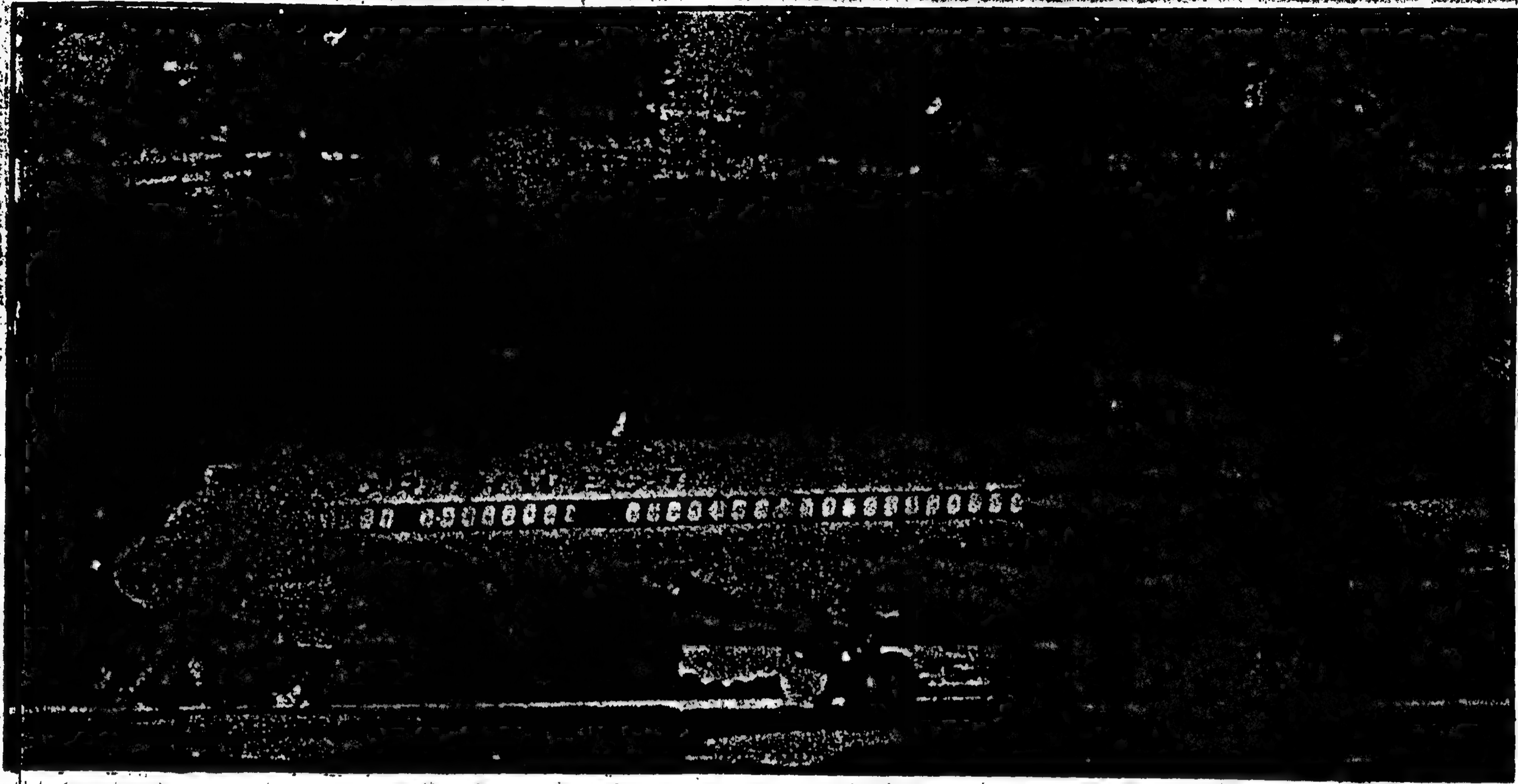
COOPER: Rough. Let's not talk about it.

ANON: Is that where you got the limp?

COOPER: No, as a matter of fact, I did that in January, skiing.

ANON: You went skiing in January?

COOPER: I should go in June? I'm not going to give up what I like to do just because I'm a celebrity. Who'd



"Just Air And Gravity..."

look for me up there, anyway?

ANON: (laughter) Well, what about the landing, where did you come down?

COOPER: Sorry. I can't tell you that. I'll give you a

ANON: Let's go back a little in time and space. You said knew how close McChord is to Sea-Tac. Does that mean you ever lived in the Seattle area?

COOPER: Yes. In fact, I once was a

the 727-100 is situated under the center engine. That meant that I could jump without being

vacuum cleaned into the ground and killed.

'Well, I Had My Beretta...'

that without any phony pride or ego. Anybody who tries to ape my skyjack is an out-and-out idiot. Like the hippie character at O'Hare in Chicago who 'jacked a 7 only to find that the entire crew had rabbitied on him.

ANON: Rabbitied?

COOPER: Ya, you know, slipped out when he was in back. It left him with a great big airplane but no pilot. Or the weirdo who jumped out a Hughes Airwest DC-9 at Denver. He busted up a few bones and was caught in a little over an hour. The "D.B. Cooper" of Dallas, a real psycho if there ever was one, was captured on the ground and one fellow in New York somewhere got his head splattered by a shotgun. An FBI marksman did that, it said in the papers. Some marksman. He let fly at about sixteen inches with buckshot. J. Edgar should give that guy a medal, if he hasn't already.

ANON: Speaking of the FBI, aren't you worried that

ANON: And the money, the 200 grand, the largest ransom ever paid in a U.S. skyjack? What about that, will it turn out to be your Achilles heel?

COOPER: Never happen! You must read the papers, too. It would take up to five full pages in almost any newspaper to run the serial numbers of each of those 10,000 bills. But even with the odds in my favor—I mean, who's going to pick out one number out of 10,000?—I'm in no hurry to go on a spending spree. Oh, yes, something else, too. I know those twenties were Xeroxed before they were delivered to me on the ground at Sea-Tac as ransom money. How do I know that? Easy. I could smell the Xerox fluid on them. Quite a telltale odor. I'd say they were run through the copying machines at the banks where Northwest collected the loot.

ANON: May I ask why you picked on Northwest? Did you have a grudge against that airline or something?

they got orders from the head man of Northwest himself, who told them to comply with all my demands.

Thankyou Mr. Nyrop, you did the right thing. It would be nice to think that they were being humanitarian, trying to take me alive, but that's a lot of bull.

ANON: What, then, was their rationale?

COOPER: Simple. They must have figured it this way: Why risk four lives—not including mine—and a \$5 million airplane for a mere \$200,000? It was lousy odds any way you look at that little equation from Northwest's point of view. Now if I had been too greedy, say, and asked for a million, there's no telling what they would have done. It would have raised hell with the Xerox operators, that's damn sure.

ANON: Did you, anywhere along the line, improvise during the skyjack itself, or did you stick to your original game plan?

COOPER: I tried to stay pretty loose, ready to adjust to any situation that might pop up. As it turned out everything followed my script almost to the letter. There was one pretty bad moment, though, that I hadn't planned for. (Long pause.)

ANON: That being...?

COOPER: It happened while we were still negotiating on the ground at Sea-Tac. I was getting pretty antsy anyhow, since the refueling was not being done and I guessed somebody was doing a lot of stalling, planning some kind of strategy or hoping to get a man in close enough to sharpshoot me. That had happened to some poor boob back east the week before so I was edgy. The chief pilot of Northwest drove out on the grinder with the ransom money and the two parachutes I had ordered. One of the stewardesses I was holding another

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The Flag's editor was first approached in late March by a friend of a staffer who claimed to have an interview with the infamous D.B. Cooper. In

defiance of expectations, we met an ordinary looking man of 20 plus years who said he had a taped conversation with D.B. On the chance it might bear fruit we accompanied him to an office where he brought out a tape recorder and photograph. Before we were allowed access to either we signed an agreement of

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"Just Air And Gravity..."

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ANON: (laughter) Well, what about the landing, where did you come down?

COOPER: Sorry, I can't tell you that. I'll give you a clue though, it's over a hundred miles away from S.W. Washington.

ANON: But the FBI contends you bailed out down by Vancouver Washington, if I remember right.

COOPER: I don't want to disappoint you or your local Efrem Zimbalist, but they are wrong. If they had as much in the brains department as they do in the money department, I'd be in jail right now instead of talking to you. While we're on the subject, I wish somebody would ask that Milnes character just how much money he's spending to chase my ass. I bet it's a pretty penny over \$200,000.

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COOPER: In the neighborhood of five miles. Not too shabby for a first try.

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COOPER: Yes. In fact, I once was a Larry Lunchbucket at Boeing's.

ANON: Outrageous!

Were you an engineer at Boeing, or something like that?

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COOPER: I was getting to that. The ventral door on

the 727-100 is situated under the center engine. That meant that I could jump without being vacuum-cleaned into a 3,156-pound turbofan or diced into french fries on a flap. It was really the only ship, all 80 tons of it, that would fit my needs, and the door was the crux, the key. It's six-foot, four inches high and two feet, eight inches in width. Room to spare for an ordinary-sized person like myself, chute pack and all. Look. You don't get an encore for an act like mine. I figured everything down to a gnat's ass. Even the stairway I was to 'chute from. It's a hydraulically-operated number, and has automatic reversion to manual control. You might say, that, in skyjacking, it's the little things that count.

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25 cents

D.B. COOPER

FINDING

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It stated that under no conditions could we divulge our source, that we were not allowed to print the interview before the 1st of May, that after transcription the tape must be destroyed, in addition we agreed not to cooperate in any way with local police authorities.

All these conditions were quite amenable. But the next one required \$1000 cash. Before agreeing to say goodbye to real unmarked money we asked to see some proof, Clifford Irving still fresh in our minds. It was then that our source turned

over the picture and we saw a photograph of a twenty. "This bill," he said, "used to be in a local bank, then it was pulled out of a vault on Wednesday, the 24th of November, put in a case and taken to Seatac where it was delivered to D.B. Cooper, who some time later bailed out of a Northwest 727 with it in a sack tied to his body. There is no other way it could have gotten here without my meeting and talking to Cooper himself."

After calling a bank to verify, we met all the stated conditions.

Later, when we had heard the tape and realized just how great it was, we asked our anonymous source why he came to us. Well, the *PI* was out, it seems, because they were offering \$5,000 for his head. The *Times* was considered untrustworthy. And all the television stations would have required a tape from which voice prints could be made. The *Flag* was the last resort.

We have not seen him since, but we assume he will pick up a copy of this issue.

the Bureau is going to search every inch of ground between Seattle and Reno to find you?

COOPER: Happy Trails.

ANON: Aren't you afraid that they'll trace you through your skydiving experience or some of those 21 pounds of twenties you got from Northwest?

COOPER: WHAT skydiving experience? WHAT 21 pounds of twenties? It requires very few smarts to guess that anybody who can pull the first skydive from a commercial jet— in the dead of night, free-falling with 200 grand strapped around his gut, wearing street clothes and low-cut shoes—knows his ass from a D-ring, so to speak. Sure I've done a lot of skydiving over the

COOPER: Would it make a better story for you if I did?

ANON: No. But other lines fly the 727, don't they...?

COOPER: No, I had nothing against Northwest at all, far from it. They happen to be my very favorite airline right now. But I did know that Northwest is one of the biggest profit-makers of all the airlines, and that they could raise the \$200,000 fast. I was sure Northwest could get the money for me even if Flight 305 got in from Portland after the banks had closed for the day. And there were other considerations, too. There had never been a real skyjack at Seattle, and Northwest definitely does not have what I would call a "take me to

with the Xerox operators, that's damn sure. ANON: Did you, anywhere along the line, improvise during the skyjack itself, or did you stick to your original game plan?

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Peeking through one of the cabin windows I could see the refueling truck crewmen at the fueling point, at the underside of the starboard wing at mid-span. The statistics, from my Boeing days and homework, clicked in my head: standard fuel capacity for the 727-400 is precisely 7,174 gallons. That's U.S. Gallons. I was convinced we'd need every drop of it—including most of the fumes, where we were heading.

ANON: And where was that...?

COOPER: Mexico. (Clears his throat loudly.) Or at least that's where I wanted them to think I was taking them.

"Take me to
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not to cooperate in any way with local police authorities.

All these conditions were quite amenable. But the next one required \$1000 cash. Before agreeing to say goodbye to real unmarked money we asked to see some proof. Clifford Irving still fresh in our minds. It was then that our source turned

Times was considered untrustworthy. And all the television stations would have required a tape from which voice prints could be made. The *Flag* was the last resort.

We have not seen him since, but we assume he will pick up a copy of this issue.

the Bureau is going to search every inch of ground between Seattle and Reno to find you?

COOPER: Happy Trails.

ANON: Aren't you afraid that they'll trace you through your skydiving experience or some of those 21 pounds of twenties you got from Northwest?

COOPER: WHAT skydiving experience? WHAT 21 pounds of twenties? It requires very few smarts to guess that anybody who can pull the first skydive from a commercial jet—in the dead of night, free-falling with 200 grand strapped around his gut, wearing street clothes and low-cut shoes—knows his ass from a D-ring, so to speak. Sure, I've done a lot of skydiving over the years and belonged to several clubs, but I don't think that's much of a lead for the FBI to go on.

ANON: Why not?

COOPER: Because maybe 20,000, maybe more, people make the one jump—each year, I mean—that's needed to get their certificate. Most of them, maybe 75 per cent, qualify and then stop jumping. With a turnover like that it'll take the law years to pick up my scent. I did have one private quirk as a skydiver, though.

ANON: That being...?

COOPER: I did thousands of weight-lifts to build up my ankles. Even did roadwork with weighted leather socks of sand buckled to my ankles. Occasionally I would jump wearing low-cuts, but none of the other skydivers—they've got to be the most vain, glory-hounding types you'll find anywhere—ever noticed. They were too wrapped up in their own Superman fantasies.

what he said.

Peeking through one of the cabin windows from the refueling truck crewmen at the fueling point on the underside of the starboard wing at mid-span. The statistics from my Boeing days and homework kicked in my head: standard fuel capacity for the 727-400 is precisely 7,174 gallons. That's U.S. Gallons. I was convinced we'd need every drop of it—including most of the fumes, where we were heading.

ANON: And where was that...?

COOPER: Mexico. (Clears his throat loudly.) Or at least that's where I wanted them to think I was taking them.

"Take me to
Katmandu."

ANON: OK. Go on...

COOPER: I checked out the chutes and the loot, then I hit the intercom to the flight deck. My words were, "Let the passengers off. But I want everybody in the cockpit and the other two stews to stay on the plane. Is that clear?" The captain roger-ed that. It was at this point that my game plan, as you call it, went a little haywire. The passengers—there were around 34, 35, of them, by my count—began their exit, using the front airstairs and walking across the concrete to where a bus was waiting. Holding my bomb attache case, I went out into the cabin. Right then this guy, middle-aged and executive looking, began to push his way back through the line into the tourist compartment. I tensed, telling myself, "Oh-oh. Here's the oddball, the frustrated World

war II hero who saw 'Airport' and wants to get a medal hung around his neck at the White House and a free lifetime pass to ride on Northwest airplanes anywhere in the world."

ANON: What would you have done to stop the man?

COOPER: Well, I had my Beretta. Fortunately for both of us, he was not playing hero. He had only left his briefcase on his seat and was rushing back to pick it up. I sympathized with the man. He had that harried, pinch-faced look of an unemployed Boeing accountant. (General laughter.)

ANON: Now you were holding one of the stewardesses hostage. Where was this?

COOPER: Part of the time behind the rear galley curtain, part of the time in the toilet.

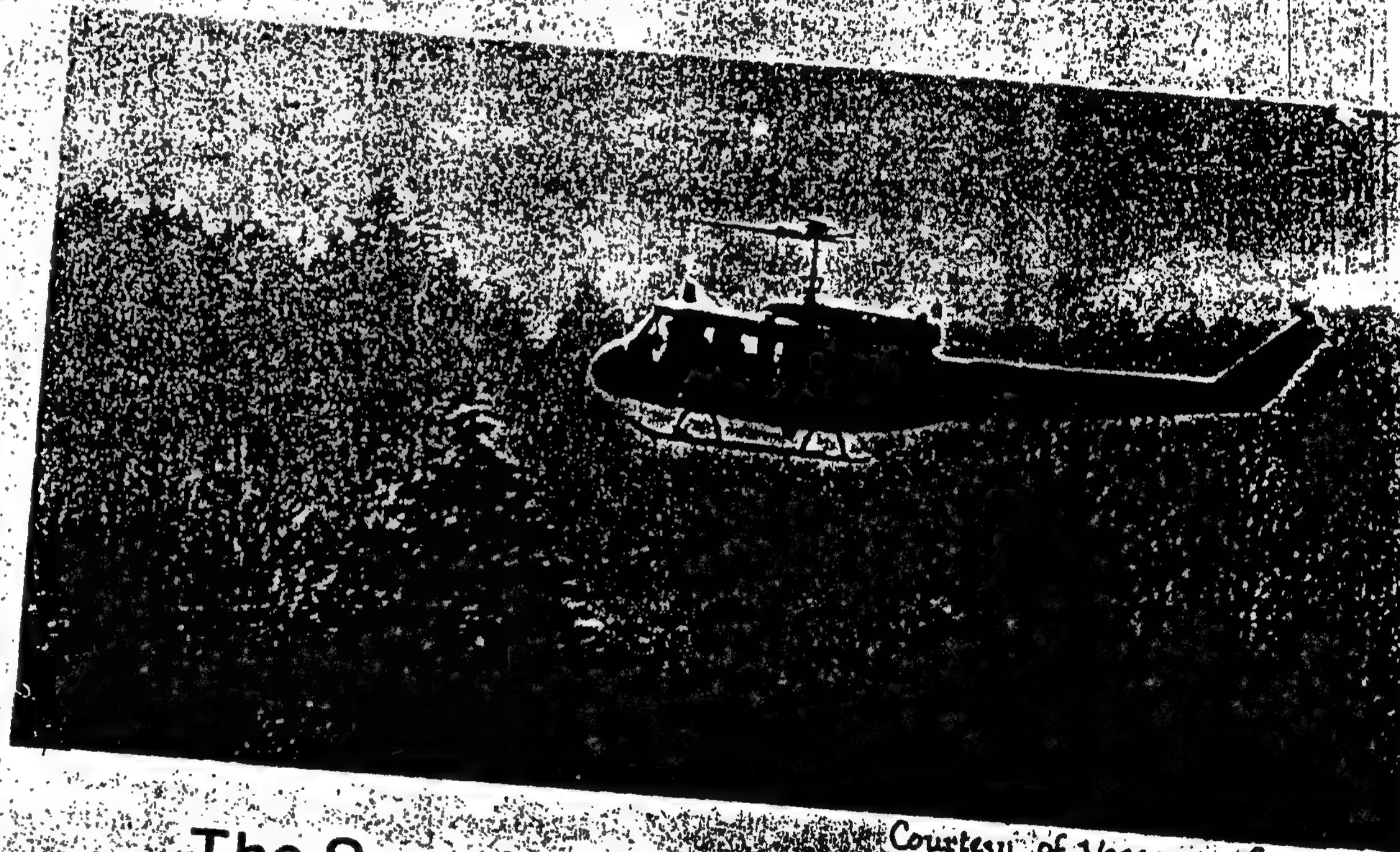
ANON: Which Stew was this?

COOPER: Mucklow. She was the blond, tall one. Had a wristwatch with a clunky leather band, as I remember. Hell, you've seen one stew, you've seen 'em all.

ANON: What did you do while you were waiting for the money and chutes.

COOPER: I watched, waited, and smoked. Oh, and I prayed to high heaven they didn't call my bluff. All I could have done was give them a shave. Seems like I smoked a couple packs of Raleighs too.

If the FBI was going to make a move it would have been at Sea-Tac. Everybody but the stew with me and the three-man crew was clear of the aircraft. I buzzed the cockpit and asked the captain what the hell was the holdup. He said they were having trouble with the vapor lock and that another truck was coming. I said, "OK, but remember, one truck at a time." Eventually five trucks came out, but only three of them were able to deliver. At this juncture, I



The Search: "The FBI was wrong."

way to Cuba. I began to realize that if I didn't hurry up and do it, I was going to go dingy.

ANON: It sounds like a Jerry Lewis movie. Have you heard that song about you?

COOPER: Yes.

playing hero? Uh-uh.

He did try to

Courtesy of Vancouver Columbian

flashing my "bomb" of course.

ANON: Do you recall what you told the captain?

COOPER: The last time, I do. I said, "It's takeoff time. Take me to Mexico."

ANON: What was the Captain's reaction?

COOPER: About the same as if I had said, "Take me to Katmandu". He looked at me as if I were totally insane. He said he could try Medford, Red Bluff or Reno, all on Vector 23. My response was negative. He then suggested San Francisco; I told him no, very emphatically. I said, "I want the flaps at 15 per cent and the gear down. I also want the ventral staircase down when you take off." He gave me a negative on the stairs.

ANON: You said, not too gently as I recall, "God damnit, I can't lift the nose and rotate with those flaps down." He also told me that he couldn't make Mexico with the flaps and gear down, but that he would compute the fuel consumption and shoot for Reno. I was glad he got my idea all by himself. I told him affirmative, to head south. Then I slammed the cockpit door and went back to the tourist compartment with the stew. According to my watch, we got airborne at 7:40 p.m., four hours and 42 minutes since leaving Portland. Like I said, I have a very good watch.

ANON: Speaking of Portland...Shortly after takeoff you handed your skyjack note to one of the stewardesses...

COOPER: Yes. The brunette, and she thought I was trying to proposition her...In a way, she was right.

ANON: You were very careful about retrieving that note, about not leaving it—or anything else—behind as evidence. Could you tell us what the note said?

COOPER: Word for word. It said, "I am hijacking this aircraft. Relay instructions to the ground that I want \$200,000 in \$20's and two parachutes delivered to me when the plane lands. I have a bomb." Thirty words. You know that's \$6,666 a word?

ANON: Not bad by anyone's standards. Tell me, were you scared of anything in particular when you first got on the plane?

COOPER: There was one thing. I had nightmares for almost a week prior to the jack. I would be on a plane with my homemade bomb and my note. And I would give the note to some dolly stewardess, and she would turn around and tell me that she was very sorry but that the plane had already been hijacked and we were on our

COOPER: I can look it up if you like. There is a D.B. Cooper listed.

ANON: We'd like to know something about the parachutes that were delivered to you aboard the jet. Were they to your liking?

COOPER: Negative. Somebody was playing games there. The backpack harness did not have the necessary D-rings for attaching the chestpacks. They were some sort of emergency rigs for aerobatic flying, I guess. So I just said to hell with it, I'd have to jump without a reserve.

ANON: Everyone assumed you asked for two parachutes so they wouldn't give you one with a note that said crime doesn't pay in it, not knowing whether you were going to force somebody, like the stewardess maybe, to bail out with you. What did you do with the extra parachute?

COOPER: I made a special point of not leaving it behind in the cabin. I cut it up into strips and used the strips to tie the money bag to my waist, very securely. Next question.

ANON: You've told us something about the jump, about working the escape door and plunging out into the darkness. How did you bail out without tipping off the crew?

COOPER:

(tape garbled briefly here.)

...took the stewardess forward, and ordered the captain to lock the door from the inside. I checked it out. It was locked. I returned aft, closing the first-class and tourist compartment curtains securely behind me. Do you know how eerie it is to have a complete airplane to yourself except for some scared robots? Anyway I got on the blower to the flight deck again, telling Scott to hold the aircraft at 7,000 feet, and speed at 200 miles per hour.

ANON: But how could you be sure he'd follow your orders?

COOPER: He'd been told to cooperate. More importantly, he'd seen me pop into his cockpit. I made a point of reading his gauges. If you were him would you want to risk upsetting a madman with a bomb by

...told him to keep the aircraft at 7,000 feet and speed at 200 miles per hour. I got too bugged my bomb was liable to go off. Then I said, as I remember,

"I'll be back in five years..."

"Now hear me, this is your skyjacker speaking. Nobody, under any circumstances, is to attempt to make any further contact with me. Is that understood?" They understood.

ANON: It was at that time that you leaped clear with the \$200,000?

COOPER: Well, sometime after that.

ANON: One final thing, Mr. Cooper. You've got \$200,000, a national reputation, you've been first at something you've wanted to do. That's awkward but you know what I mean...what now?

COOPER: I'm going to retire. Tonight, I am leaving for parts unknown.

ANON: You aren't going to fly, are you?

COOPER: What do you think?

ANON: Don't know, to tell the truth.

COOPER: Good. Loose lips sink ships. I've let mine flap far too freely. It's very hard to keep a story like mine inside. Especially after all the nonsense that has been written about me. Just as well that we cleared the air. You were the first to ask, did you know that?

ANON: My privilege. For your sake I hope I'm the only one to ask. When will you be back?

COOPER: Somewhere in the neighborhood of five years.

ANON: Why five years?

COOPER: That, my friend, is the statute of limitations.

FLAG: Goodbye Mr. Cooper, wherever you are and good luck.

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0 NORTH

(SUCCESSFUL SKYJACK)

PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI)--THE RIGHT \$20 BILL CAN GET YOU \$1,000 IN
PORTLAND, ORE.

THIS IS ONE LOTTERY THE FBI HOPES SOMEBODY CASHES IN ON.

D.F. COOPER INVENTED IT.

THE ORIGINAL SKYJACKER, AND ONLY SUCCESSFUL ONE, STILL AT
LARGE WITH \$500,000 IN RANSOM. COOPER JUMPED WITH THE MONEY FROM A
NORTHWEST AIRLINES PLANE THANKSGIVING EVE TWO YEARS AGO SOMEWHERE

IN THE STATE AND REMOVED

THE OREGON JOURNAL HAS OFFERED \$1,000 REWARD TO ANYONE WHO FINDS
\$20 BILL FROM THE COOPER HUNT, WHICH THE NEWSPAPER DESCRIBED AS "THE
AIRCRAFT WILKIN THAT CHANGED COMMERCIAL AIR TRAVEL FOR EVERYONE."

IT WAS DONE THAT.

THE SO-CALLED "STERILE CONCOURED" CONCEPT IS IN FORCE AT AIRPORTS
OVER THE COUNTRY. UNDER THE SYSTEM NO ONE ENTERS AN AIRCRAFT

LEAVING AREA WITHOUT SCREENING.

THE JOURNAL IS RUNNING A LIST OF THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE \$20
BILLS TAKEN BY COOPER AS AN AID TO THE PUBLIC SEARCH FOR THE RANSOM
MONEY. THE FBI SAYS THE LIST OF 10,000 SERIAL NUMBERS IS AVAILABLE

TO FBI OFFICES AROUND THE NATION, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN BECOMING

A D.F. COOPER GAME PLAYER.

UPI 11-23 07:03 PFS

WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

DEC 8 1973

NOV 21 1973

164-211-4

guy

DEC 8 1973

NOV 21 1973

6-11-73
1973

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- Asst. Dir.:
- Admin.
- Comp. Syst.
- Ext. Affairs
- Files & Com.
- Ident. Inv.
- Ident.
- Inspection
- Intell.
- Laboratory
- Plan. & Eval.
- Spec. Inv.
- Training
- Legal Coun.
- Telephone Rm.
- Director Sec'y

Assoc. Dir. _____
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 Laboratory _____
 Plan. & Eval. _____
 Spec. Inv. _____
 Training _____
 Legal Coun. _____
 Telephone Rm. _____
 Director Sec'y _____

044A

KIPERTS 11-10
 PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) -- THE FBI SAYS IT HAS DEFINITELY ELIMINATED ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN A CAPTURED BANK ROBBERY SUSPECT AND THE ELUSIVE SKYJACKER "D. B. COOPER" WHO PARACHUTED FROM AN AIRLINER IN 1971 WITH \$200,000 IN RANSOM.

JULIUS MATTSON, FBI SPECIAL AGENT, SAID FRIDAY ROBBERY SUSPECT ARVIDIS J. KIPERTS, 41, OF VANCOUVER, WASH., WAS NOT THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF "COOPER" IN THE HIJACKING OF THE NORTHWEST AIRLINES JETLINER.

THE AGENT SAID "COOPER" WAS DESCRIBED AS THIN BUT KIPERTS WAS STOCKY. HE ADDED THAT WITNESSES TO THE HIJACKING LOOKED AT A PICTURE OF KIPERTS AND SAID HE WAS NOT "COOPER."

THE FBI SAID IT HAD CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE THAT KIPERTS WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE AT THE TIME OF THE PLANE HIJACKING.

KIPERTS WAS ARRESTED IN SAN DIEGO, CALIF., MONDAY NIGHT ON AN OREGON BANK ROBBERY CHARGE AND IS A SUSPECT IN A SECOND BANK ROBBERY IN OREGON IN WHICH THE HOLDUP MAN DOODLED THE NAME "D. B. COOPER" ON A BANK DEPOSIT SLIP.

A MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF D. B. COOPER HIJACKED THE PLANE BETWEEN PORTLAND AND SEATTLE ON THANKSGIVING EVE, 1971, AND DEMANDED THE RANSOM AND FOUR PARACHUTES. HE BAILED OUT OF THE PLANE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN SEATTLE AND RENO, NEV. AND DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE.

KIPERTS IS BEING HELD IN LIEU OF \$150,000 BAIL AND IS SCHEDULED TO APPEAR BEFORE A U.S. MAGISTRATE IN SAN DIEGO NOV. 19.

UPI 11-10 04:20 AES

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WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

EX-100-211-164-211-1

NOV 28 1973

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Cooper Bill List Creates 'Unusual Interest' In \$20s

Banks in the Portland area are reporting an "unusual interest" in \$20 bills.

They believe the demand for the bills is the result of the decision of The Journal to publish the numbers of all the \$20 bills included in \$200,000 extorted by airline hijacker D. B. Cooper two years ago.

A man calling himself Cooper extorted the money from Northwest Orient Airlines, then apparently bailed out of a skyjacked plane over Southwestern Washington.

John Kodel of First National Bank said all of the tellers of the bank's Head Office

branch had been asked to change money into \$20 bills by persons hoping to cash in on The Journal's offer to pay \$1,000 to the person bringing in the first \$20 bill from Cooper's haul.

The money may also be turned in to any office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Kodel said fairly large sums of money were being exchanged for \$20 bills, many by people carrying copies of The Journal's listings.

The largest sum was brought in by a man who laid five \$100 bills on the

counter, and asked for \$20 bills in return," said Kodel.

One woman wrote The Journal from Orlando, Fla., saying that she had asked for her Social Security payment in \$20 bills.

The Florida correspondent and others writing from New York, Virginia, Vermont, California and Hawaii have been advised to check the numbers of their \$20 bills at local offices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Copies of the numbers also are in the hands of Scotland Yard, Interpol and major police agencies throughout the world.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

11 THE OREGON JOURNAL
PORTLAND, OREG

Date: November, 28, 1963

Edition:

Author: Rolla J. Crick

Editor: Donald Sterling

Title: NORJAK

Character:

or

Bufile

Classification: 164-2111

Submitting Office: Portland

☒ Being Investigated

a wristwatch, with a clunky leather band, as I remember. Hell, you've seen one stew, you've seen 'em all.

ANON: What did you do while you were waiting for the money and chutes.

COOPER: I watched, waited, and smoked. Oh, and I prayed to high heaven they didn't call my bluff. All I could have done was give them a shave. Seems like I smoked a couple packs of Raleighs too.

If the FBI was going to make a move it would have been at Sea-Tac. Everybody but the stew with me and the three-man crew was clear of the aircraft. I buzzed the cockpit and asked the captain what the hell was the holdup. He said they were having trouble with the vapor lock, and that another truck was coming. I said, "OK, but remember, one truck at a time." Eventually five trucks came out, but only three of them were able to deliver. At this juncture, I came awfully close to blowing my cool. I went forward to the cockpit.

ANON: You were in the cockpit?

COOPER: Affirmative. In point of fact, I was there twice while the ship was on the ground, both times flashing my "bomb", of course.

ANON: Do you recall what you told the captain?

COOPER: The last time, I do. I said, "It's takeoff time. Take me to Mexico."

ANON: What was the Captain's reaction?

COOPER: About the same as if I had said, "Take me to Katmandu". He looked at me as if I were totally insane. He said he could try Medford, Red Bluff or Reno, all on Vector 23. My response was negative. He then suggested San Francisco; I told him no, very emphatically. I said, "I want the flaps at 15 per cent and the gear down. I also want the ventral staircase down when you take off." He gave me a negative on the stairs. He said, not too gently as I recall, "God damnit, I can't rotate for departure—lift the nose and rotate—with those stairs down." He also told me that he couldn't make Mexico with the flaps and gear down, but that he would compute the fuel consumption and shoot for Reno. I was glad he got my idea all by himself. I told him affirmative, to head south. Then I slammed the cockpit door and went back to the tourist compartment with the stew. According to my watch, we got airborne at 7:40 p.m., four hours and 42 minutes since leaving Portland. Like I said, I have a very good watch.

ANON: Speaking of Portland...Shortly after takeoff you handed your skyjack note to one of the stewardesses...

COOPER: Yes. The brunette, and she thought I was trying to proposition her...In a way, she was right.

ANON: You were very careful about retrieving that note, about not leaving it—or anything else—behind as evidence. Could you tell us what the note said?

COOPER: Word for word. It said, "I am 'hijacking

Courtesy of Vancouver Columbian

The Search: "The FBI was wrong."

way to Cuba. I began to realize that if I didn't hurry up and do it, I was going to go dingy.

ANON: It sounds like a Jerry Lewis movie. Have you heard that song about you?

COOPER: Yes. And I still hear it in my sleep. I think it should be number one on the shit parade. It stinks.

ANON: D.B. Cooper...Is that your real name?

COOPER: Of course not!

ANON: There was another passenger on Flight 305 named Cooper. Was that your inspiration or what?

COOPER: I stuck a pin in a Seattle phone book. You can look it up if you like. There is a D.B. Cooper listed.

ANON: We'd like to know something about the parachutes that were delivered to you aboard the jet. Were they to your liking?

COOPER: Negative. Somebody was playing games there. The backpack harness did not have the necessary D-rings for attaching the chestpacks. They were some sort of emergency rigs for aerobatic flying, I guess. So I just said to hell with it, I'd have to jump without a reserve.

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(tape garbled briefly here.)

...took the stewardess forward, and ordered the captain to lock the door from the inside. I checked it out. It was locked. I returned aft, closing the first-class and tourist compartment curtains securely behind me.

playing hero? Uh-uh.

He did try to humor me with a steady line of chatter on the passenger P.A. And he was a smoothie.

ANON: What did he say?

COOPER: He kept saying that a smart hijacker would land in San Francisco, things like that. Jesus, I almost thought he was in my corner. It didn't take much of that to piss me. I told him to knock it off, that his monolog was beginning to bug me and that if I got too bugged my bomb was liable to go off. Then I said, as I remember,

"I'll be back in five years..."

"Now hear me, this is your skyjacker speaking. Nobody under any circumstances, is to attempt to make any further contact with me. Is that understood?" The understood.

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ANON: You aren't going to fly, are you?

COOPER: What do you think?

ANON: Don't know, to tell the truth.

COOPER: Good. Loose lips sink ships. I've let my flap far too freely. It's very hard to keep a story

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By Allen Nacheman

Portland, Ore. —AP—

Two years after parachuting from a Northwest Airlines jet with \$200,000 in ransom money, the plane hijacker known as Dan Cooper remains a folk hero and a mystery.

He is, according to the US Department of Transportation, the only person ever to hijack a domestic airliner who has not been killed or brought to justice. He may be dead, but...

"We really know nothing more about him today than we did at 11 p.m. Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1971" says Julius Mattson, special agent in charge of the Portland FBI office.

Authorities said this is what happened on that Thanksgiving Eve:

A man who gave his name as Dan Cooper bought a one way ticket at Portland International Airport to Seattle aboard Northwest Airlines' Flight 305 which originated in Washington, D. C.

No antihijacking measures were in operation as the 36 passengers boarded the Boeing 727 for the 25 minute flight.

Handed a note

Once in the air, Cooper handed stewardess Tina Mucklow a note saying he had a bomb. Following Cooper's orders, Miss Mucklow sat beside the skyjacker and wrote down instructions to the pilot.

He wanted 10,000 twenty dollar bills to be delivered to him at Seattle in a laundry sack, along with two sets of parachutes. Otherwise he

threatened to blow up the plane.

Airline officials and FBI agents complied with his requests and Cooper allowed the passengers and two of the three stewardesses to disembark at Seattle.

Then he ordered the plane to fly south to Reno, Nev., at 200 miles per hour, at 10,000 feet, flaps down. The crew was to stay in the cockpit.

After takeoff from Seattle, a red light flashed in the cockpit indicating the plane's rear boarding ramp had been unlatched.

Nothing was heard from Cooper for about 20 minutes. At 8:10 p.m., as the plane crossed the Lewis River in southwestern Washington,

Capt. William Scott thought the hijacker was having trouble with the ramp and called back over the plane's interphone:

"Anything we can do for you?"

There was no answer.

Light flashes again

Another light flashed showing the ramp was fully extended. A few seconds later the hijacker came back on the interphone: "No."

That was the last ever heard of him.

When the plane landed in Reno, the rear ramp was down and Cooper was gone. The 21 pound sack of money was gone. One set of parachutes was gone. The skyjacker, who had carefully reclaimed his note to the stewardess, had left no fingerprints.

Authorities believed Cooper jumped from the plane near Woodland, Wash. The town was transformed into a bustling command post for a small army of newsmen and dozens of FBI agents, police and soldiers from Ft. Lewis, Wash.

With planes, helicopters, jeeps and track dogs, they combed the vast, densely wooded region northeast of Woodland. Much of it was rugged terrain, thick with freshly fallen snow, and virtually impassable.

The hijacker left the plane

clad only in a light business suit and street shoes. He parachuted into the blackness of a raging thunderstorm, into a 200 m.p.h. hour wind and temperature of minus 7 degrees.

He could not have survived, police reasoned. They said they were simply looking for a body and a bag of money and that could wait

until the spring thaw. A week later the army of searchers was disbanded.

In the ensuing months, Cooper became a legend in the Northwest — pictured as a lone Robin Hood who stole from a giant corporation, hurt no one and got away. A song extolling his feat became a hit. "D. B. Cooper, Where Are You?" T-shirts sold by the thousands.

The media had erroneously identified the skyjacker as D. B. rather than Dan Cooper.

Then, late in March 1972, 300 soldiers from Ft. Lewis searched the thawing terrain for 18 days. They found not a trace of Cooper. "Although we did find a body and cleared up a local murder," says FBI agent Mattson.

"We investigated every report and so far have proved that the various men reported to be Cooper could not have been the man on Flight 305," Mattson says.

No evidence

"We have no physical evidence to go on except the \$20 bills," he said, adding the numbers of all 10,000 bills were circulated to banks in a 34 page booklet. None has turned up.

Northwest Airlines, which offered a \$25,000 reward

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Hijack

From page 1

for recovery of the ransom has canceled the offer.

But last week, on the second anniversary of the hijacking, the Oregon Journal newspaper offered \$1,000 to anyone who could produce one of the \$20 bills. There have been no takers.

Mattson says a number of FBI agents have worked on the case, to no avail.

Is he convinced Cooper is dead?

"No. The terrain is just too rugged... to be thoroughly searched. And there is still the possibility he may have landed in Lake Merwin, which is 30 miles long, a mile wide and too deep to drag or be searched by divers.

"We are keeping an open mind for lack of evidence either way — that he is dead or alive. We are still working as hard on the case now as we were two years ago."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'Cooper' Bill Reward Offered

The Journal, in cooperation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is publishing the complete list of serial numbers of 10,000 \$20 bills paid to the man identified as "D.B. Cooper" Thanksgiving Eve, 1971, in return for the release of passengers and some stewardesses of a Northwest Orient Airlines 727 jet he hijacked out of Portland.

Because of the enormity of the task, the list of serial numbers will be published in installments. The first grouping of numbers is at the left.

There are 34 pages of numbers in the FBI's official list and each of these pages will

be reproduced by The Journal. Readers can clip and mount the reproductions on notebook paper and create their own copies of the official list.

The currency paid to Cooper was collected in a few short hours in the Seattle area that night two years ago while the hijacked jetliner waited on a runway at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport and airline and law enforcement officials negotiated for release of passengers and some crew members.

The money was all in \$20 Federal Reserve notes.

It disappeared with Cooper when he parachuted from the rear stairs of the jetliner between Seattle and Reno.

Banks and other financial institutions have had copies of the list of serial numbers since it was first prepared by the FBI shortly after the air piracy occurred. This is the first time that the list

has been made available to the public.

The series year for the bills, if known, is shown after the serial numbers.

Readers are requested to examine all \$20 bills now in their possession or which hereafter come into their possession to ascertain whether they have any of the missing ransom money.

The Journal will pay \$1,000 for the first \$20 bill from that ransom money that is turned in either to the newspaper or to the FBI.

Check the list of serial numbers published in this and subsequent editions of the newspaper. You may have one of the missing bills.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Winner Of D.B. Cooper \$20 Bill Hunt Gets \$1,000

Are you checking the serial numbers of the \$20 bills in your possession against the list being published in The Journal of bills given to the aircraft hijacker identified as D.B. or Dan Cooper?

It's a fascinating game which could pay you \$1,000 for one of the Cooper 20s and could result in solution of one of law enforcement's most baffling cases.

Checking serial numbers has resulted in solution of two Pacific Northwest crimes in the past decade, according to files of the FBI.

The Bank of California in Tacoma, Wash., was robbed Feb. 14, 1966 of \$9,850 and the amount included 10 \$20 bills that could be identified by serial number.

Numbers of the bills were circularized by Tacoma police in shopping centers and a few days later a man was arrested after he passed two bills identifiable as part of the bank robbery money.

He said he stole the money from a parked car, but in subsequent investigation he and two other men were implicated in the bank robbery and each was later sentenced to prison.

The second case had thrilling overtones and involved the leaving of \$25,000 at a specified site in Anchorage,

Alaska, in answer to a demand from a man who telephoned an airline that "a crooked egg" (bomb) was aboard a Seattle-bound jetliner and would explode when the plane descended to 10,000 feet.

The jet had 118 passengers, including 72 children, and 9 crew members aboard. Under those conditions, the airline arranged for the money to be delivered to the designated site and then awaited a call to describe the hiding place of the bomb and how to disarm it.

The call never came and eventually the jet had to land after five tension-filled hours and did so at Seattle with people praying and holding their breath. There was no bomb.

But in the bundle of bills making up the \$25,000 was a number of bills in which the serial numbers had been recorded and these numbers were distributed to airlines, banks, savings and loan associations, car rental companies, hotels, finance companies, grocery stores and other places.

The extortion occurred Aug. 11, 1970. In mid-September one of the identifiable bills turned up in a bank. FBI agents traced the bill to an apartment house manager, then to a renter of an apartment and finally to another bank. Eventually it was determined that a man

who had paid cash for renting a car on Aug. 12 had lived in the area of the pay-off site, all because of the one bill that turned up.

Still later, the Klamath Falls Police Department inquired about a man who had arrived in that city with a large amount of money and had paid off his wife's debts. FBI agents based in Portland determined that the man had been a big spender while in Oregon, giving his wife \$1,400, his mother-in-law \$400, paying \$100 to a bar owner for loss of a barmaid for one night, buying two cars and spending \$500 to \$1,000 per evening buying drinks for customers in a bar.

Sept. 20, 1970, the FBI arrested a West German citizen in Portland and he admitted making the hoax calls to the airline. He later that year was sentenced to five years in the custody of the attorney general of the United States on a charge of imparting or conveying false information.

Checking the \$20 bills in your possession against those in the so-called Cooper caper might result in solution of that case also. The Journal is publishing the serial numbers in installments (some are at left) and will publish more of them over the next several days until the complete list has been made available to readers.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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G98 143 790A 69	H23 952 793A 63A	100 139 817A 69	103 134 817A 69	104 386 397A 63A
G98 232 227A 69	H24 286 136A 63A	100 157 550 63A	103 156 320A 69	104 398 182A 63A

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Skyjacked \$20 Report May Be Secret

By ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

The Journal is making its "Secret Witness" plan available for use in helping recover the "Cooper cash," the \$200,000 that disappeared the night of Nov. 24, 1971, with the parachuting hijacker popularly known as D. B. Cooper.

The plan can be used with or separate from the newspaper's offer to pay \$1,000 for the first \$20 bill to be turned in that can be verified by the FBI to be part of the money Cooper obtained from Northwest Orient Airlines prior to jumping from a jetliner he had commandeered. It can be used to return the money, enter into negotiations for its return or to provide information on the whereabouts of the elusive hijacker.

The "Secret Witness" plan will enable someone with one or more of the missing bills to surrender the money and still keep his or her identity secret.

Here is how to use the plan:

1. Place the money in a place of your choosing and write down instructions for locating it.

2. Do not sign your name, but on both lower corners of the first page write a code, using any combination of

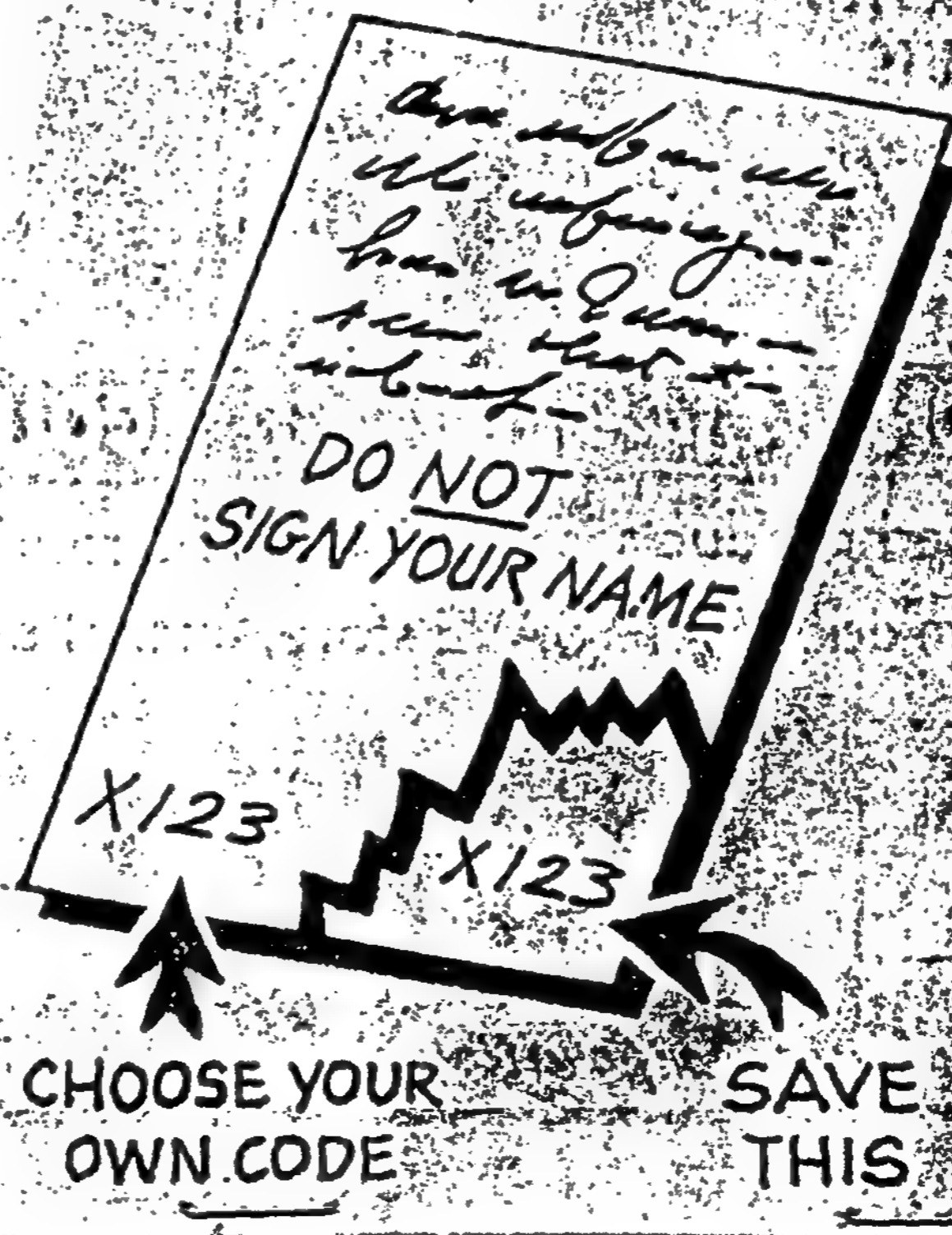
numbers and letters.

3. Tear off one of the corners, making a jagged tear. Keep the torn off corner bearing your code and mail the report containing the duplicate code to "Secret Witness," The Journal, 1320 SW Broadway, Portland, Ore. 97201.

The Journal will forward

your information to the FBI which will pick up the money and verify whether it is indeed from the Cooper ransom. If it is, that fact will be published in the newspaper.

After that, give the torn off corner you have kept to a trusted friend or to an attorney or to your minister with instructions to take it direct-



(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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ly to the Secret Witness plan coordinator at The Journal. If the codes and torn edges match, your agent will be given the \$1,000 for the first \$20 of the "Cooper cash" to be turned in.

The procedure listed in points 1, 2 and 3 can be followed for supplying information about what has happened to Cooper.

Julius Mattson, agent in charge of the Portland office of the FBI, says he can visualize situations where people with the money might be willing to turn it in, but do not wish it to become known that they have the money.

"Suppose someone had found the money and has been holding onto it afraid to turn it in, or has even spent some of it and then become afraid of the consequences; such a person might welcome the 'Secret Witness' opportunity," Mattson added.

There has long been speculation that the hijacker perished in his nocturnal leap from the jetliner and that some day a hunter or hiker would find his body or the money somewhere along the flight path of the aircraft between Seattle and Reno. It is this possibility to which Mattson refers.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

List Of \$20 Numbers Spurs Hunt For D.B. Cooper

By ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

The search goes on.

For two years, the FBI has combed the woods for a clue to the location of the airline hijacker who called himself Dan Cooper and of the \$200,000 he extorted from Northwest Orient Airlines.

"We've never stopped looking for the man or the money or both," J. Earl Milne, agent in charge of the Seattle office of the FBI, informed The Journal Tuesday in thanking the newspaper for publishing the serial numbers of the missing \$20 bills.

The baffling Cooper case falls under the jurisdiction of the Seattle FBI office because the actual extortion of the money occurred in Seattle, although the crime had its beginning in Portland.

"Leads continually are being received and we check them out," Milne said.

"But I would like to add my continued plea for people to look for the missing bills. If we could recover just one of those \$20 bills, it would put us far ahead of where we have been."

The Journal is offering \$1,000 for the first of the missing bills to be turned in either to the newspaper or to any office of the FBI. Authenticity of the bill as a part of the Cooper ransom money will be verified by the FBI and then, The Journal will pay the \$1,000 to the person who had it.

The reward offer has attracted attention across the nation. Inquiries about it have been received by the newspaper from as far away as Virginia, New York, Los Angeles and Hawaii.

Reproduction of the FBI's official 34-page booklet of the 10,000 "Cooper cash" serial numbers was started in The Journal Thanksgiving Day and will be continued in installments. Persons who cannot easily obtain copies of the newspaper could inquire at the FBI office nearest their home cities as to whether they could obtain or inspect a copy of the FBI's list.

Since making the reward offer, The Journal has referred to the FBI information coming to it on the finding of part of a parachute at the 6,700-foot level on the northeast slope of Mt. Hood.

The find was recent and may have no connection with the Cooper case, but Julius Mattson, agent in charge of the Portland office of the FBI, said a part of the find is being sent to Seattle for comparison with what is known about the four parachutes delivered to the hijacker. The parachutes and the money were delivered to "Cooper" as ransom for the passengers and some crew members of the jet he commandeered out of Portland.

Milne said the composite picture of the hijacker published on Page 1 of this edition of The Journal "is the best likeness we have ever had of the man."

The hijacker bought a ticket to Seattle, giving the name Dan Cooper, about an hour before he boarded NWA flight 305 at Portland International Airport on Thanksgiving Eve, 1971. He handed his demand note to a stewardess, displayed what appeared to be a dynamite bomb in the briefcase he carried, and warned, "No funny stuff."

The crew cautioned against intervention from law enforcement people for fear the hijacker would carry out his threat. The jet spent several hours on the ground at Seattle while the money was rounded up. Then the passengers and all but a skeleton crew were released and the 737 took off toward Reno.

The hijacker disappeared from the jetliner after the rear stairway was lowered in flight. So did the money.

Cooper spoke in a low voice and intelligently. There was no particular accent, according to the witnesses, although possibly he spoke as someone from the mid-West section of the United States.

He smoked Raleigh filter-tipped cigarets. He was dressed in a black or brown suit, narrow black tie, white shirt, black rain-type overcoat or topcoat and brown shoes. He carried a dark briefcase and a paper bag.

During part of the flight, he put on dark wrap-around sunglasses with dark frames.

He was thought to be in his mid-40s, 5 feet 10 to 6 feet, 170 to 180 pounds and had an olive or Latin appearance. He parted his dark hair on the left and combed it back.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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\$20 - FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE

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103 473 191A 69
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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Where's D.B. Cooper?

Journal Reward Aids Search



Have You Seen Him?

HERE ARE artist's composite sketches of parachuting hijacker Dan Cooper who disappeared with \$200,000 from Northwest Orient Airlines jet Nov. 24, 1971, as it flew at his orders between Seattle and Reno.

The FBI is still looking for him and money. The Journal is offering \$1,000 for first \$20 of that money to be turned in, if money matches serial numbers of any of 10,000 bills that vanished with Cooper. Some of serial numbers are to be found on page 2.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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Dep. AD Inv.

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ADV FOR SUNDAY, NOV. 24

A THREE-YEAR-OLD QUESTION:

WHERE IS D.B. COOPER?

BY B.J. MCFARLAND

PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) -- IT'S THANKSGIVING TIME AND THOUGHTS AROUND HERE NOT ONLY TURN TO TURKEY, PUMPKIN PIE AND FOOTBALL, BUT ALSO TO D.B. COOPER, HISTORY'S FIRST AND ONLY SUCCESSFUL PARACHUTING SKY BANDIT. WHERE IS HE AND WHERE DID HE STASH THE CASH?

THREE YEARS AGO ON THANKSGIVING EVE COOPER WENT ABOARD A NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES FLIGHT IN PORTLAND FOR A SHORT HOP TO SEATTLE.

THE PLANE WASN'T AIRBORNE MUCH MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES WHEN ONE OF THE MORE BIZARRE CRIMES IN HISTORY WAS COMMITTED.

COOPER, THREATENING TO SET OFF AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE, DEMANDED AND GOT \$200,000 IN \$20 BILLS DELIVERED, ALONG WITH THREE PARACHUTES, TO THE PLANE IN SEATTLE. THEN AFTER ALLOWING THE PASSENGERS TO DEBARK, HE ORDERED THE CREW TO FLY THE 727 TO RENO, NEV., FOLLOWING A COURSE DOWN THE WESTERN SECTOR OF WASHINGTON AND OREGON BEFORE CUTTING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS ON A DIRECT FLIGHT TO RENO. SOMEWHERE IN ROUTE HE BAILED OUT VIA THE TAIL EXIT.

NO TRACE OF COOPER OR THE MONEY EVER WAS FOUND.

IT SET OFF A CHAIN OF SIMILAR SKYJACKINGS THAT CHANGED THE FACE OF AIR TRAVEL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

BUT ONLY COOPER BEAT THE LAW AT TAKING THE MONEY AND JUMPING. THE LAW STILL IS LOOKING FOR HIM.

"THE CASE IS AN ACTIVE ONE, NOT ONLY HERE BUT THROUGH THE UNITED STATES," SAID JULIUS MATTSON, AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE FBI PORTLAND OFFICE.

"WE'RE STILL GETTING LEADS," HE SAID, "BUT NOT QUITE AS HEAVY AS WE WERE. THE CASE STILL IS IN THE PUBLIC MIND AND WHEN THE PUBLIC THINKS OF IT, IT ALSO THINKS OF US."

"THERE REALLY HAS BEEN NO SUBSTANTIVE DEVELOPMENT. THE WORK NOW IS MOSTLY ELIMINATING POSSIBILITIES, PROVING OR DISPROVING TIPS OFFERED."

WASHINGTON CAPITAL NEWS SERVICE

164-2111

Perfect Crime Fans

Count the Years: 1, 2, 3...

By B. J. McFARLAND

United Press International

AROUND this time of year in the Pacific Northwest, thoughts turn to the mystery of D. B. Cooper, history's first and only successful parachuting sky bandit. Where is he and where did he stash the cash?

Three years ago, Cooper went aboard a Northwest Orient airlines flight in Portland for a short hop to Seattle.

The plane wasn't airborne much more than five minutes when one of the more bizarre crimes in history was committed.

Got What He Wanted

Cooper, threatening to set off an explosive device, demanded and got \$200,000 in \$20 bills delivered, along with three parachutes, to the plane in Seattle. Then after allowing the passengers to debark, he ordered the crew to fly the 727 to Reno, following a course down the western sector of Washington and Oregon before cutting across the mountains on a direct flight to Reno. Somewhere en route, he bailed out from the tail exit.

No trace of Cooper or the money ever was found.

Cooper's foray set off a chain of similar skyjackings that changed the face of air travel throughout the world.

But only Cooper beat the law at taking the money and jumping. The law is still looking for him.

"The case is an active one, not only here but throughout the United States," said Julius Mattson, agent in charge of the FBI's Portland office.

"We're still getting leads," he said, "but not quite as heavy as we were. The case still is in the public mind and when the public thinks of it, it also thinks of us."

"There really has been no substantive development. The work now is mostly eliminating possibilities, proving or disproving tips offered."



Police sketch of Cooper.

"Not one of the \$20 bills has turned up anywhere."

Cooper apparently strapped the money to his body for the jump. A theory that he may have fallen into Lake Merwin, east of Woodland in southwest Washington about 80 miles north of Portland, could not be proved following an exhaustive search by the FBI and Army troops from Fort Lewis, Wash.

Things Changed Forever

The rash of skyjackings that followed brought multiple changes for the air traveler, the major one being search of luggage and persons. The electronic surveillance has produced an arsenal of weapons and explosives.

The Federal Aviation Administration reports that, during the first nine months of this year, 65,300 dangerous items were seized at airport security checkpoints in the United States. The total included 1,657 guns, 12,638 explosive devices and 21,221 knives.

While skyjackings no longer are commonplace, the FAA says the danger always exists, and because of it security checks likely are to continue as a permanent part of air travel.

The Washington Post

Washington Star-News

Daily News (New York)

The New York Times

The Wall Street Journal

The National Observer

The Los Angeles Times

DEC 1 1974

Date

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202 JAN 9 1974

54 JAN 10 1975

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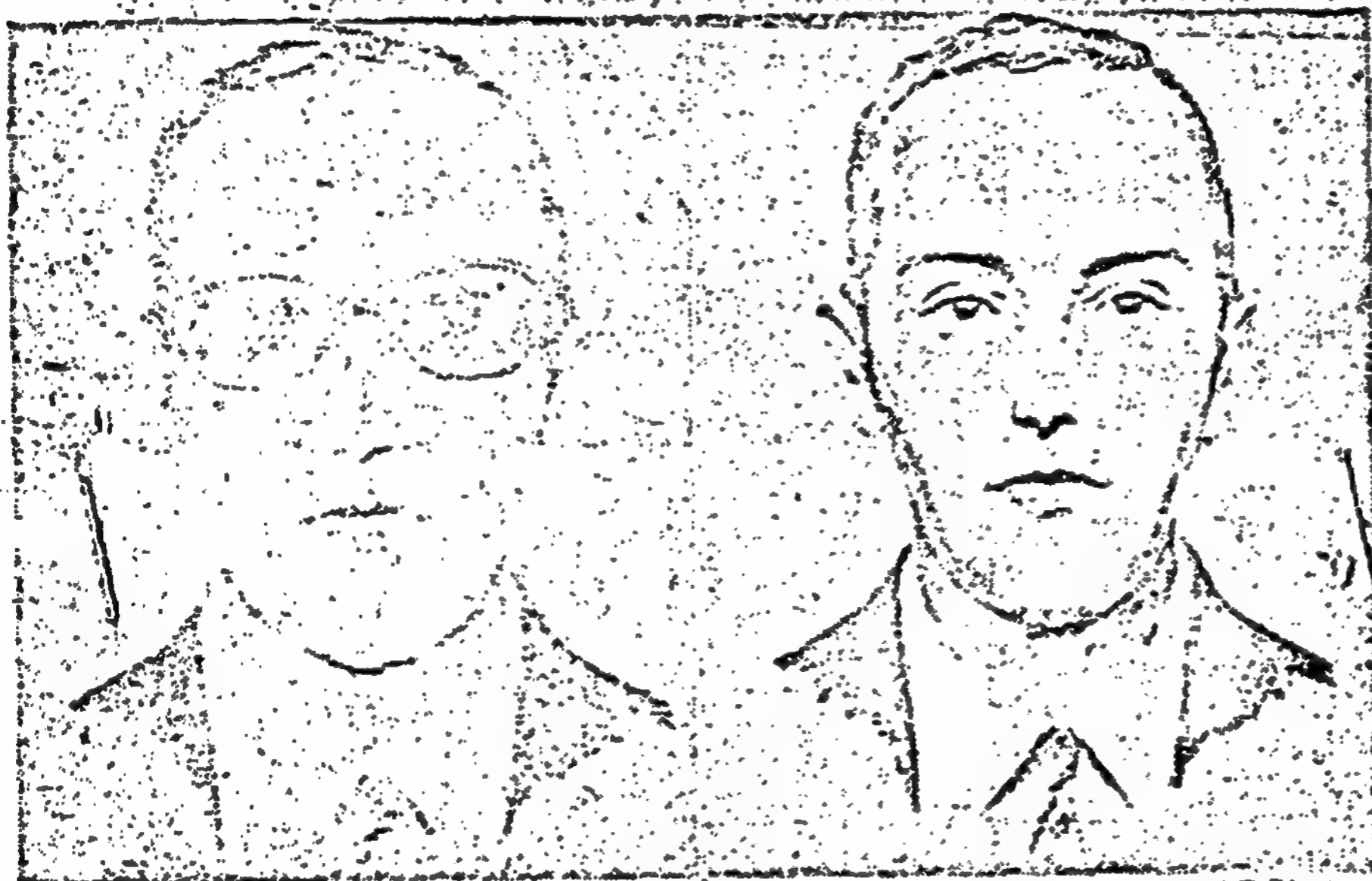
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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Is hijacker Dan Cooper alive and wealthy? Or dead in ch



—AP Photos

These are composite sketches of hijacker Dan Cooper, based on recollections of the passengers and crew on the plane from which he escaped with \$200,000.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Date: 12/8/73
Edition: GREEN SHEET
Author:
Editor: RICHARD LEWIS
Title:

Character:
or
Classification: CAR
Submitting Office: AIR PIR

Investigation



BUR 164-2111 11-30-71



BUR 164-2111 SE 164-81



BUR 164-2111 SE 164-81

APR 24 1972



BUR 164-2111 11-27-71



IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

v.

JOHN DOE, also known as
DAN COOPER, and more
particularly described
below,

Defendant.

CR 76-

I N D I C T M E N T

(49 U.S.C. §1301(15) and (34),
§1472(i) and 18 U.S.C. §1961)

THE GRAND JURY CHARGES:

COUNT I

On or about the 24th day of November, 1971, in the District
of Oregon, JOHN DOE, also known as DAN COOPER, a male Caucasian, age
mid-Forties; height 5'10"-6'; weight 170-180 lbs.; physical build aver-
age to well built; complexion olive, medium smooth; hair dark brown or
black, parted on left, combed back, of greasy appearance; sideburns at
low ear level; eyes brown or dark; voice low without particular accent
using an intelligent vocabulary; and a heavy smoker of cigarettes,
defendant, did knowingly commit and attempt to commit aircraft piracy.

within the special aircraft jurisdiction of the United States by seizing and exercising control by force and violence and by threats of force and violence and with wrongful intent, of a civil aircraft of the United States while such aircraft was in flight, that is, a civil aircraft then being operated by Northwest Orient Airlines as Flight No. 305 between Portland, Oregon, in the District of Oregon, and Seattle-Tacoma International Airport in the Western District of Washington, all in violation of Section 902(i) of the Federal Aviation Act of 1958, 49 U.S.C. §1301(15) and (34) and §1472(i).

COUNT II

On or about the 24th day of November, 1971, in the District of Oregon, JOHN DOE, also known as DAN COOPER, a male Caucasian, age mid-Forties; height 5'10"-6'; weight 170-180 lbs.; physical build average to well built; complexion olive, medium smooth; hair dark brown or black, parted on left, combed back, of greasy appearance; sideburns at low ear level; eyes brown or dark; voice low without particular accent; using an intelligent vocabulary; and a heavy smoker of cigarettes, defendant, did knowingly and wilfully attempt to obstruct, delay and affect commerce and the movement of articles and commodities in commerce, that is, a Boeing 727 three engine jet airliner, aircraft passengers, their baggage, freight and U.S. Mail, known as and included within Northwest Orient Airlines Flight No. 305 between Portland, Oregon, in the District of Oregon, and Seattle-Tacoma International Airport in the Western District of Washington, by extortion, that is to say, defendant attempted to obtain and did obtain the sum of \$200,000 in the form of United States currency from and with the consent of

Northwest Orient Airlines, such consent induced by a wrongful use of actual and threatened force, violence and fear in that defendant did, while on board the aircraft, display to members of the aircraft crew a device claimed by defendant to be a bomb coupled with defendant's demand that the sum of \$200,000 be delivered to him in order to assure the continued safety of the aircraft and its contents, all in violation of 18 U.S.C. §1951.

Dated this _____ day of November, 1976.

A TRUE BILL.

Foreman.

SIDNEY I. LEZAK
United States Attorney
District of Oregon

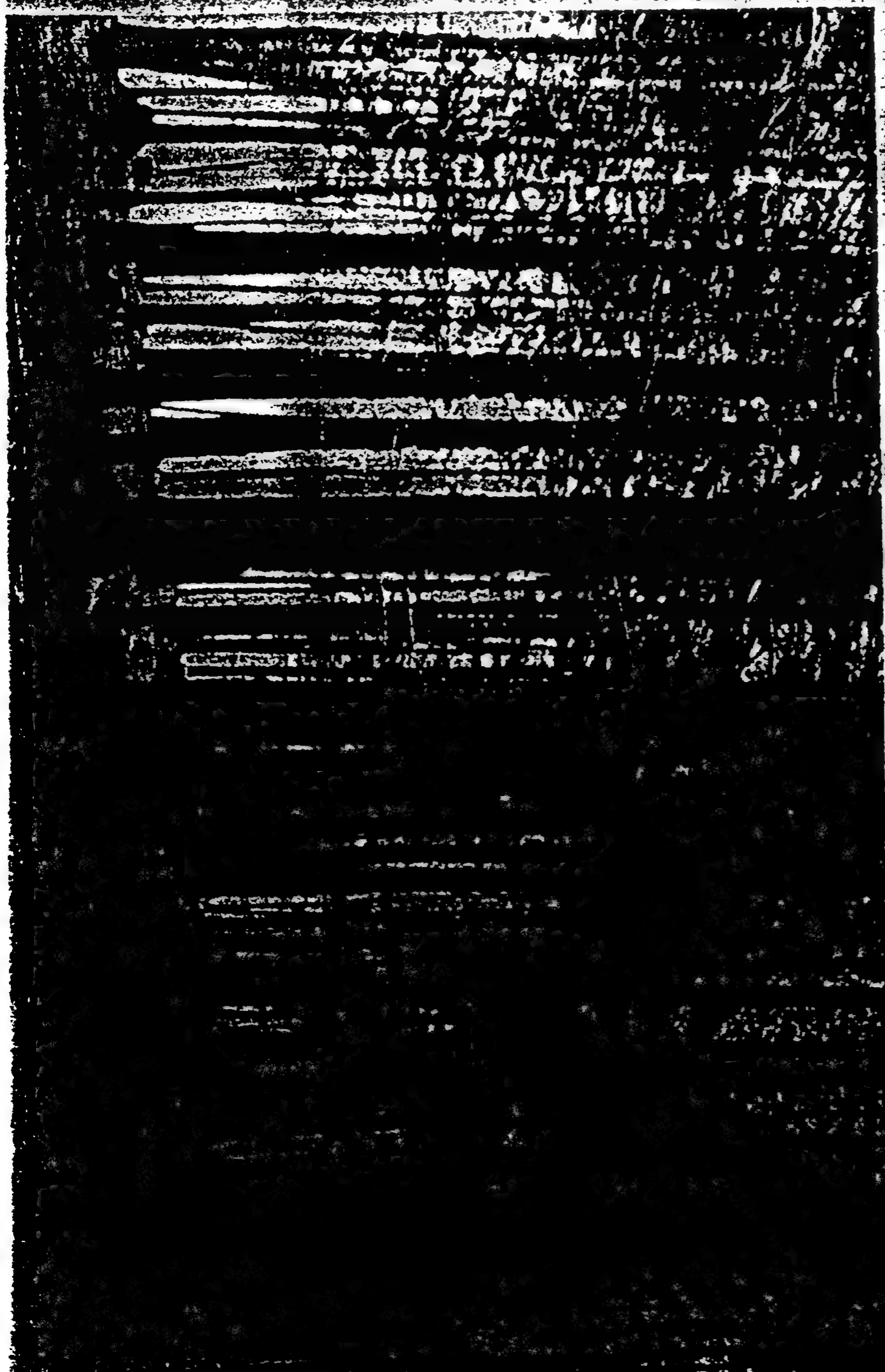
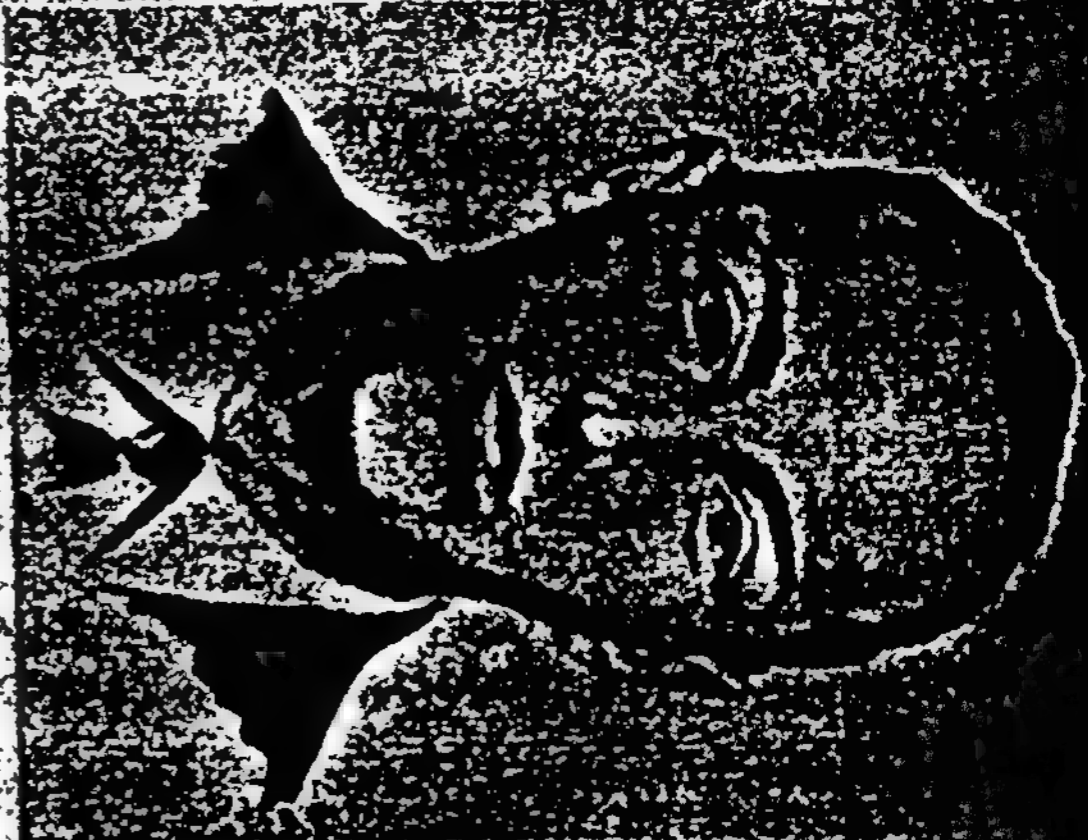
JACK G. COLLINS
First Assistant United States Attorney

PARTING SHOTS

The skyjacker who vanished into thin air

The country has a way of eating people up," says the young, deputy sheriff, motioning through the mist at a ridge of the Cascade Mountains in southwest Washington. "They tell us Cooper bailed out and landed back of that mountain. But who really knows?"

These thickly curtained woods have become the graveyard for scores of lost hunters and strayed children. Now, they also seem to have swallowed up the secret of "D. B. Cooper," the first of the parachuting hijackers and, currently, the only one not in custody. No tangible trace of him has been found since he bailed out the back door of a Northwest Orient 727 last Thanksgiving Eve. He was dressed in a business suit, top coat and brown oxfords, and he had \$200,000 in ransom strapped to his chest. This exploit has become legend in the Northwest. A macabre cult has formed around him, and at least three subsequent hijackers have used Cooper's technique. All were later arrested. Cooper himself remains a total mystery. The



Friday, whose house looks down on long, frigid Lake Merwin. "Everyone breathed a sigh when he wasn't found. They feel the glory—and the money—belong to us."

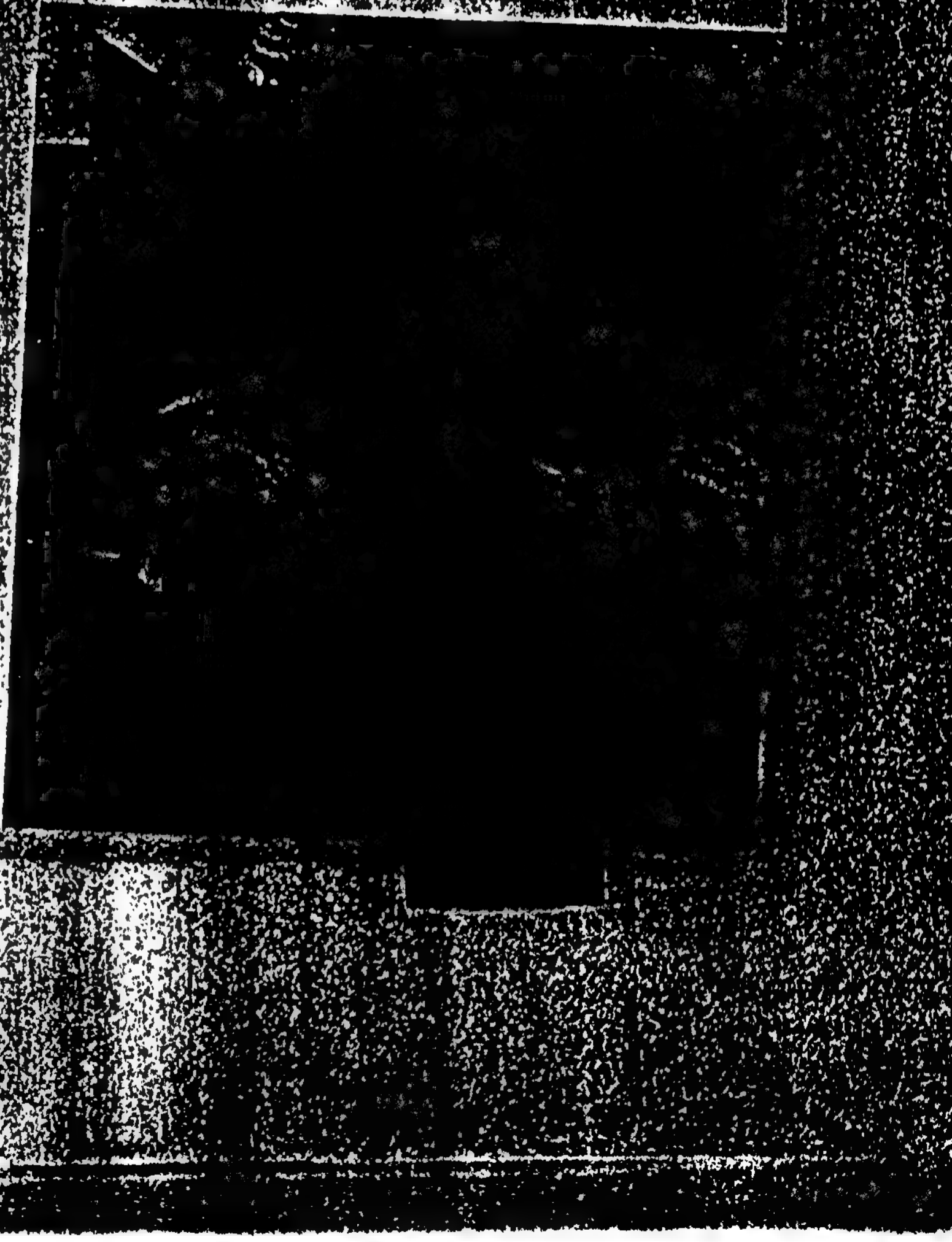
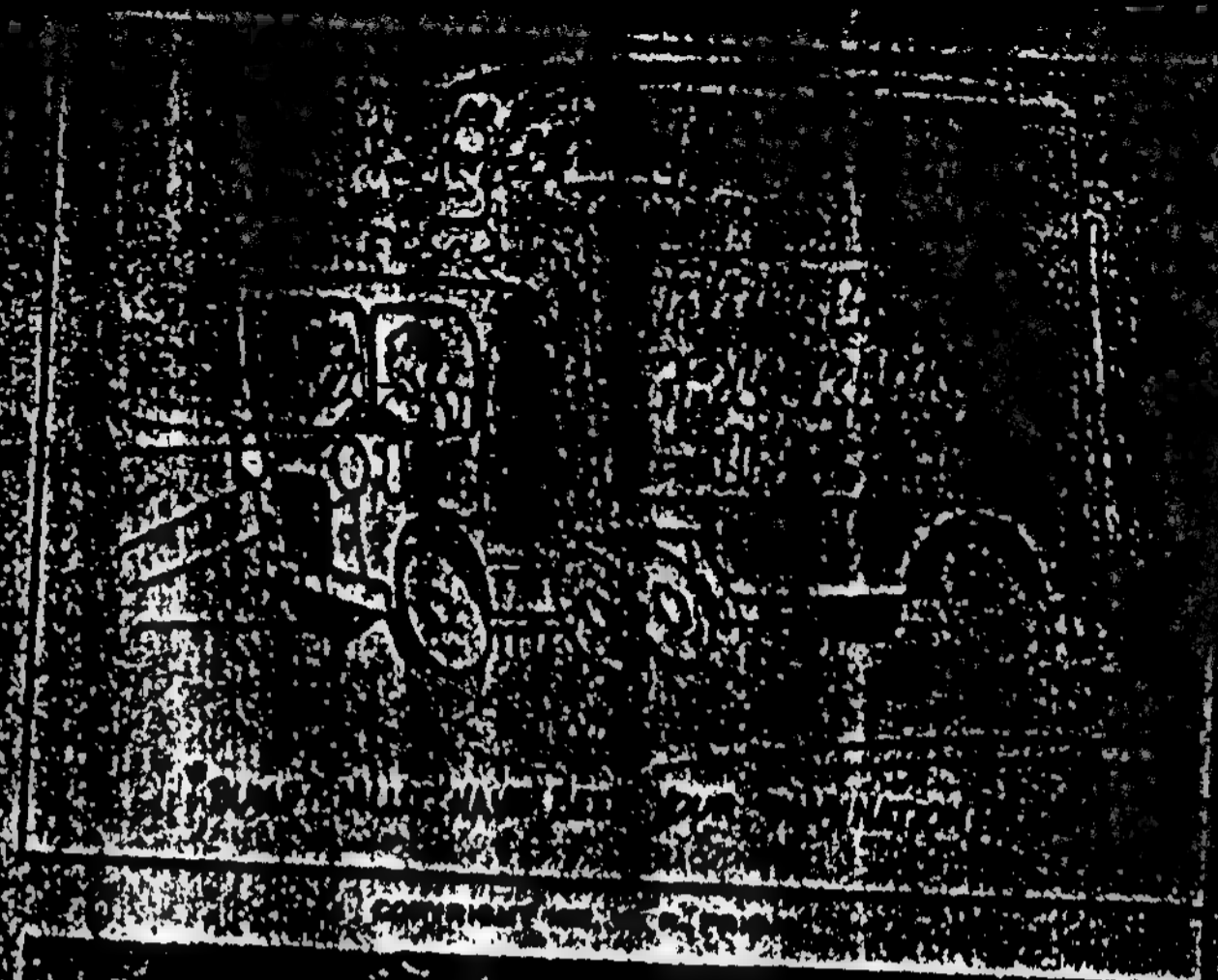
In Mrs. Friday's book, which her brother-in-law, Bill, illustrated with cartoons (right), the skyjacker meets an ignominious end. Indeed, the FBI informed residents that Cooper may have been de-

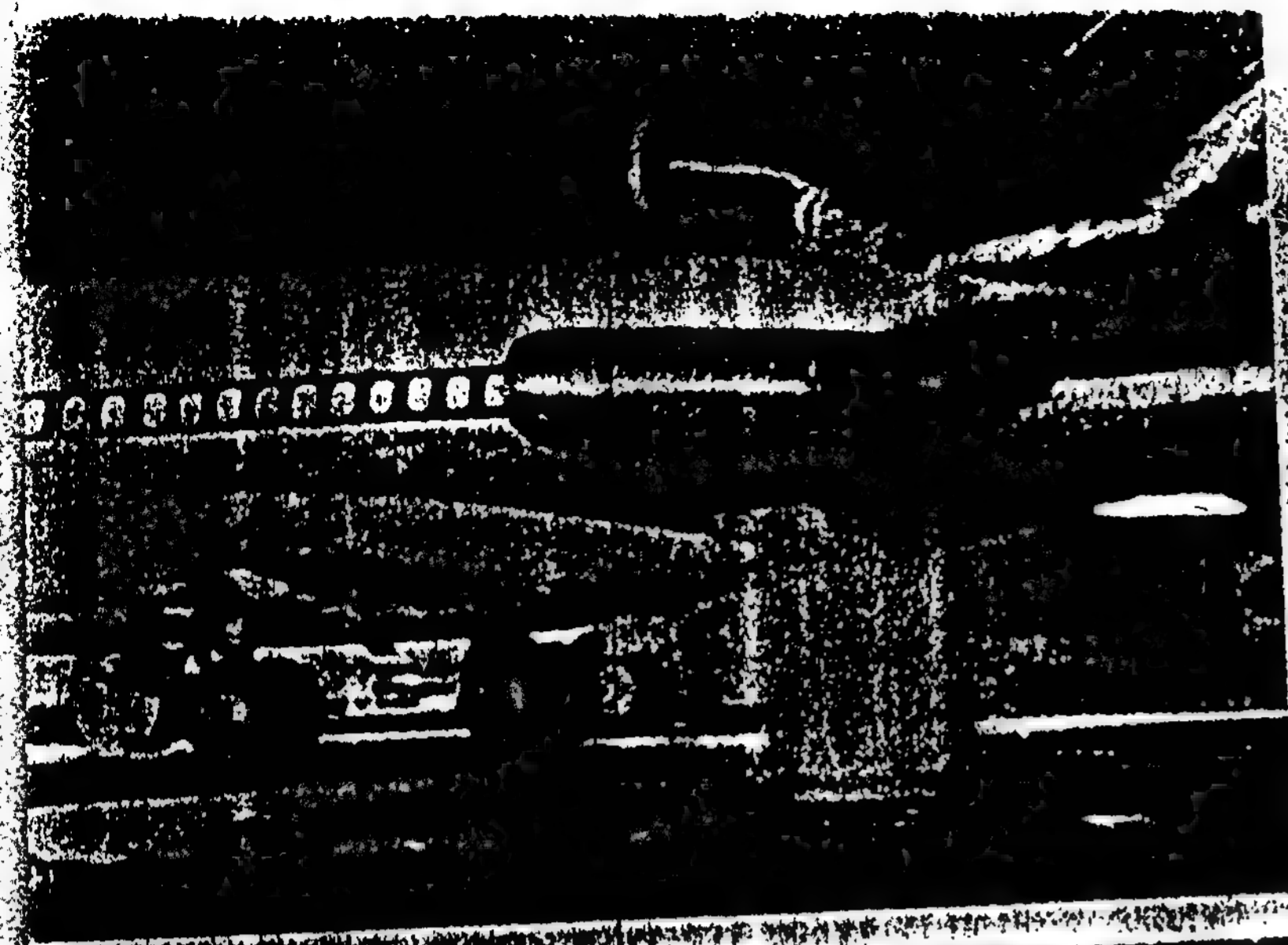
voured by animals, and asked them to look for remains. But like most of her neighbors, Anna Friday doesn't believe that Cooper died. "It was too carefully planned for him to flub up at the last minute," she says, fixing a thoughtful gaze out through the low-lying fog. "And remember—there were just enough odd things that happened around here that night."

John... and then... Was this a rehearsal for Cooper's getaway? The Hauns don't know. On the night of the crime, like just about everyone else in the Center, they were attending a wedding at the Evangelical church.

This spring the army sent 300 men in for a three-week search, but they turned up nothing except a little local hostility. The folks in Etna are still angry at the disturbance that the soldiers and their helicopters caused. Clarence Anry's horse disappeared for three days and two frightened cows ran themselves to death. A few days after the searchers left, Shirley Free and Howard Pearson's wife were out collecting old bottles at the grist mill on Cedar Creek when they stumbled upon a woman's hand in the underbrush. Then yet another body was discovered over on Studebaker Road. It wasn't Cooper. And now, Cowlitz County has two unsolved murders on its hands, as well as a phantom hijacker.

RICHARD WOODBURY





With a make-believe bomb, a passenger using the name D. B. Cooper (in FBI sketch, far left) hijacked this Northwest jet, then bailed out into the dense woods of southwestern Washington state (below).

A recently published book by Anna Friday (below, right) includes some cartoon speculation as to what may have happened to Cooper after he parachuted to earth.

Like down the road at Jess Hatfield's place. Old Jess heard a thumping on his roof, but by the time he got out there, rifle at the ready, there was nothing. In the nearby community of View, it was black and blustery—hardly a night for small planes—but at a seldom-used airstrip near the cemetery, there were strange goings-on. Emil Neiger's wife recalls seeing an aircraft circling for nearly an hour. She doesn't know if it landed, but Mrs. Melvin Andersen, who lives across the way, says that it did.

Five miles to the west at Le Center, there is another strip adjacent to Donald Haun's blackberry farm. On the preceding night, also in forbidding weather, Haun's wife remembers that a plane landed, buzzed with a car. The aircraft took off with the aid of the headlight. It returned 45 minutes later, and then both car and plane left. Was this a rehearsal for Cooper's getaway? The Hauns don't know. On the night of the



...not mentioning ...
dressed in a business suit, top coat and brown oxfords, and he had \$200,000 in ransom strapped to his chest. This exploit has become legend in the Northwest. A macabre cult has formed around him, and at least three subsequent hijackers have used Cooper's technique. All were later arrested. Cooper himself remains a total mystery. The name he used to buy his airline ticket turned out to be an alias.

After Cooper jumped, it was two days before the heavy clouds cleared enough to permit a helicopter search of the steep lava foothills and farmlands. The authorities figured that Cooper probably came down near the shores of Lake Merwin. But the search yielded nothing, and heavy snows soon sealed the woods off.

Did Cooper get away or not? That is one of the questions that gallused loggers spend long hours debating around the stove in the Ariel general store and across the river at Nick's Tavern in Amboy. If Cooper did, then why haven't any of the ten thousand \$20 bills—all carefully recorded by the FBI—shown up? Could the skyjacker have had an accomplice on the ground? Or is Cooper hanging dead, tangled in a fir tree out there

above Merwin Dam, then why hasn't his body or the money been found? Have the searchers been looking in the wrong place?

No answers. The prospect of all that money sent fortune hunters racing into the woods last fall. And even today campers keep an eager eye out for the skyjacker's loot. Meanwhile, the North-

west has eulogized D. B. Cooper in song and verse. Promoters have capitalized on Cooper T-shirts and bumper stickers. Two men were arrested and charged with fleecing a writer of \$30,000 by promising an interview with Cooper. An underground newspaper in Seattle published another "interview" with the skyjacker, but it was promptly debunked by authorities. With the

passage of time, Cooper has assumed a certain Jesse James quality. At the Ariel store, an autograph party was held this month to celebrate publication of Anna Friday's whimsical book on the skyjacking, entitled *Skylacker's Guide—Or, Please Hold This Bomb While I Go to the Bathroom*. The people are all kind of proud that it happened here," observed ...

Friday
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104-211-1140

Hackers note

at this institution

is date information

St. Richfield, discovered that the man claimed he had a bomb, was demanding \$200,000 ransom, four parachutes and the flight crew's cooperation in his escape.

The hijacker, described by crew members as "not nervous," rather "nice" and "never cruel or nasty," got everything he wanted, and apparently used two of the parachutes to leave the Boeing 727 jet airplane sometime during the flight later Wednesday from Seattle to Reno, Nev.

At a press conference yesterday morning at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, the plane's six crew members gave this account of the hijacking.

The middle-aged hijacker, Hijack
Continued on page 9A

NWA hijacker continues

United Press International
Woodland, Wash.

Hampered by fog and rain, searchers slogged through the foothills of the Cascade Mountains Friday looking for an airline hijacker.

The fugitive took over a Northwest Airlines 727 jet Wednesday, collected \$200,000 ransom and escaped by parachute somewhere between Seattle, Wash., and Reno, Nev.

The ground and air search started near Woodland yesterday. FBI officials said that the site was selected on "pure conjecture" because four crew members who remained on the plane did not communicate with the hijacker between Seattle and Reno.

Indian troops claim after East Pakistan

Mukti Bahini (East Pakistan) guerrillas named a boat moored near the village of Debra, East Pak.

Associated Press

HIJACK: Stewardess remembers seeing red cylinder in suitcase

Continued from page 1A
who wore dark glasses, a dark overcoat and a business suit, apparently boarded the plane Northwest's flight 305 in Portland. He sat alone in the last row of seats in the coach compartment.

Shortly after takeoff from Portland, the man asked Miss Schaffner to sit beside him, and then handed her the note. After she read the note, Miss Schaffner looked inside a small black suitcase the man was holding.

"I was scared to death and pretty nervous," she said, "but I do remember seeing a red cylinder in the suitcase."

She said the hijacker had no other suitcases with him, and added that the red cylinder filled the black suitcase.

While Miss Schaffner read the note, the man went to the plane's cockpit and flew it a short time. Miss Mucklow, 22, next to him, said she saw the man.

The airplane landed after about one hour and 40 minutes of circling. The plane's 36 other passengers, who were not aware of the hijacking, left the aircraft in Seattle with Miss Schaffner and a third stewardess, Mrs. Alice Hancock, 24, Inver Grove Heights.

Scott, First Officer William Ralaczkak, 3407 Selkirk Dr., Burnsville, and Second Officer Harold E. Anderson, Excelsior, remained in the cockpit throughout the hijacking. They never saw the hijacker.

Miss Mucklow, 7320 Cedar Av., Richfield, remained seated beside the hijacker in the coach compartment, and relayed his demands to the cockpit via the plane's intercom system.

"He was always polite to me," Miss Mucklow said of the hijacker. "He did seem impatient at times, though."

While the airplane was being refueled, a courier delivered the \$200,000 ransom.

The hijacker also said the plane's fuel was low, and that the hijacker would take the plane from Seattle. Scott said he flew below 10,000 feet altitude and at about 200 miles per hour during the Seattle-Reno flight.

Scott said he had no idea who the hijacker was, and that he had no contact with the hijacker. He said the hijacker was in radio contact with the ground.

Everything seemed to go nicely as long as we went along with (the hijacker's) demands," Scott said. He added that there was no sky marshal on board the plane at any time.

Miss Mucklow remained with the hijacker in the plane's cockpit after takeoff and during the flight. She said the hijacker was always polite to her.

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Hijacker Believed Injured

WOODLAND, Wash. (UPI) — The FBI said yesterday a hijacker who parachuted from an airliner with \$200,000 ransom probably landed in a tiny wooded area east of here, and might still be there possibly with a broken leg.

"We feel it's in this area," FBI Agent Thomas Manning said of the 3-by-5-mile stretch of rough timber country 25 miles north of Portland, Ore. "If we have to, we'll cover every square foot of it."

A search plane spotted "something white" nine miles northwest of the main search area, but it turned out to be a piece of plastic, probably left by loggers.

The hijacker, a swarthy, middle-aged man who called himself D. B. Cooper, took over a Northwest Airlines jet with a "bomb" during a flight from Portland on Nov. 6, 1970.

He forced the plane to land in Seattle, collected four parachutes and \$200,000 in \$20 bills in a white cloth bag and left with the money.

Somewhere along the way, Ray called out the shot that he had taken from his car.



**Erwin
Hilfacker**

The FBI agent said skydiving in the area had told him the

[illegible]

has a strength and fortitude that probably makes him a greater man than me. I am, you ought to write greeting card. I'm impressed.

...cheating and lying to the public. Why do liberals think Ted Kennedy is any different than Richard Nixon, a liar and a cheat?

Ronald Reagan is calling for tax cuts, across the board for all taxpayers. People a freeze on wages, prices, rents, interest rates and profits. He does not mention a freeze on TAXES, the one thing that is killing all American wallets and pocketbooks. Kennedy is calling for the passage, by Congress of the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill, and the National Health Insurance Bill, these two pieces of legislation are highly inflationary and totally unnecessary. This legislation will hurt the very people that Kennedy is so concerned about: the poor, elderly, do not want the big government that Kennedy stands for. Kennedy is calling for minorities and women. This proposed legislation would tax these people even more, because the hidden tax, inflation, hurts these groups the hardest. Miss Riley, Ronald Reagan and his "performance" in New Hampshire may not be to your liking, but I'll take him any day over our buffoon from Massachusetts.

Lawrence A. Cunningham
Quincy, MA.

Ohl Revisited

XXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Landed forward, sweat poured, demons
chained, heaved screeching:

Директор: _____

Thundering throughout psyche,
reverberating, echoing against inner walls
of stainless steel...

DXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX**X**

God himself delivering the word hom on high. . . The paradox of human achievement had been presented—the invisible star—infinite geometry demanded an existence remembered only by those so twisted. . . so possessed. . . A Rocky Ruan. . . A Jim Schreiber. For this garden had seen and forgotten a team of Ohs. . . sing along—

Im Dshingen—Damm Damm.

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• Editor
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LETTER
encourages
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Lookout

D.B. Cooper Was Here

by Ken Lizotte

I have been passed more evidence that D.B. Cooper, the 1971 hijacker who escaped with \$200,000 somewhere over the Southern California countryside, actually surfaced—at least briefly—in Cambridge. Cooper has been eluding the F.B.I. rather successfully all through the seventies, but my source (let's call him, *The Lark*) claims that a D.B. Cooper lived in the Boston area from 1977 to at least late 1978. He also maintains that prominent U.S. officials knew this but did not report it to the Bureau. *The Lark* also says that former New Hampshire Governor Mel Thomson gave information to Cooper concerning the possibility of transmigration to South Africa. The question, then, is what this *the* D.B. Cooper, and, whoever it was, who did Governor Thomson *think* it was? Also, who did *he* think it was?

Also, who did Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, think he was communicating with when he received a letter from a D.B. Cooper dated December 30, 1977? This letter is noteworthy, since Cooper indicates that if Burns is interested, Cooper might actually send him some *Money*. Why? Surely, Burns has enough of his own, and yet, here was a D.B. Cooper (?) offering money to the outgoing chairman of the F.R.B.? One can only surmise how much and for what reason and in any case, why, like Thomson, did Burns say nothing about the matter to law enforcement officials? The book has a lot to say about this.

The Lark has offered this portion of the letter as evidence: "I've been watching you work very closely all the years you've been head of the Fed, and I think you've done a great job. Better than I could do, that's for sure. I mean, it ain't easy keeping money from getting out to the people the way you have ... somebody's got to keep money

Page 4 THE EDGE - March 24, 1980

from falling into the wrong hands. . . . I will most regret your leaving your job because I will not be able to hear of you anymore. Maybe they'll write a story about you in People? I hope so, because I would miss not being able to read about what you've been doing with yourself. Whatever happens, be active. Don't let the economy get you down; it's not your worry anymore."

That? This is an *outrage* speaking? Is this on the level or what? The Lark says it is, but offers no explanation. Why then would D.B. Cooper, the outlaw, commend Arthur F. Burns for his work with the FRB? Could this be code? Does Cooper know what he's talking about when he writes, "It ain't easy keeping money from falling into the wrong hands?" The F.B.I. has certainly been wringing its own hands as it's scoured high and low for the two hundred thousand from Cooper's hijacking ransom.

The kicker here is that later in the letter, Cooper offers Burns a *loan*! "I could send you a few bucks," he says. "Nothing's too good for a pal like you. **AND FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE,**" (Emphasis mine!) The letter ends: "I wouldn't charge as much interest as the banks do, so don't worry about that part! Please contact me if I can help. **I'M ALWAYS AROUND.**" (Emphasis, once again, my own!)

Most importantly, however, there is a reply from Burns, dated January 6, 1978, on FRB stationery and addressed to D.B. Cooper, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Unless The Lark has somehow stolen FRB letterheads, Arthur Burns must have a copy of this reply somewhere in his own files! Does the Bureau know this? Again, why didn't Burns report these communiqués in the first place?

The reply is terse, even perplexing: "It was good of you to write me so graciously. I deeply appreciate your kind thoughts." That's it! Maybe Burns is merely simple, maybe it never crossed his mind that this might be the same D.B. Cooper.

But how, really, do any of us know for certain that it was not?

Lookout

D.B. Cooper in Cambridge

by Ken Lizotte

The news media in this town ain't so special, nor are the F.B.I., anywhere. They've been tracking down *D.B. Cooper* for years, since 1971 in fact, and looking for the \$200 G's he obtained in ransom from an airline hijacking, a feat of no miniscule proportion considering he escaped — yes, ESCAPED! — by parachuting into the Southern California countryside. The one that did it, AND GOT AWAY, that's Daniel B. Cooper.

Legend has it, however, that Cooper dropped the money, either in part or all, as he floated to earth, and that twenty-dollar bills were thus deposited throughout the towns and villages in his landing area. Yet, strangely, none of the money, not one buck!, was ever found, and even more strange, every year, on the anniversary of his escape, the towns and villages in that area throw a "D.B. Cooper Celebration" to honor him for, well, for something! They appreciate him, though one can only speculate as to why, and there seems to be a genuine hope that the feds never catch him, wherever he may be.

And could that "wherever" be, or have been, Cambridge? According to a most reliable source of mine, a D.B. Cooper lived near Central Square during the winter months of 1978. His name was clearly displayed on a mailbox and correspondence to and from him was regularly delivered. Was this the same D.B.

corresponded with many well-known public officials, including Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Bob Bergland, Secretary of Agriculture, Benjamin F. Baslar, Postmaster-General of the United States, our own Mel Thomson of New Hampshire, and a Dr. Red Metrowich, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Southern Africa Freedom Foundation. Apparently, Cooper wrote to Metrowich asking about getting out of the country and escaping to South Africa. His initial contact, however, had been with Thomson, who had directed him to Metrowich. Was Thomson collaborating with hijacker Cooper to help him get out of the country? Or was Thomson unaware that a hijacker seven years earlier had been named D.B. Cooper? Whatever the answer, did Thomson, or any of the others report this correspondence to the FBI as any good law-abiding American should? A check with both the Bureau and offices of these gentlemen reveals they did not.

Where are you now, Alan Lupo? The Globe Spotlight Team? Mark Zanger? Peter Lucas? All the other great investigative minds of Boston journalism? Was D.B. Cooper, the hijacker-that-got-away, right here in the Boston area for a year or more? Is he now in South Africa? How can the FBI take so much credit for finding "bits of twenty dollar bills," as they did this month, when Cooper may not even be in the country any longer? After all, it's been nine years, and those bits they found in the California mud are the most they've got to show for the years and talent poured into this mending manhunt.

It would seem, then, that if Abbie Hoffman wants to truly remain at large, the thing to do is change his name back to just that: Abbie Hoffman. No one would ever suspect that a fugitive would keep his true name. This obviously has been the case with D.B. Cooper.

164-2111-1289
ENCLOSURE

1 05-82 01:54 AES

D.B. COOPER ENTHUSIAST PLANS TO CONTINUE SEARCH
PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) - A FORMER FBI AGENT, FASCINATED BY THE 11-YEAR-OLD LEGEND OF SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER, PLANS TO SEARCH THE COLUMBIA RIVER WHERE HE BELIEVES THE STILL-MISSING COOPER LEFT SOME OF HIS \$200,000 RANSOM.

RICHARD TOSAW ALSO HAS ENTERED INTO AN AGREEMENT WITH FOUR BROTHERS WHO OWN FARM LAND WEST OF PORTLAND TO SEARCH AN AREA IN WHICH PART OF THE \$200,000 RANSOM PAID BY NORTHWEST AIRLINES ON THANKSGIVING EVE 1971 WAS FOUND.

AN 8-YEAR-OLD BOY PICNICKING WITH HIS FAMILY ON A BEACH ON THE FAZIO BROS. PROPERTY FOUND ROTTING PACKETS CONTAINING \$5,800 IN \$20 BILLS, THE ONLY MONEY RECOVERED FROM THE SKYJACKING.

TOSAW, A CERES, CALIF., PROBATE ATTORNEY WRITING A BOOK ON THE SKYJACKING, WANTS TO START SEARCHING NOV. 24 - THE 11TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY A MAN USING THE NAME COOPER BAILED OUT OF A NORTHWEST BOEING 727 WITH THE MONEY APPARENTLY STRAPPED AROUND HIS BODY IN ONE OF THE SPARE PARACHUTES HE DEMANDED.

COOPER HIJACKED THE PLANE AFTER IT LEFT PORTLAND, LET THE PASSENGERS OFF IN SEATTLE AND ORDERED THE CREW TO STAY IN THE COCKPIT AREA AND FLY HIM TO RENO, NEV., WITH THE RANSOM MONEY HE GOT FROM THE AIRLINE.

HE PARACHUTED FROM THE PLANE'S REAR DOOR. THE FBI COMPUTED HE LANDED IN THE LAKE MERWIN AREA NORTHEAST OF VANCOUVER, WASH. TOSAW, WHO LEFT THE FBI BEFORE THE SKYJACKING, BECAME INTERESTED IN THE CASE AFTER THE MONEY WAS FOUND AND DECIDED COOPER LANDED NEARBY, SOME NINE MILES WEST OF VANCOUVER.

HE WANTS SOMEONE TO DRAG THE RIVER WITH GRAPPLING HOOKS TO TRY TO SNAG COOPER'S PARACHUTE, HIS BODY OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT DIVERS COULD THEN CHECK.

"MY THEORY IS THAT THE PARACHUTE WOULD BE EASIEST TO FIND BECAUSE IT'S 28 FEET ACROSS AND WITH NYLON CORDS AND A CANVAS HARNESS," TOSAW SAID.

HE FIGURES THE MONEY FOUND WAS CHURNED UP BY AN ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS' DREDGE WORKING THE AREA IN EARLY 1980.

TOSAW HAS WITHDRAWN A REWARD HE HAD OFFERED FOR FINDING ANY SIGN OF COOPER.

HE BELIEVES THE HIJACKER WAS AN EX-MILITARY MAN WITH PARACHUTE TRAINING, AND POSSIBLY A STRONG SWIMMER WHO COULD HAVE MADE IT TO SHORE AFTER DUMPING THE CHUTE AND THE HEAVY MONEY BAG IN THE WATER.

JAN 12 1983

ENCLOSURE

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1 -18-82 12:56 AES

(WASH., CALIF.) --

BY BARNEY LERTEN.

PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) — A TATTERED PIECE OF CLOTH-COVERED NYLON, A PIECE OF ROPE AND A BONE SCOOPED FROM THE COLUMBIA RIVER MAY PROVIDE CLUES TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER.

BLAKE PAYNE OF FLORENCE, ORE., MAILED THE ITEMS TO EX-FBI AGENT RICHARD TOSAW, A CERES, CALIF., LAWYER WRITING A BOOK ABOUT COOPER'S MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AFTER HE PULLED OFF THE WORLD'S FIRST AERIAL HIJACK FOR RANSOM 11 YEARS AGO.

"AS LONG AS IT'S RELATED TO THAT JUMP, I'LL FEEL HE'VE HIT PAYDIAT," TOSAW SAID FRIDAY.

MOST AUTHORITIES DECIDED LONG AGO THE MAN NAMED ON PASSENGER LISTS AS DAN COOPER PROBABLY WAS KILLED WHEN HE PARACHUTED OUT OF A NORTHWEST AIRLINES BOEING 727 OVER SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON ON A RAINY THANKSGIVING EVE IN 1971 WITH \$200,000 IN RANSOM STRAPPED TO HIS WAIST.

THE ONLY CONCRETE CLUES TO COOPER'S FATE SO FAR HAVE BEEN SOME TATTERED BILLS FROM THE RANSOM MONEY DUG UP ALONG THE SHORE OF THE COLUMBIA IN FEBRUARY 1980.

PAYNE, SKIPPER OF THE FISHING BOAT "MAGNUM," WAS HIRED BY TOSAW LAST MONTH TO DREDGE THE BOTTOM OF THE COLUMBIA BETWEEN PORTLAND AND VANCOUVER, WASH., IN THE PLANE'S FLIGHT PATH.

"HE'S BEEN RAKING THE RIVER WITH A 12-FOOT RAKE — HE CALLS IT A 'COOPER SNOOPER' — FROM THE STERN OF HIS BOAT," TOSAW SAID IN A PHONE INTERVIEW.

"HE GOES BACK AND FORTH RIGHT WHERE THE AIRPLANE FLEW OVER THAT NIGHT, AT THE TIP OF HAYDEN ISLAND IN THE COLUMBIA.

PAYNE FOUND THE NYLON, CORD AND BONE THURSDAY. HE SAID HE WILL LEAVE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HIS FIND TO THE EXPERTS.

"IT'S SOMETHING, ANYWAY," HE SAID. "IT'S DEFINITELY CANVAS, AND THAT NYLON CORD IS THE TYPE COOPER HAD. IT'S BEEN 11 YEARS, AND THIS STUFF LOOKED LIKE IT HAD BEEN THERE THAT LONG."

"WE'RE INTERESTED IN EXAMINING IT TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY INDICATION IT'S PART OF COOPER'S GEAR," TOSAW SAID. HE SAID HE WILL ASK EARL COSSEY OF SEATTLE, WHO PACKED THE PARACHUTES USED BY COOPER, TO HELP DETERMINE ITS VALIDITY.

"THE BONE PROBABLY HAS NO CONNECTION AT ALL," TOSAW SAID. HE SAID IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO CONFIRM THE IDENTITY OF A BONE, AND HE WAS NOT EVEN SURE IF IT WAS HUMAN.

WHETHER OR NOT THE CLUES PROVE TO HAVE MERIT, TOSAW SAID HE WILL KEEP UP THE SEARCH, WHICH ALREADY HAS COST HIM \$10,000. A MAJOR FIND COULDN'T HURT SALES OF TOSAW'S BOOK, WHICH HE PLANS TO PUBLISH IN TWO MONTHS, CALLED "D.B. COOPER: DEAD OR ALIVE?"

A NORTHWEST LEGEND HAS GROWN AROUND COOPER, WHO PULLED OFF THE NATION'S ONLY UNSOLVED HIJACKING, TRIGGERING HEIGHTENED SECURITY PROCEDURES AT AIRPORTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

SONGS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AND T-SHIRTS PRINTED, WHILE RESIDENTS OF ARIEL, WASH., IN THE AREA WHERE COOPER JUMPED, HOLD AN ANNUAL PARTY AND INVITE COOPER TO ATTEND. HE HAS YET TO DO SO.

1 -21-82 01:41 AES

By BARNEY LERTEN

PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) - THE FBI HAS DISCOUNTED ANY LINK BETWEEN MISSING SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER AND PART OF A PARACHUTE AND OTHER ITEMS SCOOPED FROM THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

"THIS ITEM, IF IT'S THE OLIVE-DRAB COLOR YOU DESCRIBE, HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH COOPER," FBI AGENT DORWIN SCHREUDER SAID MONDAY.

SCHREUDER AND OTHER AGENTS LOOKED AT BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOS OF THE DARK PIECE OF FABRIC.

THE PARACHUTE PART WAS FOUND SATURDAY BY CHARTER BOAT CAPTAIN BLAKE PAYNE, WHO RETURNED TO HIS FLORENCE, ORE., HOME TO AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM FORMER FBI AGENT RICHARD TOSAW OF CERES, CALIF., WHO IS PAYING FOR THE RIVER SEARCH.

SCHREUDER SAID ONE OF THE FOUR PARACHUTES PROVIDED TO COOPER ALONG WITH \$200,000 BEFORE THE SKYJACKER LEAPED FROM A NORTHWEST AIRLINES BOEING 727 ON THANKSGIVING EVE OF 1971 WAS SIMILAR. BUT HE SAID IT WAS LEFT BEHIND ON THE PLANE AND "WAS NOT ONE THAT HE TOOK WITH HIM."

SOME OF THE MONEY HAS BEEN FOUND ON A BANK OF THE WASHINGTON SIDE OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

LAST WEEK PAYNE MAILED TOSAW A PIECE OF NYLON CORD, A TATTERED PIECE OF FABRIC AND A BONE HE SCOOPED FROM THE COLUMBIA RIVER WITH A METAL DEVICE CALLED THE "COOPER SNOOPER."

SCHREUDER, AFTER VIEWING PHOTOS OF THE MATERIALS FOUND BY PAYNE, SAID: "THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE AMONG THE ITEMS" LEFT BY THE LEGENDARY SKYJACKER.

TOSAW IS WRITING A BOOK ABOUT COOPER. HE SURMISED THE FABRIC MIGHT BE PART OF A BAG STUFFED WITH THE \$200,000 THE SKYJACKER STRAPPED TO HIS WAIST BEFORE BAILING OUT OF THE JETLINER SOMEWHERE OVER SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON.

TOSAW SAID THE CORD MIGHT HAVE COME FROM ONE OF THE PARACHUTES. HE SAID COOPER MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN EX-GREEN BERET WHO DECIDED TO USE A MILITARY CHUTE RATHER THAN THE CIVILIAN ONE GIVEN TO HIM BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE FAMILIAR WITH IT.

THE HIJACK MARKED THE WORLD'S FIRST AIR PIRACY FOR RANSOM AND REMAINS THE NATION'S ONLY UNSOLVED HIJACKING.

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ENCLOSURE

UPI 12-20-82 02:33 PES

4 20-82 02:38 PES=

(COMBINING TAKES)

(SERAFADDXXXHE SAID. - FBI DISCOUNTS FIND)

PICTURE

PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) - A CHARTER BOAT CAPTAIN ENGAGED IN A SEARCH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER FOR LEGENDARY SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER, MONDAY REPORTED FINDING A PIECE OF OLIVE-DRAB FABRIC THAT COULD BE PART OF A PARACHUTE.

"I'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF CHUTES BEFORE - THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE. IT'S GOT SILK IN IT; JUST LIKE A CHUTE HAS," SAID THE BOAT CAPTAIN, BLAKE PAYNE, WHO IS EMPLOYED BY RICHARD TOSAW, A CERES, CALIF., ATTORNEY WHO PLANS TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT THE SKYJACKING MYSTERY.

LAST WEEK, PAYNE MAILED TO TOSAW A PIECE OF NYLON CORD, A TATTERED PIECE OF FABRIC AND A BONE HE DREDGED FROM THE RIVER BOTTOM WITH A HEAVY METAL RAKE.

THE TWO MEN SURMISED THE FABRIC FOUND LAST WEEK MIGHT BE PART OF A MONEY BAG STUFFED WITH \$200,000 THAT THE SKYJACKER STRAPPED TO HIS WAIST ON A RAINY THANKSGIVING EVE 1971 AS HE JUMPED FROM A NORTHWEST AIRLINES BOEING 727 OVER SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON.

THE CORD, PAYNE SAID, MIGHT HAVE COME FROM ONE OF FOUR PARACHUTES DEMANDED BY COOPER. THE CLOTH REPORTED MONDAY MAY ALSO BE FROM ONE OF THE PARACHUTES THE SKYJACKER HAD, HE SAID.

FBI AGENTS, HOWEVER, DISCOUNTED ANY LINK BETWEEN THE MATERIAL AND COOPER.

"THIS ITEM, IF IT'S THE OLIVE-DRAB COLOR YOU DESCRIBE, HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH COOPER," DORWIN SCHREUDER OF THE FBI'S PORTLAND OFFICE SAID AFTER HE AND OTHER AGENTS VIEWED BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOS OF THE DARK PIECE OF FABRIC.

PAYNE FOUND THE ITEM SATURDAY WHILE DREDGING THE RIVER BETWEEN OREGON AND WASHINGTON. HE WAS BACK IN HIS FLORENCE, ORE., HOME AWAITING FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM TOSAW, A FORMER FBI AGENT WHO IS FUNDING THE RIVER SEARCH.

SCHREUDER SAID ONE OF THE FOUR PARACHUTES PROVIDED TO COOPER ALONG WITH \$200,000 RANSOM BEFORE HE JUMPED FROM A NORTHWEST AIRLINES BOEING 727 ON A RAINY THANKSGIVING EVE IN 1971 WAS OF A SIMILAR NATURE BUT HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND ON THE PLANE AND "WAS NOT ONE THAT HE TOOK WITH HIM."

SCHREUDER SAID HE COULD NOT DISCUSS UNRELEASED DETAILS ABOUT THE CASE IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE 11-YEAR-OLD INVESTIGATION. HOWEVER, AFTER VIEWING PHOTOS OF THE MATERIALS FOUND BY PAYNE, HE SAID "THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE AMONG THE ITEMS" PROVIDED TO COOPER.

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ORR
 DB COOPER

VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- AS HORDS OF REPORTERS AND A HERD OF COWS LOOKED ON, SCIENTISTS AND FBI AGENTS SIFTED THROUGH SAND ALONG THE COLUMBIA RIVER, SEARCHING FOR MORE OF THE LOOT THAT HAD BEEN MISSING SINCE SKY PIRATE D.B. COOPER PARACHUTED FROM A PLANE NINE YEARS AGO. AGENTS TRENCHING THE RIVERBANK WEDNESDAY FOUND A FEW MORE SCRAPS OF THE \$200,000 RANSOM BUT NO SIGN OF THE FIRST MAN TO HIJACK AN AIRLINER FOR MONEY.

AND THE FBI AGENT WHO LED THE INVESTIGATION SINCE THE 1971 HIJACK SAYS THE DISCOVERY TENDS TO CONFIRM HIS SPECULATION THAT COOPER, WHO HAS BECOME SOMETHING OF A FOLK HERO, DIED THE NIGHT HE PARACHUTED INTO A STORM SOMEWHERE OVER SOUTHWESTERN WASHINGTON.

SOGGY AND BATTERED FRAGMENTS OF SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS IN \$20 BILLS WERE DISCOVERED SUNDAY BY AN 8-YEAR-OLD BOY DURING A FAMILY PICNIC. SERIAL NUMBERS CONFIRMED THEY WERE PART OF THE RANSOM.

FBI AGENT PAUL HUDSON SAID HE RULED OUT THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE MONEY WAS BURIED ALONG THE RIVER NEAR VANCOUVER.

"HOWEVER THEY GOT THERE, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED WITHIN A COUPLE OF YEARS AFTER THE HIJACKING," SAID AGENT RALPH HIMMELSBACH, DUE TO RETIRE IN TWO WEEKS AFTER HEADING THE COOPER INVESTIGATION SINCE THE HIJACK. "RUBBER BANDS DETERIORATE RAPIDLY AND COULD NOT HAVE HELD THE BUNDLES TOGETHER VERY LONG."

THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS IDENTIFIED A LAYER OF SAND AS HAVING BEEN DEPOSITED WHEN THE 40-FOOT SHIP CHANNEL WAS DREDGED IN AUGUST 1974. AGENTS SPECULATED COOPER'S BODY WOULD HAVE CLOGGED THE DREDGE IF IT HAD BEEN IN THE CHANNEL THEN, BUT A SACHEL COULD HAVE GONE THROUGH.

AGENTS ALSO SPECULATED THE BILLS COULD HAVE WASHED INTO THE COLUMBIA FROM A TRIBUTARY IN THE AREA NEAR LACENTER, WASH., INTO WHICH COOPER APPARENTLY PARACHUTED.

OFFICIALS ROPED OFF THE RIVERBANK TO KEEP WOULD-BE TREASURE SEEKERS FROM THE AREA AS THEY DUG FOR MORE OF THE RANSOM. THE ONLY SPECTATORS ALLOWED IN WEDNESDAY WERE REPORTERS, THREE FISHERMEN AND DAIRY COWS.

"I'LL ADMIT TO A CERTAIN SENSE OF SATISFACTION," SAID HIMMELSBACH. "THE CASE ISN'T SOLVED, BUT THIS IS CERTAINLY A MAJOR MILESTONE."

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PORTLAND, ORE. (UPI) - FBI AGENT RALPH HIMMELSBACH RETIRES FRIDAY, GIVING UP HIS EIGHT-YEAR HUNT FOR ONE OF AMERICA'S LEGENDARY CRIMINALS - SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER, WHO PARACHUTED FROM A JET WITH \$200,000 IN RANSOM.

THE FBI, OF COURSE, WILL CONTINUE TO PURSUE COOPER BUT HIMMELSBACH, 54, IS TURNING IN HIS CREDENTIALS SEVEN MONTHS EARLY, USING ACCUMULATED SICK LEAVE TO GET FAVORABLE RETIREMENT BENEFITS.

"IF I HAD MY CHOICE, I'D STAY ON," HE SAID. "I'M IN TOP PHYSICAL SHAPE."

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DA

~~COOPER MONEY~~

VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- THE CRUMBLING REMAINS OF \$20 BILLS UNEARTHED BY A VANCOUVER FAMILY MORE THAN TWO WEEKS AGO REPRESENT ABOUT \$5,800 OF THE \$200,000 TAKEN BY SKYJACKER D.B. COOPER IN 1971, THE FBI SAYS.

RAY MATHIS, SENIOR AGENT FROM THE BUREAU'S SEATTLE OFFICE, SAID WEDNESDAY THAT OFFICIALS COUNTED THE DECAYING GREENBACKS DURING FBI LABORATORY TESTS IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

OTIS COX OF THE BUREAU'S WASHINGTON, D.C., OFFICE CONFIRMED THAT THE COUNT WAS MADE, BUT SAID LITTLE ELSE HAS BEEN REVEALED ABOUT THE MONEY. LAB TECHNICIANS CONTINUE TO STUDY THE LOOT, PARTICULARLY FOR EVIDENCE OF WHERE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BEFORE IT WASHED UP ON THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OTIS SAID.

THOUGH LUMPY WADS OF THE MONEY WERE FOUND BURIED BENEATH A SHALLOW COVER OF SAND, COOPER, AMERICA'S FIRST SKYJACKER-FOR-MONEY, HAS NEVER BEEN LOCATED. AUTHORITIES TEND TO BELIEVE HE IS DEAD, BUT ACKNOWLEDGE THEY DON'T KNOW FOR SURE.

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DB COOPER

VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- THE SEARCH ALONG A COLUMBIA RIVER BEACH FOR MORE MONEY FROM THE D.B. COOPER HIJACKING EIGHT YEARS AGO PROBABLY WILL BE SUSPENDED AFTER FRIDAY, FBI OFFICIALS SAID THURSDAY.

MEANWHILE, A GEOLOGIST CONCLUDED THAT SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND SUNDAY BY AN 8-YEAR-OLD BOY ON A FAMILY PICNIC WAS DEPOSITED ON THE BEACH IN THE PAST YEAR OR TWO.

FBI AGENTS CONTINUED TO DIG FOR MORE OF THE \$200,000 THAT COOPER TOOK WITH HIM WHEN HE BAILED OUT OF A PLANE ON THANKSGIVING EVE IN 1971.

THE SEARCH BEGAN TUESDAY ALONG THE RIVER'S NORTH SHORE, ABOUT THREE MILES SOUTHWEST OF DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER. ADDITIONAL SCRAPS OF MONEY WERE FOUND ON WEDNESDAY.

A MAN WHOSE PASSENGER LIST WAS SIGNED "DAN COOPER" LEFT A NORTHWEST AIRLINES PLANE THAT WAS BOUND FOR RENO FROM SEATTLE AFTER HE DISPLAYED WHAT APPEARED TO BE A BOMB AND OBTAINED A PACKAGE OF \$20 BILLS AND THREE PARACHUTES.

FBI AGENTS BELIEVED HE LEFT THE PLANE, DURING A STORM, ABOUT 20 MILES NORTHEAST OF WHERE THE CRUMBLLED AND WEATHERED BILLS WERE FOUND.

IT IS THE NATION'S ONLY UNSOLVED HIJACKING.

"WE'LL WORK TODAY AND TOMORROW AND PROBABLY KNOCK IT OFF AND BRING MY TROOPS BACK UP HERE AND REASSESS THE SITUATION," SAID JACK PRINGLE, ASSISTANT AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE SEATTLE OFFICE WHICH TOOK OVER THE SEARCH OPERATIONS.

"SOME OF THE AREA IS INACCESSIBLE AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN SEARCH THE WHOLE RIVER," PRINGLE SAID.

HE SAID GEOLOGIST LEONARD PALMER OF PORTLAND STATE UNIVERSITY CONCLUDED THAT THE DREDGING OPERATION IN 1974 DID NOT PUT THE MONEY ONTO THE BEACH, BECAUSE THE BILLS WERE FOUND ABOVE CLAY DEPOSITS PUT ON THE BANKS BY THE DREDGE.

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DB COOPER

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18 AUG 21 1980

VANCOUVER, WASH. (AP) -- THE FBI TODAY CALLED OFF THE SEARCH ALONG A COLUMBIA RIVER BEACH FOR MORE OF THE \$200,000 MISSING FROM THE 1971 D.B. COOPER HIJACKING.

"NOT A THING" WAS FOUND THURSDAY AS AGENTS FINISHED SIFTING THE SANDS ON THE NORTHERN BANK OF THE RIVER, SAID JACK PRINGLE, ASSISTANT AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE SEATTLE OFFICE.

"THEY REALLY HAVE NO FURTHER PLACES TO SEARCH" THE BEACH, PRINGLE SAID. IN ADDITION, HE NOTED THE AREA WAS COVERED BY A FRESH SNOWFALL.

HE SAID ANY DECISION ON EXTENDING OR MOVING THE SEARCH TO OTHER AREAS WOULD NOT BE MADE UNTIL EARLY NEXT WEEK.

KEN MOORE, THE SEATTLE AGENT IN CHARGE OF THE DIGGING, SAID THE MONEY PROBABLY WAS WASHED DOWNSTREAM INTO THE COLUMBIA, MOST LIKELY FROM THE WASHOUGAL RIVER OR FROM ONE OF SEVERAL SMALLER STREAMS IN THE AREA IN WHICH COOPER PROBABLY LANDED.

"TOURISTS WHO WANT TO LOOK FOR MORE COOPER MONEY PROBABLY SHOULD LOOK ON THE WASHOUGAL RIVER," MOORE SAID.

THE FBI SAID A GEOLOGIST HAD CONCLUDED THAT SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND SUNDAY BY A YOUNG BOY HAD BEEN DEPOSITED ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER BEACH AFTER 1974.

THE SEARCH BEGAN TUESDAY THREE MILES SOUTHWEST OF VANCOUVER AFTER A COMPARISON OF SERIAL NUMBERS CONFIRMED THE BOY'S FIND WAS PART OF THE COOPER RANSOM. ADDITIONAL SCRAPS OF MONEY WERE FOUND ON WEDNESDAY.

NO TRACE OF COOPER, THE FIRST PERSON TO HIJACK AN AIRLINER FOR MONEY, HAS BEEN FOUND.

FBI AGENTS HAD BELIEVED HE PARACHUTED FROM THE PLANE ABOUT 20 MILES NORTHEAST OF WHERE THE CRUMBLED AND WEATHERED BILLS WERE FOUND.

HOWEVER, MOORE SAID IT WAS UNLIKELY THAT THE BILLS HAD WASHED DOWN THE LEWIS RIVER AND THEN BEEN PUSHED UP THE COLUMBIA BY TIDAL ACTION.

"THERE IS NOTHING INFALLIBLE ABOUT OUR ORIGINAL ESTIMATE OF WHERE HE LANDED," PRINGLE SAID. "BECAUSE OF STRONG WIND CURRENTS AND OTHER VARIABLES, WE COULD HAVE BEEN A LITTLE OFF IN OUR ORIGINAL ESTIMATES."

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■ Eight Years Then Irony

Rolph Himmelsbach is reluctantly retiring from the FBI without having closed the case on the skyjacker called D.B. Cooper. Himmelsbach, based in Portland, Ore., pursued more than a thousand potential suspects and thousands of leads that took him nowhere in the eight years since a man who identified himself as Dan Cooper commandeered a Northwest Airlines jetliner and demanded and received \$200,000 and four parachutes. Said Himmelsbach: "We don't know who he was, but we do know a lot of people who he wasn't." Himmelsbach dismisses the idea that he's been on a kind of obsessed manhunt like Inspector Javert in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," but he admits that the case has seldom strayed from his mind over the last eight years. The discovery of some of the ransom money last week leads Himmelsbach "to assume more and more the possibility that (Cooper) didn't make it." "It's ironic, isn't it?" Himmelsbach asked, that "the first and only concrete bit of information comes only 17 days before I retire."

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 The New York Times _____
 The Wall Street Journal _____
 The Atlanta Constitution _____
 The Los Angeles Times _____

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165 110 6628 63A	166 606 433A 69	166 890 1318 63A	167 758 6718 63A
165 110 9658 63A	166 606 6638 63A	166 891 6948 63A	167 765 5428 63A
165 117 0598 63A	166 615 0398 63A	166 892 4258 63A	167 787 5438 63A
165 125 7728 63A	166 622 2348 63A	166 896 3278 63A	167 827 8958 63A
165 137 9978 63A	166 626 9258 63A	166 897 2058 63A	167 861 0828 63A
165 141 9338 63A	166 627 3808 63A	166 899 9808 63A	167 942 7928 63A
165 158 1998 63A	166 628 3358 63A	166 900 1708 63A	167 943 6898 63A
165 161 0218 63A	166 631 5308 63A	166 907 385A 69	167 951 0088 63A
165 161 4548 63A	166 631 7358 63A	166 908 4078 63A	167 952 6278 63A
165 172 5278 63A	166 635 2648 63A	166 909 1568 63A	167 979 3098 63A
165 172 5918 63A	166 635 4058 63A	166 916 3778 63A	167 985 5808 63A
165 374 0498 63A	166 639 2318 63A	166 923 4728 63A	168 024 0798 63A
165 489 6728 63A	166 646 9128 63A	166 925 329A 69	168 060 8328 63A
165 528 1938 63A	166 653 7768 63A	166 925 9168 63A	168 103 4928 63A
165 537 2868 63A	166 670 1708 63A	166 930 0588 63A	168 119 0648 63A
165 548 2858 63A	166 672 3988 63A	166 933 8328 63A	168 135 5608 63A
165 557 5828 63A	166 691 7598 63A	166 936 8258 63A	168 185 7088 63A
165 578 8008 63A	166 707 5868 63A	166 937 2078 63A	168 190 1058 63A
165 723 3898 63A	166 713 1658 63A	166 943 8848 63A	168 198 2658 63A
165 736 9948 63A	166 714 2348 63A	166 944 2308 63A	168 201 7118 63A
165 767 0818 63A	166 714 7218 63A	166 947 5958 63A	168 204 8578 63A
165 815 8038 63A	166 714 8448 63A	166 947 8168 63A	168 259 4948 63A
165 825 9478 63A	166 720 2108 63A	166 963 8298 63A	168 304 6058 63A
165 838 0728 63A	166 722 17528 63A	166 969 8318 63A	168 314 1748 63A
165 911 7248 63A	166 728 7088 63A	166 972 997A 69	168 322 2998 63A
165 939 0118 63A	166 736 3578 63A	166 973 3298 63A	168 366 5368 63A
165 944 1508 63A	166 745 067A 69	166 978 3608 63A	168 449 4868 63A
165 981 560A 63A	166 746 279A 69	166 982 0188 63A	168 466 1608 63A
166 033 451A 50	166 753 4518 63A	166 994 6748 63A	168 525 0628 63A
166 156 602A 50	166 754 3528 63A	167 000 7198 63A	168 558 6358 63A
166 164 6738 63A	166 756 3648 63A	167 012 3538 63A	168 565 7318 63A
166 291 057A 63A	166 759 9078 63A	167 012 6428 63A	168 589 018A 63A
166 365 3048 63A	166 760 6528 63A	167 014 471A 63A	168 670 7218 63A
166 382 3058 63A	166 765 8118 63A	167 016 8458 63A	168 688 1108 63A
166 417 6848 63A	166 766 4668 63A	167 020 506A 69	168 701 9218 63A
166 505 5698 63A	166 774 1248 63A	167 024 1258 63A	168 800 631A 63A
166 506 9958 63A	166 774 9348 63A	167 027 8928 63A	168 852 1928 63A
166 524 9458 63A	166 780 9428 63A	167 030 7668 63A	168 853 2848 63A
166 525 5518 63A	166 783 7038 63A	167 033 9608 63A	168 874 2168 63A
166 529 5878 63A	166 784 4118 63A	167 047 0458 63A	168 884 3008 63A
166 543 5868 63A	166 788 9958 63A	167 049 5918 63A	168 886 4158 63A
166 544 3098 63A	166 790 2678 63A	167 049 8248 63A	168 895 4648 63A
166 544 8008 63A	166 791 8648 63A	167 051 2298 63A	168 900 2458 63A
166 552 1358 63A	166 797 6548 63A	167 051 3418 63A	168 902 6988 63A
166 566 4168 63A	166 800 7868 63A	167 051 8348 63A	168 907 9878 63A
			168 911 1258 63A
			168 917 4648 63A
			168 919 6568 63A
			168 927 4748 63A
			168 933 5188 63A
			168 940 0038 63A
			168 942 3518 63A
			168 944 2318 63A
			168 950 0648 63A
			168 952 6748 63A
			168 955 0758 63A
			168 955 5108 63A
			168 963 9008 63A
			168 964 5228 63A
			168 965 7908 63A
			168 971 992A 63A
			168 977 5898 63A
			168 988 3078 63A
			168 994 8108 63A
			168 999 3948 63A
			169 000 0248 63A
			169 000 3118 63A
			169 000 5318 63A
			169 001 4018 63A
			169 003 7148 63A
			169 007 6218 63A
			169 008 2478 63A
			169 009 5218 63A
			169 010 3508 63A
			169 011 2308 63A
			169 016 7488 63A
			169 017 8178 63A
			169 022 0248 63A
			169 025 1218 63A
			169 037 0728 63A
			169 047 4588 63A
			169 052 5128 63A
			169 053 3638 63A
			169 054 9448 63A
			169 059 0158 63A
			169 062 3618 63A
			169 064 4648 63A
			169 065 4208 63A
			169 066 0358 63A
			169 069 8258 63A
			169 074 7738 63A
			169 077 3738 63A
			169 084 4408 63A
			169 085 1508 63A
			169 086 6808 63A
			169 104 5488 63A
			169 104 8578 63A
			169 107 0838 63A
			169 112 0678 63A
			169 121 4808 63A
			169 123 2818 63A
			169 123 5498 63A
			169 124 0598 63A
			169 127 7678 63A
			169 132 5148 63A

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Journal Completes 'Cooper' Bill Listing

The Journal in this edition reproduces the last of the official FBI list of serial numbers of \$20 bills that disappeared with the hijacker known as D.B. or Dan Cooper when he parachuted from a Northwest Orient Airlines jet Thanksgiving Eve, 1971, between Seattle and Reno.

He extorted \$200,000 from the airline that night as ransom for the release of the passengers and some of the crew of the jet he originally hijacked just after it left Portland for Seattle.

To date, neither Cooper nor the money has shown up.

The Journal last Nov. 22 offered to pay \$1,000 for the first of the missing \$20 bills to be turned in to the newspaper or to any FBI office in the nation. The offer triggered requests from all parts of the country, by telephone and letter, for copies of the list of serial numbers that the newspaper has been publishing in installments.

In checking bills in their possession, many people have come close to matching them with the serial numbers of the missing currency, but so far none of the money Cooper took has been recovered.

Many readers have prepared their own booklets from the newspaper listings and with this edition those readers will have complete copies of the official document prepared by the FBI and heretofore distributed mainly to financial institutions.

Persons who are missing key editions of The Journal may order them from the Circulation Department by telephoning 221-8240 or writing to The Journal, 1320 SW Broadway, Portland, Ore. 97201. For people who are outside of the normal circulation area of the newspaper, check with the nearest FBI office for permission to inspect a copy of the list there.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

1 THE OREGON JOURNAL
4M PORTLAND, OREGON

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Search For Skyjacked Bills Revives 'D.B. Cooper' Song

By ROLLA J. CRICK

Journal Staff Writer

Remember the song, "D.B. Cooper: Where Are You?"

Since The Journal made its offer to pay \$1,000 for the first \$20 bill turned in from the money the man popularly known as D.B. Cooper parachuted into the night with, the song has been played periodically on disc jockey programs.

It had almost faded away, but the new Cooper publicity gave it new life.

It was written by Judy Sword, 25, of Baker, a guitarist now singing in a Yaki-



JUDY SWORD

... writes 'D.B.' song

ma, Wash., supper club. She was in Astoria when the hijack occurred and the name D.B. Cooper was on everyone's lips.

Whether prophetically or not, she wrote lyrics and music within two weeks of the incident and indicated that Cooper died hanging in a tree in the shrouds of a parachute while his stolen money drifted to the ground.

The song further emphasized the D.B. Cooper name in the minds of the public in

those first weeks as the search for the hijacker ranged from Seattle to Reno. It enjoyed another brief round of popularity a year ago when FBI agents and Army troops from Ft. Lewis, Wash., combed the woods of Cowlitz County.

And now, it's playing again.

Ironically, though, D.B. Cooper is the wrong name.

Somehow in the first hours after the hijack the name D.B. Cooper cropped up and stuck. It may have been because the FBI was checking on an individual whose name really was D.B. Cooper, but he was in jail at the time of the hijack.

When the hijacker bought his Portland to Seattle ticket in Portland, he gave the name Dan Cooper. The FBI now officially identifies the man they want as Dan Cooper. That name was obtained by a process of elimination as the only passenger left on the 727 jetliner in Seattle after the hijacker let the other passengers go.

Curiously, there was a bona fide Cooper who got off the still-to-be-hijacked plane at Portland. The FBI investigated him and determined that he had not flown on to Seattle and thus could not be the hijacker. His first name was not Dan; it was Michael.

Dan Cooper was not the right name for the hijacker in any case, the FBI believes.

But whether Dan or D.B. or Rumpelstiltskin Cooper, the FBI would like to talk to him, if he is the hijacker.

And The Journal still is willing to pay \$1,000 for that first \$20 of "Cooper cash" to be turned in. Serial numbers of some of the bills are at right.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

10 THE OREGON JOURNAL
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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

JOURNAL ASKS: D.B. COOPER, WHERE ARE YOU? **\$1,000 Offered For First \$20 Bill**

By ROLLA J. CRICK
Journal Staff Writer

The Journal will pay \$1,000 for the first \$20 bill turned in to the newspaper upon verification by the Federal Bureau of Investigation that the bill is a bona fide part of the \$200,000 extorted from Northwest Orient Airlines in the "D.B. Cooper skyjack" of Nov. 24, 1971.

The offer is made with the concurrence of the FBI that obtaining any of the missing money would be a substantial aid to the two-year long investigation of the nation's most celebrated airline hijacking.

It is also made in the belief that if any of the money is in circulation, that fact can be established by alert readers who check the serial numbers on \$20 bills in their possession.

The man known as Cooper demanded and obtained \$200,000 in \$20 bills, plus four parachutes, and disappeared into the rain-spattered night somewhere between Seattle and Reno from the 727 he had commandeered at Portland International Airport. Neither he nor the money have appeared since, but there is a chance that almost anyone by now may have come into possession of one of the bills.

To assist in the search for the money, The Journal is publishing on page 31 the serial numbers of some of the missing twenties and will publish more of the list on succeeding days. Serial numbers of the bills that were delivered to Cooper were recorded before the delivery was made.

This is the first time that the list of numbers has been made public. Banks and other financial institutions have had a 35-page booklet of the numbers since its preparation by the FBI shortly after the hijacking.

Journal readers who keep each of the partial lists published by the newspaper will be able to put together their own copies of the complete official list.

The Journal invites other news media to aid in the distribution of serial numbers.

Northwest Airlines initially offered a reward of 15 percent of the extortion money recovered up to a maximum of \$25,000, but the reward has been discontinued, the airline informed the newspaper.

The Journal's \$1,000 for \$20 will be paid even if the first bill to be turned in is surrendered directly to the FBI at any of its field offices, once it is established that the bill surfaced because of the newspaper's publication of the list of serial numbers.

"D. B. Cooper" or "Dan Cooper" is the name assigned to the middle-aged, dark-haired man who boarded NWA flight 305 at Portland Thanksgiving Eve, 1971,

and presented a note to a stewardess. The note demanded money and parachutes and was backed up by display of what the man claimed was a bomb. After negotiations on the ground in Seattle the demand was met and the plane took off for Reno.

The plane reached Reno, but Cooper was not to be found.

A flight recorder indicated that the rear door of the 727 was opened shortly after takeoff and it was assumed that Cooper had parachuted about then.

There has been a widespread belief that the hijacker perished in the nocturnal jump. Speculation has ranged from the possibility that his body someday would be found hanging in the shrouds of parachutes caught in a tree to the chance that he and the money are at the bottom of Lake Merwin near Cougar, Wash., location of an intensive search in 1972.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

1 THE OREGON JOURNAL
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